THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

TEMPERING THE WIND TO A SHORN GERMANY

THE OUTBREAKS AND DISORDERS IN GERMANY, some for monarchy and some for Bolshevism, bring up sharply the question whether it is to the best interests of the Allies to enforce upon Germany the terms of the Treaty. A Washington dispatch says a fear is felt in official circles that Russian and German Bolshevism may join hands and drag Europe down into red ruin unless aid is extended. From Germany comes a statement from Dr. von Gwinner, head of the Deutsche Bank, that "unless the world buries its hates and builds bridges of sympathy and mercy, the white race will march to ruin." In the latter part of this article will be presented the views of those who take the other side of this question, but we find many who urge that Germany must now be helped to her feet to save Europe from chaos. "Simple sagacity, apart from any more generous consideration, sanctions a liberal enforcement of the peace terms," avers the Atlanta *Journal*, which remarks that "it would be a strange sort of equity that would end the play by plunging the rescued heroine back into calamity rather than spare the villain a pang or two of his sentence." A liberal attitude on the part of the Allies, this Georgia paper argues, will safeguard Europe against both Prussianism and Bolshevism. "If Germany is to pay indemnities," it adds, "she must have materials for manufacture and markets for her goods; and if she is to maintain a responsible government, her people must have livelihoods." "In the case of Germany, practical men are beginning to see that the question is not what ought to be done, but what can be done," remarks the New York *World*, which goes on to say: "A Germany paralyzed industrially and commercially, however agreeable it might be to those having only reprisal in view, would be a national turnip from which no blood could be drawn, and furthermore, its poverty would be an economic if not a political menace to all its neighbors."

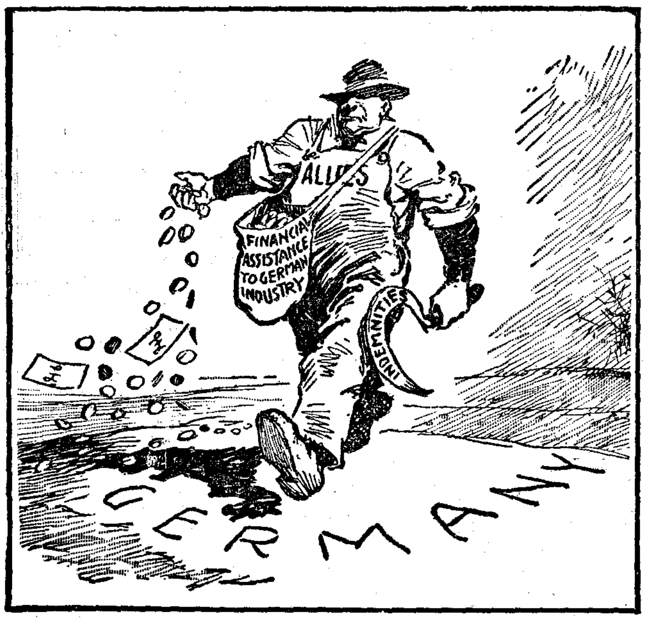
This attitude, explains the St. Louis *Star*, "does not mean that Germany's crime has been forgotten or forgiven." What it does mean is that "the Allies are learning that Europe is an economic unit, and that Germany either will recover, step by step with her enemies, or they will all go down together." The problem, the New York *Globe* points out, "is the extraordinarily delicate one of rehabilitating German trade and industry in order that she may repay France and Belgium without at the same time securing a new economic grip on France and Belgium." Financial concessions must be made to Germany, declares the Washington *Post*, "and the sooner they are made the better it will be for France, Great Britain, and the United States." "Failure of Germany to pay the Allies," it adds, "means failure of the Allies to pay the United States." "It is a rapidly diminishing band of irreconcilables who believe that they can make Germany pay by preventing her from creating new wealth," says the New York *Journal of Commerce*. "The Kaiser is to be left alone in Holland, the Germans listed for trial as military offenders are scheduled for progressive release by German courts, the Allies will put German industry on its feet," notes the Charlotte *Observer*, which adds: "A year ago the American newspaper that would have predicted the leniency now being exercised in behalf of Germany would have stood in danger of being mobbed." "Never has there been a more striking example of the dependence of nations on each other, no matter how intense their natural hatred," notes the Portland *Oregonian*, which continues:

> "Germany's need of aid is eloquent testimony to the helpless condition to which it was reduced by the blockade and by the armistice and peace terms. Superficial comparison of its condition with that of France and Belgium showed much to its advantage, for its industries were intact, while theirs were wrecked, but Germany was devoid of raw material, was almost stript of ships, and was under blockade till the end of June, while the Allied countries continued the flow of materials during the war and increased its volume from Armistice day. Germany resumes work with empty warehouses, with disheartened and physically weakened workmen, with no ships worth mentioning, and with the necessity of opening trade anew with a hostile world."

"At the time of the signing of the armistice a suggestion that within sixteen months thereafter England would have assumed the initiative in proposing a loan to the enemy would have been greeted as an insane delusion," remarks the Lancaster *News Journal*, which adds that the suggestion is prompted not by friendliness, but by selfishness, since "the prosperity of all Europe is dependent on that of each of her large states."

The Treaty of Versailles provides that Germany should deliver $5,000,000,000 in bonds by 1921, and that between 1921 and 1926 an additional $10,000,000,000 should be delivered. No further bonds are to be demanded until the Reparations Commission is satisfied that Germany can meet interest and sinking-fund obligations. "So all talk of Germany being obligated to pay $40,000,000,000 or more is pro-German propaganda," remarks the New York *Tribune*. The Supreme Council now proposes that Germany be allowed to float a worldwide loan, especially in the neutral countries and among German-Americans, this loan to take precedence over the war-indemnity. A bill has been introduced in Congress for the establishment of a billion-dollar German credit by the United States Government, to enable Germany to buy foodstuffs and raw material here. A Berlin dispatch to the Paris *Journal* says that the German Government in May will hand to the Allies a memorandum insisting on the necessity of granting Germany a loan of 45,000,000,000 marks. In an interview published in the Paris *Matin*, Premier Nitti of Italy explains why he urged the Supreme Council to assist in the resuscitation of industrial Germany:

"If I took this interest in Germany it was not simply to restore the economic equilibrium of Germany. It was, rather, because we thought of France's reparations, the legitimacy of which never has been doubted by us. We have envisaged a loan by neutrals to Germany, but as concerns the guaranties to be given to these neutrals it is up to the Reparations Commission to decide. Thus, in all the past, as well as in the forthcoming, discussions there has been only one aim—that of trying to find the means whereby the debtor nation can be so aided that she will be able to keep her engagements. Therefore there is no reason for alarm in France or elsewhere."


ALLIES
FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE TO GERMAN INDUSTRY
INDEMNITIES
GERMANY

BEFORE HE CAN REAP

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

The same problem has been painted in much stronger colors by certain labor publicists in England and the United States, who protest that both the financial and the territorial terms of the Treaty make impossible demands upon Germany.

Facing this problem, the Allies apparently find themselves between the horns of a dilemma. As already stated, a ruined Germany might drag them down with her into the chaos of Bolshevism; and, in any case, without the recovery of her economic health she could not pay her war-debts. On the other hand, as the Manchester *Union* points out:

"Once the trade machinery set up for reparation payments has fulfilled its immediate purpose, it will be in full function for any purpose that Germany may choose to use it for. The means for the payment of Germany's debt are the means for the resurrection of the German terror. . . . . . .

"It is one of the ironies of the peace that reparations obligations imposed upon the Germans threaten to become the means whereby Germany, having met these obligations with the aid of the Allies, will restore the immensely profitable export business, the ambition to expand which at all costs to other nations, and by all means of economic frightfulness, was one of the moving causes of the world-war.

"This France sees clearly enough, and dreads the prospect. Britain sees it, too, and is trying to get in 'on the ground floor' in Russia. But it is a pretty nice question how Germany is ever to pay what the Allies insist upon her paying unless she has some export market which is pretty nearly her own. Given Russia as this market, the specter of another onslaught upon civilization rises, only with Russia as a source of German strength instead of an active enemy."

"Germany at present is not in a position to pay immediately, but that is no reason why she can not pay a good deal eventually," remarks the New York *Times*, which continues:

"The present inability seems to be due in part at least to the unwillingness to work, which, according to all experience, is a passing phase of after-the-war psychology. It is doubtless promoted by the general German belief that the peace terms impose a crushing burden, but it is also promoted by the general German belief that if Germany refuses to carry out the peace terms the Allies will let her off more easily."

The Times quotes Mr. Theodore Marburg's warning that "the world will be fooled if it is led by the present propaganda to abate in any way the final payment of its just demands," and adds:

"But, as Mr. Marburg points out, there is a difference between remission and postponement. It would be foolish to strip Germany at the outset so that she can not get back to work and begin to pay her debts. The economic rehabilitation of France and Belgium is largely dependent on the payment of the indemnity."

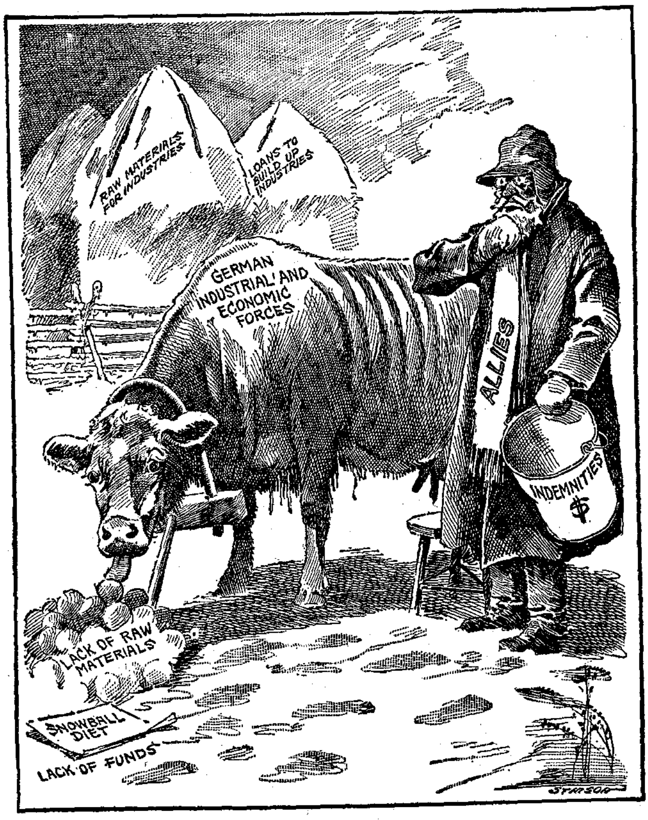
An unfortunate feature of any discussion of reparation, remarks the New York *Tribune*, "is the chance it gives to the tireless pro-German propagandists to renew their falsifying activities." This paper goes on to say:

"The reparation question is most complicated. No one not an expert can be expected to carry in memory its data. Here is a condition to the liking of those of Teuton sympathies. It is safe to say anything and to charge on the basis of bogus figures that the Allies are plainly cormorants.

"The stuff, most of it not true and little of the remainder relevant, put forward in the German interest should be ignored and minds focused on only a few considerations. One is that no 'crushing' indemnity has been levied; another is that the sum fixt is not greater than Germany can pay; still another is that there is no prohibition on German trade and industry."

From the day when the Treaty of Versailles was signed "Germany has wailed that its indemnity clauses can not be carried out and that the terms condemn it to economic ruin," remarks the Portland *Oregonian*. It continues:

"Germany is not making an honest effort to meet its obligations. Its miners work only six hours a day and produce much less coal, after allowance for the lost territory, than before the war. Men in the railroad shops are so inefficient that there is a steadily growing accumulation of disabled cars and engines. If Germany were making an honest effort to meet the treaty obligations, it would find means to increase coal production and to hasten repair of railroad equipment. But its Government


RAW MATERIALS FOR INDUSTRIES
LOANS TO BUILD UP INDUSTRIES
GERMAN INDUSTRIAL AND ECONOMIC FORCES
ALLIES
INDEMNITIES $
LACK OF RAW MATERIALS
SNOWBALL DIET
LACK OF FUNDS
STINSON

"MAYBE I'D GET MORE MILK BY FEEDING HAY."

—Stinson in the Dayton *News*.

whines about inability to pay, when it makes no effort in that direction.

"The Allies' mistake regarding Germany was not excessive severity. It consisted in not continuing the war until Germany was completely in their power, so that no rebellions or riots against the present Government would be possible and nothing would remain for the people to do except go to work."

Once Germany succeeds in her scheme to have the indemnity reduced to a low figure, "her economic recovery will astonish the world," predicts Mr. Richard M. Hurd, of the American Defense Society, who adds:

"The moral order of the universe has not ceased to function, and it would be a mad world in which those committing wholesale the most infamous crimes—torture, murder, rape, arson, theft—and who, when overpowered, show no signs of repentance or change of heart, should have their misdeeds condoned and forgotten and be admitted on terms of equality to the society of nations of conscience and honor."

Germany restored means merely the German peril renewed, Mr. Frank H. Simonds warns us. Germany's economic prosperity, he reminds us, was founded on thefts of territory, and if these stolen lands are returned to her it will prepare the way for another war of aggression on her part. In an article written for the McClure Syndicate Mr. Simonds says:

"Underlying all else in the thesis which is being put forward from one British quarter at the present hour is the argument that the salvation of Europe economically must be found in the restoration of Germany, not within the frontiers fixt at Versailles, but within the limits, so far as they can be attained, of 1914. It is to such a work that the 'liberals,' of whom Maynard Keynes is a conspicuous spokesman, are inviting American cooperation, and the fundamental doctrine is that Germany must be preserved.

"But is there sufficient warrant for this argument to lead Americans to accept this British doctrine blindly? Is not an examination of history essential and may not such an examination reveal the fact that to restore to Germany certain things taken by the Treaty of Versailles will inevitably be to restore to Germany exactly the ambitions, the appetites, the 'necessities' out of which came the last and most terrible of human conflicts? . . . . . .

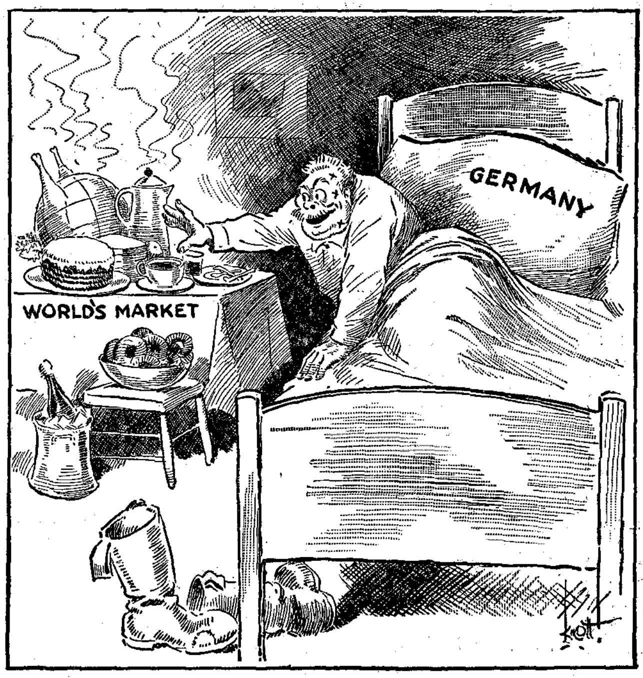
"If Germany did not, could not, accept the limitations of 1914, how can Germans accept those of 1919? If German economic life is brought back to the old situation of prosperity, how can one escape the conviction that German political life will take the old directions? It is nonsense, and worse than nonsense, to believe that German policy was dictated by insane militarism, which sacrificed the economic life of the country to delusions of political grandeur. The truth is that the German economic expansion developed the militaristic view. The army has for a century and a half been merely the pioneer preparing the way for Prussian and then for German commercial development. . . . . . .

"It is not difficult to perceive that if Germany be restored, she will become in due time the economic master of middle Europe and the true director of Russia. Around Germany will necessarily gather all the fragmentary creations which replace the Hapsburg Empire on the map. But, after all, this spells the realization for the German of the old dream of Mitteleuropa. Master of the middle of Europe, will he not inevitably return to his old demands for the possession of Belgium and Dutch ports, for the control of the north of France, not for military reasons, primarily, but for the far more compelling reasons of international trade and industrial independence? . . . . . .

"What is asked of the world, what is specifically asked of the American pople, is that under the specious plea of humanity and under the even more effective menace of alleged anarchy, they aid in the restoration of Germany at the expense of all of Germany's neighbors. We are asked to give our countenance to legalizing the stealings of Frederick the Great and all of his successors, to dooming the Poles and the French, so far as their economic aspirations are concerned, solely because the only visible alternative is the enforced migration of upward of 10,000,000 of Germans and the concomitant decline of Germany as the economic master of the European continent. . . . It was the German economic system, founded upon forcible annexations, which led to the present world-war. To reproduce all of the old conditions in Germany would merely be to reproduce all the old 'necessities.' German policies were not accidents of Kaiserism or of militarism; they had roots in commercial and economic conditions.

"Germany restored is the German peril renewed because the peril had its origin in perfectly familiar circumstances which have for centuries operated in exactly the same way. To destroy Germany is impossible, but it is for Germany to rebuild, and if the world is to have surcease from the German menace the new German structure will have to be in accordance with German circumstances, not resting upon the insecure bases of stolen territories and intelligent exploitation of what belongs of right to other nations."

In Great Britain, says the Providence *Bulletin*, there is an apparent willingness to modify the reparation demands made upon Germany by the Treaty of Versailles or to allow her to do business with Russia to earn the means of paying the financial penalties of her crimes. But France, we are told, is opposed to any modification of her claims against Germany, and regards with some uneasiness the attitude of Great Britain and Italy. Ex-President Poincaré, chairman of the Reparations Commission, recently declared that "there is no good Frenchman who can wish to reduce in nature or form the reparations to which the crimes of Germany entitle us and which are guaranteed to us by the rules laid down in the Treaty of Versailles." Warning his hearers against Germany's "protestations of impotent good faith," he said further:



ABLE TO SIT UP AND REACH FOR A LITTLE NOURISHMENT.

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

"When Germany signed the Treaty of Versailles she recognized in writing, on the honor of her plenipotentiaries, that she was guilty of launching the war, and ought, as a matter of justice, make good the evil of which she was the author.

"But hardly was the ink dry on these signatures when Germany began, with a refined science of turpitude, a double campaign whose object was to free Germany from the obligations she had just contracted.

"On the one hand, Reich, with suspicious ardor, undertook a defense of the former Imperial Government and insidiously spread to other countries the idea that Germany and her allies could not very well alone be responsible for the war and that it would, consequently, be unjust to make the defeated nations bear the entire responsibility.

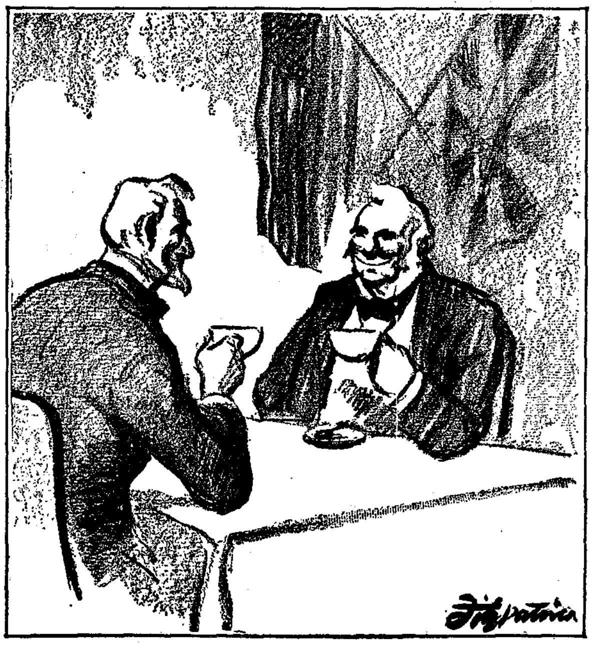
"The hand of the Berlin Government sought to paint in the blackest colors the economic situation in Germany, representing that the empire was a debtor of good faith, but unfortunately insolvent, and to win by clever jeremiads the conqueror's pity.

"These double maneuvers were executed throughout the world with superior art and tend to divide the Allies and turn the Treaty into a new scrap of paper. . . . . . .

"If it pleases a few isolated individuals in the Allied countries to become sorry as a result of the spreading German calumnies, nobody believes that in their fantastic ideals anything could be found to justify a revision of the Treaty."

BRITISH-AMERICAN DISCORDS

THE NEXT GERMAN "*TAG*" will be the day when Anglo-American friendship ceases and the two most powerful foes of the Hun fall into misunderstanding, if not actually to blows. Herr Erzberger is said to have predicted this day, and General von Bernhardi looks to the rise of conflict between Great Britain and America over trade relations and the rejection of the League, which will redound to Germany's advantage. Those who survey the public prints in both this country and Britain find food for serious thought in the efforts now being made to arouse bitterness, suspicion, and jealousy between Americans and Englishmen. The old sport of "twisting the lion's tail" in one country and plucking at the eagle's tail-feathers in the other is in full swing. "All the old animosities between Uncle Sam and John Bull appear to be reviving," says one Ohio editor, and nothing, adds another, "would suit the common enemy more than a contest of arms between these two mightiest of all nations." In the nearest British Dominion, *The Canadian Nation* calls attention to "the growing evidences of increasing irritation on both sides of the Atlantic over innumerable small incidents, which coming single would not be noticed, but which are having a cumulative effect." In a speech in London immediately after his appointment, Sir Auckland Geddes, the new British Ambassador to the United States, admitted the seriousness of this situation. It does not, he said, "help either respect or understanding to cry 'Peace, Peace,' where there is no peace, or love and trust if love be cold and trust worn thin." Sir Auckland does not believe this is the case with any considerable section of either nation. But, he insists, "it would be folly—nay, criminal madness—not to recognize that there are pamphlets printed and daily and weekly papers published and circulated and read and doubtless believed by some on both sides of the Atlantic which dissemble love and conceal trust so thoroughly that one is forced to believe that there is neither love to dissemble nor trust to conceal in the minds of the writers, or at least in those men who pay the piper and by immemorial right call the tune." An unofficial British ambassador, a British labor leader who has been visiting the United States, issues this solemn warning to British workingmen in the columns of the London *Daily Herald:*



JOHN BULL—"Remember our last tea party, Sam?"

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

> "It is of no use blinking at the facts: the Americans either hate or despise England. Millions of Britishers loathe the United States, and most of the things that it stands for. War with Germany started with peace just like that . . . British and Americans are not friends. How can you and I help them from becoming enemies? Blood is thicker than water, and it makes much more of a mess when anybody spills it."

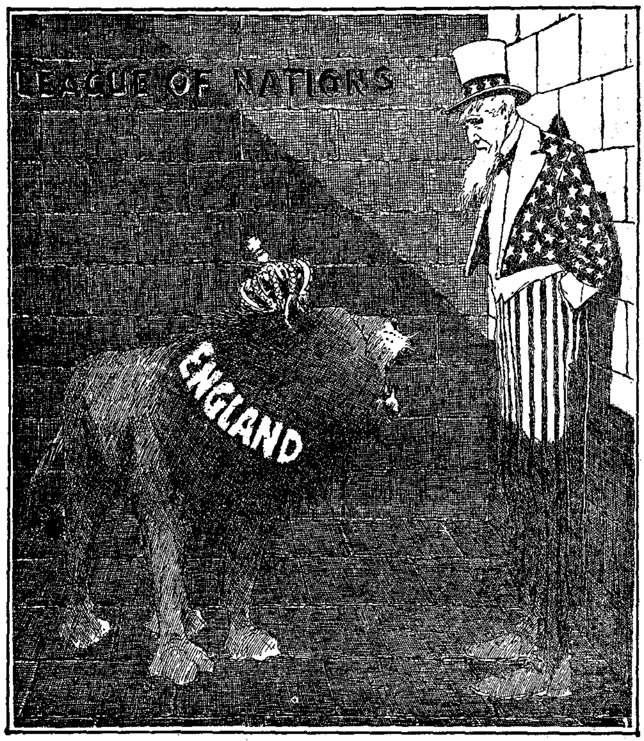
It does not seem to a California paper like the Sacramento *Union* that the "mendacious and scurrilous mouthings" of "the two yellowest journalists of the English-speaking races" can be quoted to prove the existence of any serious friction between this country and Britain, and it sees occasion only for laughter in the fact that "Bottomley quotes Hearst to prove that the United States is determined to rule and ruin Britain, while Hearst returns the compliment by quoting Bottomley to bolster up his assertions that England is the deadly enemy of this country." But "while Bottomley's vaporings are possibly no more representative of British opinion than William Randolph Hearst's are representative of American opinion, unfortunately," says the Columbia *Record*, "the rabble can not always distinguish between a demagog and a demigod. And therein lies the danger on both sides of the Atlantic." The Grand Rapids *Press* is alarmed at the work of those "bad medicine-makers," the widely circulated Hearst dailies in this country and Bottomley's *John Bull* with its circulation well over a million:

> "In this country there is a constant appeal to the racial prejudices of men in whose veins there is no English blood.
>
> "In England there is a constant appeal to the prejudices of those Britons who are sorely feeling the pinch of high prices, the effort being to make them believe their trouble is due to the dollar-chasing Yankee."

And the sowing of ill-will is no longer confined to publications like *John Bull*, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* sadly reflects; it refers to incidents like the article on "America's Colossal Profiteering" in the London *Daily Express* and the "biting," "unfair" *Punch* cartoon reproduced on the opposite page. *The Ledger* proceeds to "ask the gentlemen in both countries who are teaching their own people to look with mistrust and hatred at their kindred overseas if they quite realize what they are doing":

> "It is exactly of such madness that wars are made. Teach two peoples long enough that each of them is trying to take unfair advantage of the other—that 'the other' is an odious, self-seeking, aggressive people—that it is building battle-ships and framing 'secret alliances' to strike at 'us'—and war is all too likely to come at the first important instance of inevitable international friction."

There are real reasons, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* and other newspapers feel convinced, "why many Britishers should wonder if America is as much a friend of England as it ought to be." Several editors note the recognition of the Irish Republic by Mayors and Boards of Aldermen and the very free discussion of the Irish question in Congress. In fact, says the New York *World*, "if Englishmen interfered in American affairs as we interfere in British affairs all the jingoes in the country would be clamoring for war." America, says the El Paso *Times*, "is the sympathetic listener, the plotting-ground, and the source of funds of most of the anti-British agitators in the world." And the Pittsburg *Sun* calls attention to "the long delay in our Treaty debate, the unwillingness of the majority party of the Senate to cooperate in peace, and the consequent indorsement of a huge naval-construction plan, and universal military training, to back up a greatly increased standing army and militia" as leading "only to the conclusion that the United States is looking for war, not peace." Every mail brings to Englishmen letters from American friends containing anti-British clippings "from newspapers, weeklies, magazines, and especially from the Roman Catholic newspapers of the United States," writes Edward Price Bell to the New York *Globe* and Chicago *Daily News*. Many happenings in America, he says, "have hurt British susceptibilities



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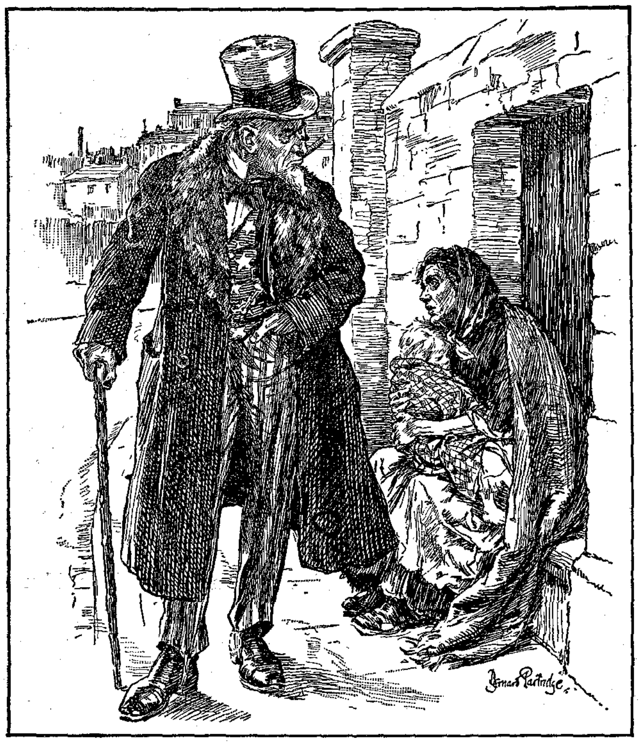
SAMUEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

—McCay in the New York *American.*



ANOTHER "RESERVATION."

STARVING EUROPE—"God help me!"
AMERICA—"Very sad case. But I'm afraid she ain't trying."

—Partridge in *Punch* (London).

CARTOONS THAT DO NOT HELP BRITISH-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP.

and made people here ask themselves with real concern, 'Are the Americans after all our friends or our enemies?'"

And what is there to cause irritation on this side of the water? In the first place, says the St. Louis *Star*, there is the Irish question: agitators have been presented with a dangerous opportunity "by the long-drawn-out folly of the British Government." The New York *Nation*, however, thinks that there are many other causes of ill-feeling. According to this weekly, "it is because those who rule Great Britain to-day do not seem to believe very earnestly in political freedom and good government, and often do not practise them when money or advantage is at stake, that the American democracy feels distrust, and will continue to feel it, until the present state of things is changed." Other causes of a decline in our friendship toward Britain are thus stated briefly by the Seattle *Times:*

"1. The belief of many that President Wilson was persuaded to accept a League of Nations that will be chiefly useful in holding the British Empire together, and in which the Empire will outvote us six to one.

"2. A conviction that the military class in England is inclined to belittle our part in the war.

"3. Distrust of British policy in Egypt, Persia, and Mesopotamia.

"4. Belief that the English still look upon us as crude, primitive, and generally inferior to themselves in most ways."

But there is another side to all this, and we might quote by the score newspapers which consider Anglo-American friendship too firmly rooted to be shaken by temporary popular suspicions or the strongest blasts of journalistic spleen. As the St. Paul *Dispatch* puts it briefly, but comprehensively, "the war taught us, even as it has taught Britain still more emphatically, the value of a close friendship and the working out of a common destiny." The New York *Tribune* doubts "whether at any time since 1776 the two peoples have been closer in sympathy and perception of mutual interests." The New York *Evening Sun* insists that "there is really no danger of an international misunderstanding just now." The Baltimore *Sun* and the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* are in substantial agreement with the Manchester *Union* when it says: "As for making trouble—well, our guess is that anything that has been said recently on this or the other side, or anything that is likely to be said, will have just about as much bad effect upon Anglo-American relations as the dropping of a few autumn leaves has on the progress of the Merrimac." The Kansas City *Star* and the Detroit *Journal* conclude that "present antipathies" need not be taken too seriously. Several important dailies like the Boston *Post*, Richmond *Journal*, Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and Birmingham *Age Herald*, assert emphatically that the Bottomley attacks on America "are not regarded seriously in this country," and the conclusion of the Detroit *News* is that "Bottomley does represent a certain section of the British public, but he does not represent any section at all of British thought; because his public doesn't think, not having the tools for it."

Bottomley's editorials are by no means representative of the general tone of the British press, points out a London correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, and they would not be worth noticing at all were it not that the writer "has a bigger audience than perhaps any other single publicist in Great Britain." As a sample anti-American utterance from *John Bull*, we quote passages from an editorial advertised all over England by the title "America's Insult to Our Dead":

"I have said that Uncle Sam filled his pockets years before he filled his cartridge-belt. I have said that America finally came into the war not to save her honor but to save her skin. I have said that now the war is over she means to arrange a cheap peace following a cheap victory. And what I have said I have said. Not for all the yelping Yanks from Maine to Mississippi would I call back a word of it. . . . . . .

"High ideals are all very well for cutting short a war that is beginning to get expensive, but it is no use talking about brotherly love and the League of Nations to a hard-bitten Yankee broker ticking off prices with a gold toothpick on the Continental tape. . . . . . .

"To my mind the suggestion that in any sense America 'won the war' is an insult not only to the British people as a whole to-day—the impoverished survivors of that grim four years' struggle—but to the brave lads who have never returned, who spilled their life-blood while America could see no just cause of quarrel, who perished on a martyr's pyre of glory while the great Republic sacrificed its honor on a cross of gold."

The editor of *John Bull* goes on to suggest that the only way to get America "to take up her duties under the Versailles Treaty, to accept the 'mandates,' to sign peace with Germany and Turkey and help unravel the 'economic' tangle" is to "show her twenty per cent." And finally Mr. Bottomley "can not help thinking about that big naval building program," "across the herring-pond," and he would like to have some one ask President Wilson, "Against whom are you arming?"

This is the very question that William Randolph Hearst, in our own country, asks of Great Britain. Accompanying a photograph of a new British battle-ship in the New York *American* is an editorial containing passages like these:

> "The only navy afloat that could give the British Navy a battle is the American Navy.
>
> "Such battle-ships as this one pictured on this page are therefore built to menace US.
>
> "They MUST be.
>
> "There is no other nation against whom England would need such ships."

Further on, the writer of the Hearst editorial apparently refers to the *John Bull* editorial when he says, "the British press fill its pages with revilings." And his idea of "the basis of America's antipathy to England" is summed up like this on another editorial page: "It is the feeling that there is no such thing as fair friendship with England, no such thing as equable association, no such things as mutually beneficial cooperation."

A few days later, in a signed statement appearing in his newspapers Mr. Hearst informs England how she may retain American friendship:

> "If England will keep her fingers out of our affairs and not try to meddle in our situations or endeavor to drag us into her difficulties;
>
> "If she will take care of herself and not attempt to lay all her burdens on our back;
>
> "If she will create her own army and navy at her own expense and not expect us to pay for the creation of these weapons which may at any time be used against us;
>
> "If she will come down to a realization and admission that she is in no way any better than we are, if as good, and in no way entitled to six times the representation that we would have in a league of nations or in any other international assembly;
>
> "If she will stop hypocritically declaring that 'blood is thicker than water' at the very moment that she is making treaties with nations of oriental blood like Japan, directly aimed to injure nations of Caucasian blood like this United States; if she will stop talking sentimental nonsense about 'hands across the sea,' when her hands are always extended empty and grasping, while our American hands are always expected to be stretched out generously full of gifts and benefits;
>
> "If she will just tell the truth and play fair and be as friendly toward us as she expects us to be toward her, American antipathy toward England would probably disappear and the two nations could doubtless cooperate in a spirit of genuine good-will."

In Canada, where American men and manners are perhaps a little better understood than across the seas, editors pay their respects to the writer of the above paragraphs in terms even more scathing than those applied to Horatio Bottomley by our own press. In one of a series of vitriolic editorials demanding the reenactment of the war-time exclusion of Hearst papers from Canada, the Toronto *Globe* avers that "self-respecting Americans loathe Hearst and all his works," and in western Canada *The Morning Leader* of Regina, Saskatchewan, tries to calm British rage at the outgivings of Hearst and others by explaining that:

> "The outstanding reason for all the anti-British sentiment being displayed by certain politicians and papers in the United States is that a Presidental election takes place this year. Once in every four years the same exhibition takes place, but it is perhaps a little more outspoken this year in the effort to capture the German vote and the irreconcilable Irish-American vote. It will largely cease after November next."

FRANCE'S NEW HOUR OF NEED

"FRANCE HAS FACED NO NATIONAL CRISIS, even during the war, so serious as the present financial one," said a leading French financier recently. Following that came a statement from Premier Millerand to The Associated Press, in which he urged that France be given more time to meet her obligations to the United States. During the war America loaned France $2,887,400,000, according to the Secretary of the Treasury's recent report. "If France is required to repay the loans at the present rate of exchange, she would be compelled to pay two and a half times what she owes," Millerand said. In commenting upon the suggestion of American financiers that France increase the value of the franc by increasing exportations, the French Premier declared in his statement:

> "We ask nothing better than increased exports. We must first, however, manufacture, and we can't make the things for foreign trade until we have factories in which to manufacture them. Do our American friends lose sight of the extent of the devastation of the richest part of our territory? Do they forget that we are still partly paralyzed and that it will require years to recuperate our wasted man-power and restore the former flourishing manufacturing centers?
>
> "The war cost us 600,000 workers, 600,000 of our buildings were destroyed, regions were entirely ruined which in 1913 gave us 94 per cent. of our wool, 90 per cent. of our linen thread, 90 per cent. of our minerals, 83 per cent. of our pig iron, 70 per cent. of our sugar, and 53 per cent. of our coal. The war wasted our railroads to an unimaginable extent. Thirty per cent. of our merchant fleet was sunk, and wheat production was diminished two-thirds, involving a deficit of 2,000,000 francs. These catastrophic changes were a blow to the very base of the economic and financial situation of France."

The plight of France is said by well-known economists to be in some ways almost as bad as that of Germany. The unpaid interest due the United States on the French war-loan, including the interest for 1920, amounts to more than $200,000,000. The material damage in the occupied and devastated parts of France is estimated by experts at two and a half billion dollars. The budget estimate for taxes for last year exceeds by 80 per cent. the estimate for 1914, the New York *Evening Post* tells us. This, and all other papers which we have seen, are in favor of permitting France to recover her financial equilibrium before asking her to pay even the interest on war-loans. Says *The Post:*

> "The French Government's attitude is frankly that of a request for time; not because of actual inability to pay its accruing American obligations in cash, but because of the exceptional burden which its payment at this time would impose on the French people—a burden which the French Government believes to be temporary. We do not doubt that the request of our European allies will be granted by Congress. If there were no other reason, then, there would be the historic and sentimental reason that the Government of France granted to our Government, in the trying days of reconstruction which followed our Revolutionary War, a precisely similar extension both of principal and interest on the loans made by France to our Continental Congress during that conflict.
>
> "If France were making no effort to get free from the economic depression of which her depreciated exchange and depreciated currency are a consequence, then there might be some ground for hesitation—tho, it would still have to be remembered, that was apparently the state of things in the American States between 1783 and 1789. But there is abundant evidence that France, paralyzed as her productive energies had seemed to be when the war ended, is doing much more in the way of reconstruction than most people seem to be aware."

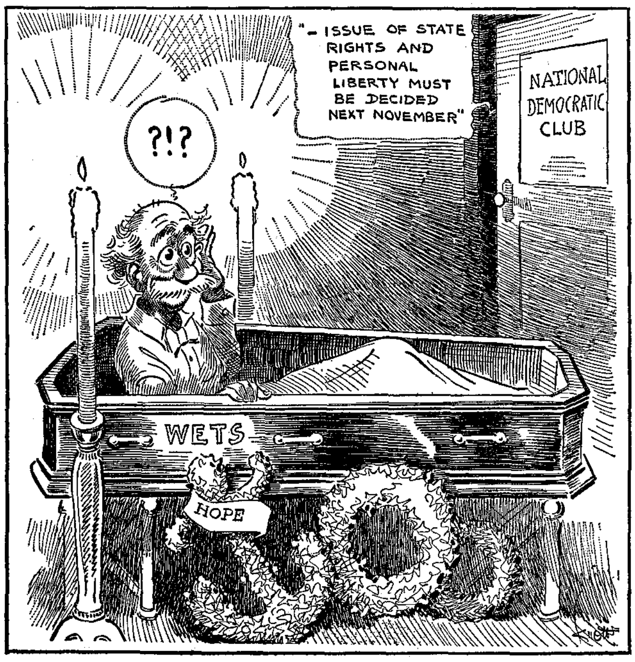
In a *résumé* of France's financial condition, the New York *Globe* reminds us that the national debt alone has risen from six and a half billion dollars to thirty and a half billion dollars, and declares that the proportion of taxes to loans heretofore has been too small. However, *The Globe* continues:

> "Taxes now under discussion in the Chamber of Deputies will increase the tax yield to 20,000,000,000 francs. This is at least a step toward sound finance."

STATE ATTACKS ON PROHIBITION

"HAS THIS COUNTRY come to a stage when each State may decide for itself whether or not it will obey a Federal law?" indignantly demands the Detroit *Times,* as it notes the effort of several States to nullify the Prohibition Enforcement Law, which *The Times* says is "just as much a law as the income-tax law or any other Federal law." "If States do not accept and obey Federal laws," continues this paper, "they are forty-eight separate and independent States—not the United States." The battle between "wet" forces and the Anti-Saloon League is in full swing. Opening guns have been fired in New Jersey, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and California in the form of legal attacks upon the constitutionality of the Amendment. Twenty-six States—Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Michigan, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, West Virginia, and Wyoming—are cooperating in opposing the action of Rhode Island, while the Attorney-General of New Jersey declares in his brief that twenty-one States—South Dakota, Oregon, Nevada, Montana, Oklahoma, Maine, Missouri, Michigan, Arkansas, Colorado, Arizona, California, Ohio, Nebraska, Washington, North Dakota, Mississippi, Utah, Massachusetts, Maryland, and New Mexico—now in the column of States which have ratified prohibition, in reality have not done so, because the action of their respective legislatures has not been approved by a referendum. "Dry" leaders reply that only ten of these States have referendum provisions in their constitutions by which prohibition could be defeated. The Baltimore *American* reminds us that two other cases are to be passed upon. These are that of an individual liquor dealer of Massachusetts and that of the Ohio "drys," who ask that the Supreme Court decide on the validity of a referendum by the people that goes counter to a previous ratification by the legislature.

In the meantime some are saying that whatever form the fight between the "wets" and the "drys" may take, the campaign is merely an attempt by the "wets" to elect enough sympathetic members of Congress to assure a change in the present statute and permit the sale of drinks containing as much as 4 per cent. of alcohol, and a fight by the "drys" to prevent such elections and such changes. The fight now being waged by the "wets" is viewed by many observers as a campaign of propaganda to save beer and light wines by amending the Prohibition Enforcement Act. The enactment of various statutes in several States is considered to be part of the same campaign. Here are some of the various actions that have been taken in the matter:

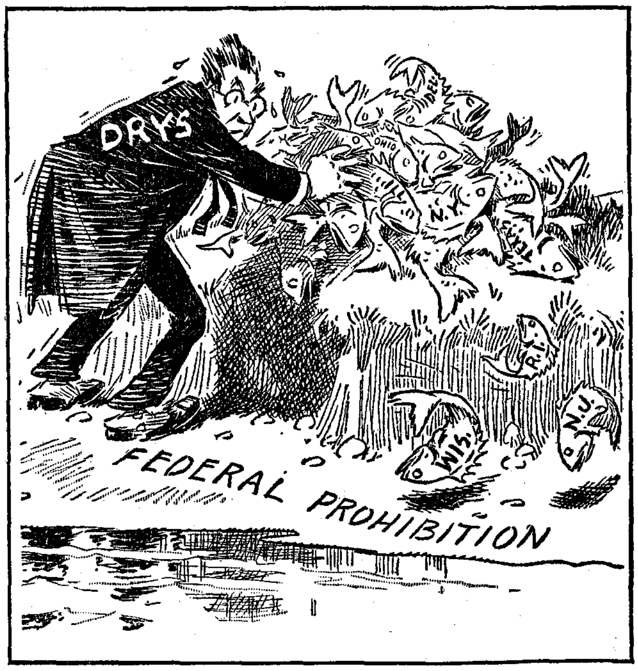

"— ISSUE OF STATE RIGHTS AND PERSONAL LIBERTY MUST BE DECIDED NEXT NOVEMBER"
NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CLUB
?!?
WETS
HOPE

THE CORPSE SHOWS SIGNS OF LIFE.

—Knott in the Dallas *News.*

Massachusetts has by a very large majority voted in favor of a declaration that beer containing 4 per cent. of alcohol shall not be considered as coming under the prohibition of intoxicating beverages.

New Jersey elected a Governor on a platform to do everything within his power to secure the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment. Recently he signed a bill legalizing 3.50 per cent. beer.



TRYING TO GET WET AGAIN.

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

Rhode Island has adopted a 4 per cent. beer measure.

Wisconsin has fixt the alcoholic content of beer at 2.50 per cent.

Ohio defeated at the polls a law to enforce the prohibition provisions of the State constitution and disapproved the action of the legislature in ratifying the Eighteenth Amendment.

Judges in Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, New York, and Rhode Island have granted injunctions to restrain Federal officials from enforcing prohibition laws.

The New York legislature has before it a bill legalizing 2.75 per cent. beer.

In nine States either votes are to be taken by the people on the action of the legislatures in ratifying the Amendment or the same question is to be tested in the courts.

The editorial writers who venture to comment upon these movements set forth their views in no uncertain terms. Some say it is nothing short of treason to presume to dictate to the Federal Government, a few contend that it means secession, and others remind us of the drastic measures that were considered necessary in the past to prevent the secession of various States, and wonder what this country is coming to. Taking as its example the action of New Jersey, in trying to regulate the manufacture and sale of liquors in the State, the Minneapolis *Tribune* has this to say:

"The Volstead Prohibition Enforcement Act stipulates that no beverages containing more than one-half of one per cent. of alcohol shall be made, sold, or transported anywhere in this country.

"The New Jersey legislature has enacted a bill putting State approval on beer with a 3.50 per cent. content of alcohol.

"These two laws clash with each other. When a State law clashes with a Federal statute, rule and practise—indeed, the

United States Constitution itself—decree that the State law shall give way and be of no effect or force.

"By its action the New Jersey legislature has done that which breeds from a high official source a contempt for a Federal law deliberately approved in Washington. To that extent it has been guilty of an act of very bad citizenship. It has set a harmful example to the rank and file of citizenship. It is not going too far to say it has done in a more or less genteel way what avowed enemies of the Government and of the social order would do in a rough way if they had the power.

"New Jersey, by fault of its law-makers, has earned for itself a good stiff jar, and it ought to get it. The people of that State, in common with the people of the country, have a perfectly proper and legitimate way to show their displeasure with the Volstead Act if they do not like it. It is not the legitimate way to say: 'We do not approve your law, Uncle Sam; this is a little matter we will attend to ourselves.'"

As New Jersey and Rhode Island were the pioneers in the movement to repeal the Prohibition Enforcement Act, naturally they come in for the brunt of the attack by those papers which disapprove their action. The attempt by these States to enact laws that would supersede Federal laws is thus dealt with by the Kansas City *Journal:*

"Their theory strikes at the very foundations of the American principles of government. A citizen of a city may be 'dissatisfied' with an ordinance passed by the city council, but his 'dissatisfaction' is summarily waived by due process of law. A citizen of a State or a municipality may challenge an act of the legislature, but the authority of the legislature, enacting laws by a majority of the people's representatives, is supreme until superseded by judicial decisions or in some other lawful manner.

"A State sustains to the Union the same relation of subordination and minority—and it required four years of war to establish that relation unequivocally. Within the meaning of the highest authority in the Union—the Constitution—the action of three-fourths of the States is the action of four-fourths of the States in ratifying an amendment.

"It is absolutely impossible to escape the logic of such a view, and, therefore, the contentions that have been raised by some of the States that the minority is not bound by the action of the constitutional majority, is obviously unsound. Otherwise, every individual would be a law unto himself and every municipality, every State, would be a law unto itself, and there would be no coherence or even sanity in constitutional government."

"It is a fundamental principle of democratic government that the minority shall submit to the will of the majority," declares the New York *Commercial*. "If the Constitution could be amended only by unanimous ratification of the States, the claims of Rhode Island and New Jersey might hold." Continues this paper:

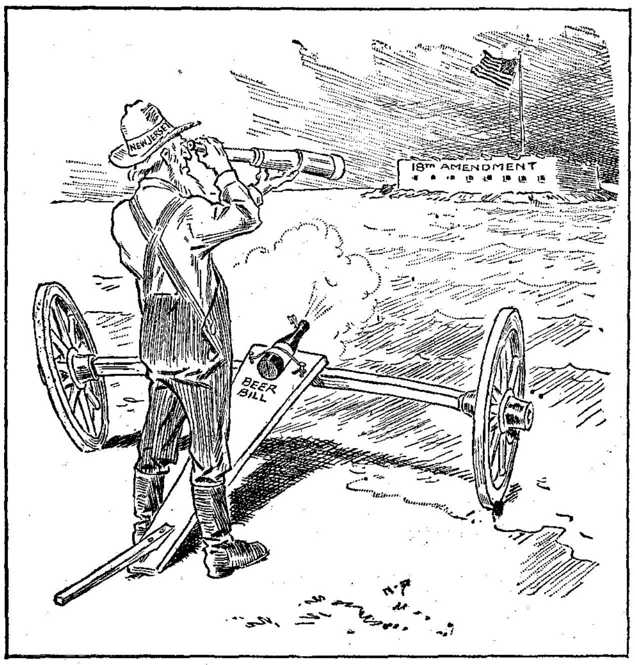
"There is nothing in the Constitution that makes an amendment apply to only those States which may have ratified it. The original ratification of the Constitution carried with it the agreement to abide by amendments made in accordance with its provisions. States admitted to the Union since have nothing to say about it. They took the Constitution as it was, as a condition of their admission."

New Jersey—and perhaps other States which have taken similar action—finds a stanch defender in the Columbia (S. C.) *Record*, which says:

"New Jersey was one of the original thirteen States. It was never contemplated by those who laid down the basic principles of the understanding on which the confederation of States was predicated that the right to determine for itself in matters pertaining to its own internal affairs should be denied to any State. In proceeding to the determination of a legal alcoholic content which shall apply in New Jersey, the New Jersey legislature takes the position that, it being the law-making body of that State, is competent to act, and it alone has the right to act.

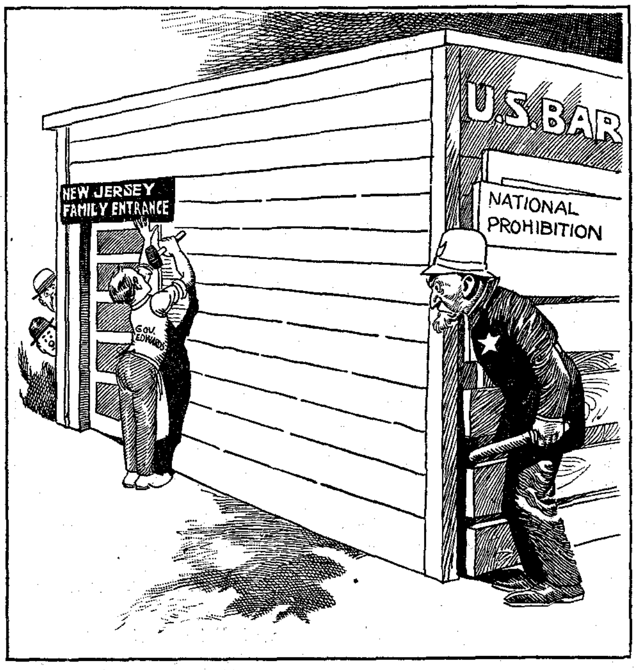
"The issue of State rights bobs up again. It will not down because it is immortal. Yet it is not the old issue of State rights as this was fought out to determination half a century ago that is presented in the self-assertion of New Jersey, insisting now upon the exercise of her traditional and constitutional prerogative, tho this action bring her in conflict with the Federal statutes. New Jersey seeks not to withdraw from the Union because of encroachment by the central government upon her rights and privileges, but rather to safeguard and preserve these, remaining a unit in the confederation of States. New Jersey bows to the Eighteenth Amendment, as she must, but denies to Congress the arbitrary power in providing a measure to make the prohibition amendment operative, to disregard the concurrent powers vested in the States.

"In assuming this position, the New Jersey assembly has been charged by overzealous prohibitionist partizans, with treason to 'a great cause.' To the ardent minds of these passionate advocates of a non-alcoholic America, from whose prejudiced viewpoint the end may always justify the means, since 'the cause' is apparently first and foremost with them, New Jersey may appear a traitor. But she stands stedfast and true to the sacred principles upon which the Republic was founded, which, to our mind, is the greater cause."



ANOTHER OPENING GUN.

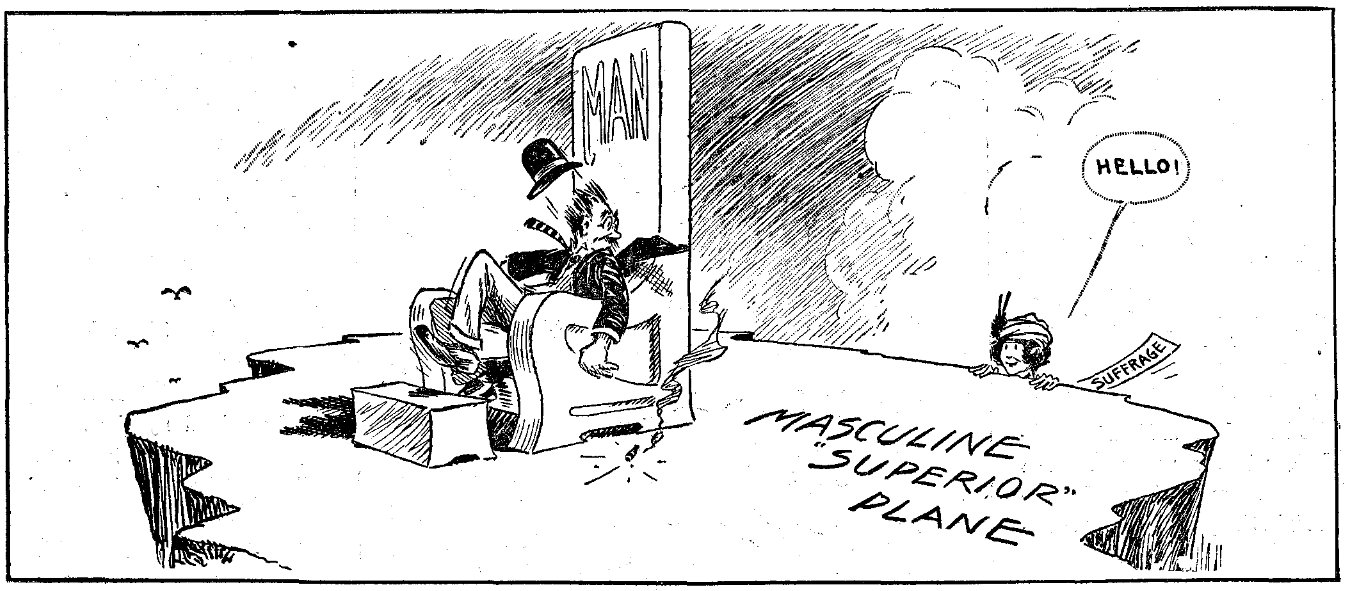
—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record*.



BACK-DOOR STUFF.

—Thomas in the Detroit *News*.

REBELLION OF THE MOSQUITO STATE.

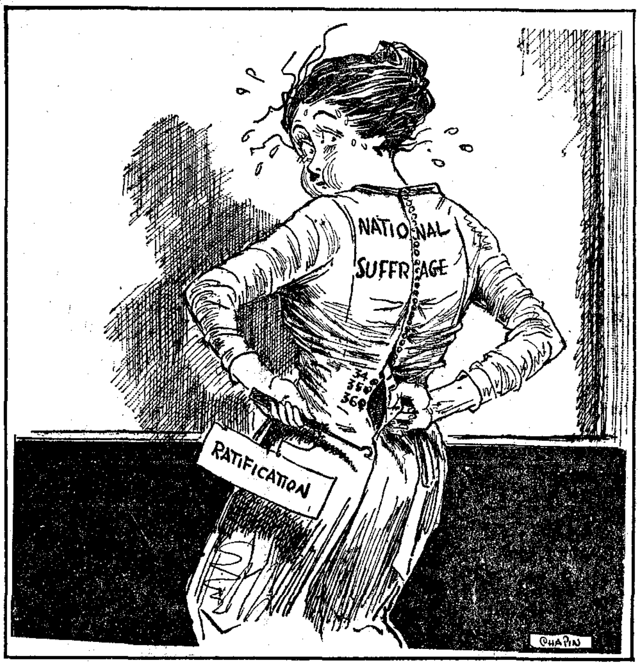


NEARLY UP. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

WOMAN-SUFFRAGE VICTORY IN SIGHT

"THE PARTICIPATION OF WOMEN in public life is assured; mere men must put their house in order for the changed conditions," observed the Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette* late in February, before the suffrage fight really began in its capital city. Two weeks later the dramatic race of Senator Bloch on a special train to cast his vote for suffrage, and thereby break the tie, vindicated the prediction of *The Gazette*—and made West Virginia the thirty-fourth of the necessary thirty-six States to ratify the Suffrage Amendment. The other two are concededly a mere matter of time, with Delaware, Washington, Vermont, and Connecticut to choose from. The next Presidential campaign, we are told by the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, is likely therefore to be "one of the most important in the country's history," and because women are a new and independent force, "they may expect determined opposition to the last from some old-line leaders." At least five Democratic candidates for the Presidential nomination, and as many Republican candidates, are said to have been lined up for suffrage by the National Woman's party. The four Southern States which have not acted to date—Louisiana, Florida, North Carolina, and Tennessee—are said by the Raleigh *News and Observer* to be opposed to woman suffrage because it would further complicate the "vexing race question" if woman were given the ballot. Alabama, Maryland, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Virginia were not long in taking unfavorable action upon the suffrage question.

The fight for suffrage has been marked by a series of swift ratifications. The amendment was passed by the Senate on June 4, 1919, and in the months that have followed the fight for suffrage has been carried forward by keen and able campaigners. Some editorial writers now wonder if women realize that they have inherited the largest and widest powers ever granted to a people. We are given a glimpse as to what a portion of the male of the species is thinking by *The Sun and New York Herald:*



THE LAST FEW BUTTONS ARE ALWAYS THE HARDEST.

—Chapin in the St. Louis *Star.*

"It must be a matter of surprize to some of the male veterans of a hundred political fights to notice the ease with which the women are adapting themselves to convention conditions. Those who have had experience in feminine organization politics are surpassing themselves in both strategy and tactics, while the youngsters are taking to the game as a duckling takes to water.

"No wonder some of the old-school politicians are lying awake at night wondering how the women feel on certain questions that are bound to prove ticklish very soon. They are nervous about the coming day when it will be said 'as the women go, so goes the nation!'"

"Certain old-fashioned politicians who in the past made remarks which the ladies can never condone now face an electorate with an irate feminine vote working against them," says the Nashville *Tennessean.* This paper reviews the splendid record of women in war-work while some of the above gentry were "doing nothing for their country but make a few Fourth of July speeches." Continues *The Tennessean:*

"The leaders of the feminine vote realize that the average woman knows as much about politics as the average man. Almost any good spellbinder can stampede a group of men voters who are not energetic enough to think for themselves. The women, being new to the use of the ballot, are taking their citizenship duties seriously and are not so easily inclined to cast a ballot for John Doe because the latter has been friendly to them. They are more inclined to vote for principles than for personalities.

"Person for person, they are as educated as the average man. They are citizens; they are property-owners; they did their part for their country in time of war as nobly as men did. It is only the poltroon, the misguided fool, and the man with a sixteenth-century mind who opposes their entrance into the political arena."

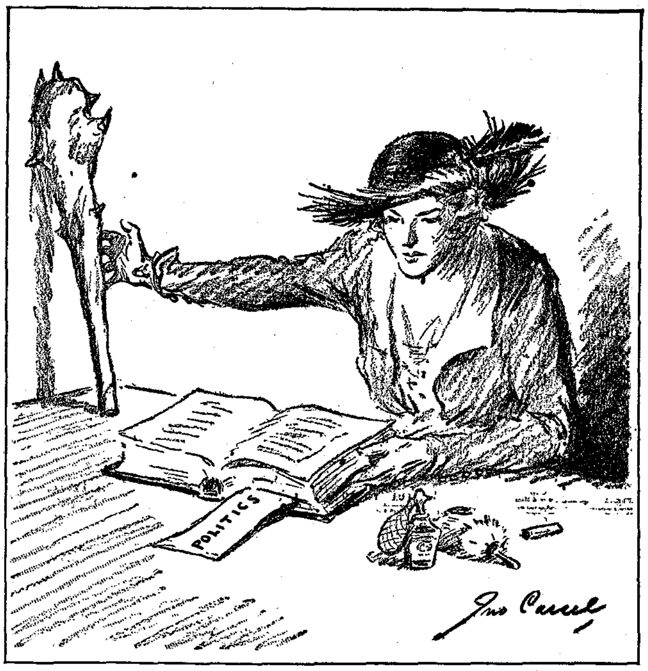
The enfranchisement of women in this country will have a direct effect for good upon European peoples, in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which believes our women "can make the Statue of Liberty look ten miles taller to every opprest and despairing victim of Old-World conditions." And it goes on to say:

"This year the women of America must do the 'speaking' for all that is best and most promising and most idealistic in her aspirations. The man-vote we all know. It has had its noble passages. It gave us woman suffrage. But it also has its limitations, which are usually more in evidence. The women come to the task with a far wider belief in the possibility of doing right, with a far shorter and less intense period of party servitude behind them, with an immeasurably lighter load of political prejudices, automatic antagonisms, and mercenary objectives."

The Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* believes women are a "detached and imponderable factor" in the politics of the country. We read further:

"Their triumph is assured. And because of it about 27,000,000 new votes will be projected into one of the most important general elections in American history.

"Women with the franchise but without previous interest or experience in public affairs will be required to choose between issues that bewilder the oldest and wisest of men. And by the result of the experiment the woman vote will be judged and appraised, accepted or questioned, for a generation."



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SHE IS LEARNING FAST.

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World*.

But all is not won for suffrage, if we are to accept the conclusions of several papers who still hold out for the old régime. The Boston *Herald* calls attention to the situation in Ohio, where a referendum on the ratification of the Federal amendment is now pending. If the validity of that process is sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, Ohio will be withdrawn from the list of ratifying States. There are twenty-two other referendum States, points out *The Herald*, in which such action would be possible if the antisuffragists wished to take advantage of the opening. Questions have been raised in Oklahoma and Maryland, so the point of vantage recently gained by the suffragists can not be called a bed of roses. Other pitfalls are said to exist in Indiana, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, and the leader of the "Antis" reminds us that the legality of every ratification should be sharply scrutinized, in order to prevent "another Hayes-Tilden contest next November."

In summing up the seventy-year struggle which woman has waged that she might be enfranchised by constitutional amendment, the Pittsburg *Post* says of the States which either are tardy in ratifying the suffrage amendment or have refused their approval:

"No State should permit a situation that makes it look as if it does not think its women the equal of those of other sections. It ought to be made possible in the Presidential election this year for every woman in the country to make her views count as well as those of the men."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

HAVANA may yet raise a statue to Volstead.—*Wall Street Journal.*

"SAIL on, thou mighty ship of state—" But say—who's captain and who's mate?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"WE will never forget!" say the Germans. Good—that was the purpose of the lesson.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

AT this election the full dinner-pail as a slogan will give way to the full limousine tank.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

THE Prodigal Railroads have returned, and the shipper may as well prepare to play the rôle of the fatted goat.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A HIGH cost of living has its compensations. Turnips bring so much now they can't afford to put them in the horseradish.—*Detroit News.*

LOTS of prospective candidates are revolving the question of how wet a plank must be before it become dangerously slippery.—*Louisville Times.*

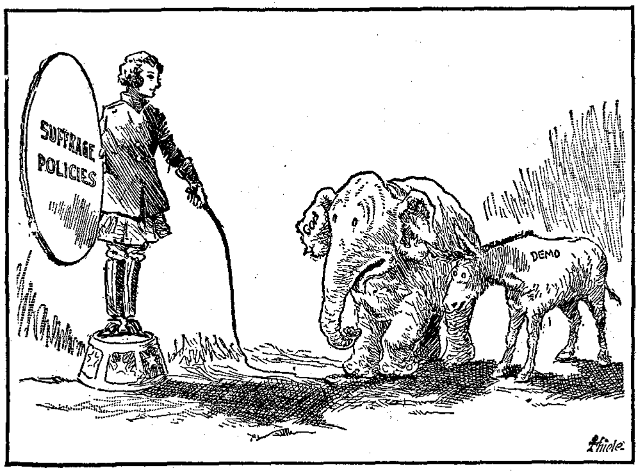
SIR OLIVER LODGE says when the energy of an atom is harnessed we won't need any coal. He had better hurry because about all we've got left in our coal-bin is an atom.—*Detroit News.*

THE question for the Allies is whether to occupy Constantinople or to be occupied with Constantinople for another hundred years.—*New York Evening Post.*

LIEUTENANT PAPA, Italian aviator, flies 172 miles an hour. American papas have to go something like that to keep ahead of the Cost of Living. —*Akron Press.*

AND now the wets in New York propose to investigate William H. Anderson. Evidently they want to learn where he gets his punch.—*Baltimore American.*

OUR idea of the millennium is a time when a London Parliament will draw up an Irish Home Rule bill that will please both Belfast and Dublin.—*Omaha World-Herald.*



THE NEW TRAINER.

—Thiele in the Sioux City *Tribune*.

EVEN low shoes are very high these days.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE slogan in Germany is "God save the mark!"—*Mobile Register.*

IF present tendencies continue, both parties will have to see that their platform planks include ouija boards.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

IF prices fail to falter in their upward glide most of this winter's first-term overcoats are sure of reelection next fall.—*Detroit Journal.*

ONE advantage about serving a term in the President's Cabinet is that it is often shortened by extreme inclemency.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

AN English medium says that beer is popular in heaven. Possibly some departed spirit gave her the wrong number.—*Salt Lake Telegram.*

"I WAS imposed upon by enemy spies," laments Joseph Caillaux. It does beat all, Joseph, how little trust can be placed in an enemy spy. —*Louisville Times.*

RUSSIA wants raw material, says Lenine. It occurs to us that the All-Russian Soviet Government is about the rawest material anywhere to be found.—*Columbia Record.*

PALMER says the price of meat has been falling for three months. At the same rate of speed it should reach normal level in 832 years.—*New Haven Times-Leader.*

WITH Governor Edwards's wet plank and Colonel Bryan's wet blanket the San Francisco convention may find it a little hard to set the country on fire.—*Arkansas Democrat.*

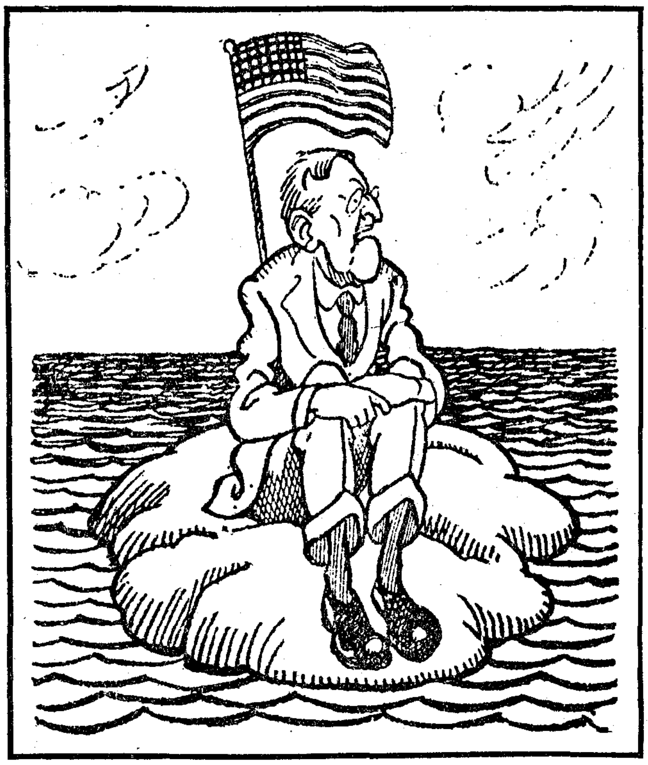
OBJECTING to Secretary Colby on the ground that he is not a party man is like objecting to Brigham Young on the ground that he was not a married man.—*New York World.*

RENTS are said to be increasing rapidly in Constantinople. If they just go up to where the Turks will move rather than pay, an international problem will be solved.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

PRESIDENT WILSON'S CHARGE AND FRENCH REPLIES

THE OPPOSITION to President Wilson's Peace-Treaty ideas, which has long been noticeable in certain Paris journals, burst out in full cry when Paris read President Wilson's letter to Senator Hitchcock, Administration leader in the American Senate, in which the French are bluntly charged with imperialistic designs. This accusation, according to one Paris dispatch, has "broken the last bond of French sympathy" for the President's policy. Only among the Socialist French press do we find downright defenders of Mr. Wilson. Representative of their attitude is the declaration of the Socialist leader Longuet in the Paris *Populaire*, who confirms President Wilson's charge that the militarists and imperialists are exerting a dangerous influence on the French Government. This is contrary to democratic principles, Mr. Longuet points out, and adds that the French Socialists "welcome the old Wilson they knew at the beginning of the Peace Conference and are happy to see him again championing the cause of world democracy." In the more general resentment toward Mr. Wilson, French editors are careful to distinguish between America's Chief Executive and the American people, and his letter has had the further effect of increasing their warmth of heart for the opposition majority in the American Senate. An old-time press opponent of President Wilson is "Pertinax," political editor of the *Echo de Paris*, who avers that the President's charges are "aimed at France by name, but at Marshal Foch by implication." This writer goes on to say that "the so-called imperialism of France consists in the conviction, fortified by all the lessons of history, that, to guarantee herself against attacks from Central Europe, she must hold the Rhine bridge-heads." In the now famous letter to Senator Hitchcock, in which President Wilson reiterated his objections to any attempt by the United States to evade obligation under Article X of the League Covenant, the offending paragraph on France reads as follows:



AS NORWAY SIGHTS PRESIDENT WILSON.

"Splendid isolation."

—*Karikaturen* (Christiania).

"Throughout the sessions of the conference in Paris it was evident that a militaristic party, under the most influential leadership, was seeking to gain ascendency in the counsels of France. They were defeated then, but are in control now. The chief arguments advanced in Paris in support of the Italian claims on the Adriatic were strategic arguments; that is to say, military arguments, which had at their back the thought of naval supremacy in that sea. For my own part, I am as intolerant of imperialistic designs on the part of other nations as I was of such designs on the part of Germany."

For years, "Pertinax" asserts in reply, Mr. Wilson has had "most convincing proofs of our pacific desire." He opposed indefinite occupation of the Rhine districts, and in exchange offered a treaty of military assistance. Up to date French occupation has been strictly limited, but "what has become of the treaty of assistance by which our renunciation was bought?" "Pertinax" then cites a letter written to Mr. Wilson by one P. B. Noyes, American delegate on the Inter-Allied Rhine Commission, which, on May 29, 1919, Mr. Wilson, "very agitated," communicated to Mr. Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd George. In this letter Mr. Noyes said he feared that "a disastrous error" was threatened in the "brutal" plan of Allied occupation, which was "preparing intolerable oppression for six million people during long years." He thought that "the fact of establishing in peace time the quarters of a hostile army in a country of which it is mistress and billeting troops on the inhabitants will provoke hatred and finally lead to disaster." "Force, always force, must be the history of such occupation if it is prolonged considerably," Mr. Noyes argued, and he went on to suggest a milder plan, which, according to "Pertinax," was incorporated in the convention signed with Germany, June 28, 1919, for the occupation of the Rhineland, because at the meeting on May 29 President Wilson was "able to impose on the Council four opinions," and "Pertinax" continues:

"The plan of the Council of Versailles was reversed. A new commission, Marshal Foch, General Bliss, and General Wilson, received imperative orders to prepare a new project on the basis of the American ideas.

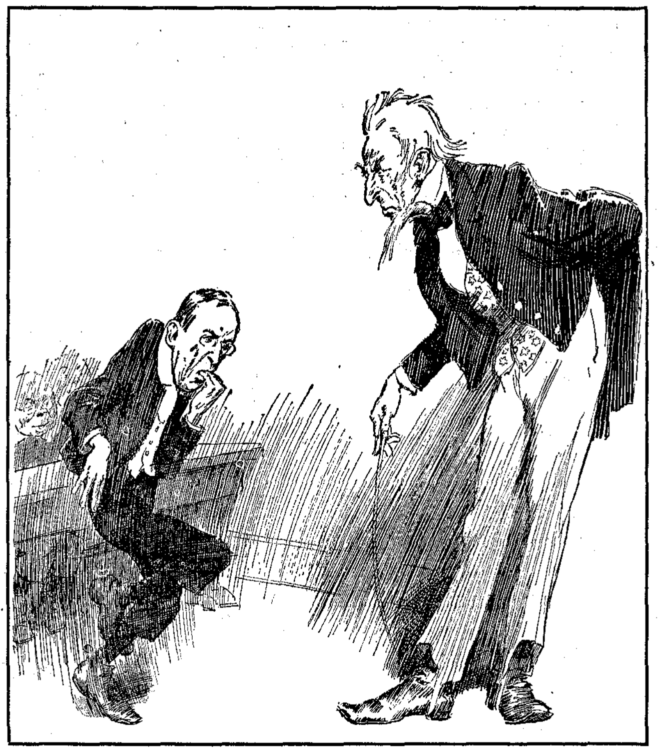
"The Germans demanded a Commissioner of Empire. There was given to them not only a Commissioner, but a Civil Commission of Administration. That is to say, much more than they claimed. In these words Marshal Foch sums up the affair to-day.

"'The consequences are obvious. The Rhineland participates fully in the life of unified Germany. The work of France is compromised.'

"After such an example of our moderation as has in this way been given to him, Mr. Wilson has not the right to talk of our imperialism. He has not even the right to retire, as he threatens, from the affairs of Europe. He has intervened in a matter affecting our security in the highest degree. He has not kept his word. We have still the confidence that sooner or later the American people will rectify the error of the President."

Mr. Wilson's "attack" does not hurt France, according to the Paris *Action Française*, but puts on her side "the most powerful men and most influential party of the Senate, which, after all, controls the Treaty outcome." It is a situation that should be understood and this daily explains that while Mr. Wilson "throws us aside with disagreeable words," Mr. Lodge "addresses to us the word of friendship," and "it is not Mr. Wilson, but Mr. Lodge, who controls the situation." The Paris *Intransigeant* laments that the "sick Mr. Wilson" describes as imperialistic and militaristic "the efforts which nations attacked by surprize in 1914 are taking to prevent a repetition of such a war," and the Paris *Information* says that wearied France has but one wish, and that is never to be again "at the mercy of an implacable enemy, but without ceasing to be calm, it does not wish to be a dupe, and is resolved to protect its life." Mr. Alfred Capus, editor of the Paris *Figaro*, believes President Wilson was ill-informed and wrote in haste when he said that France is controlled by the military party, yet "the services which President Wilson has rendered to France can not be forgotten, but the mistakes which he has made at our expense, also can not be forgotten." Mr. Stephane Lauzanne, editor of the Paris *Matin*, which for many weeks has refrained from joining in the chorus of French criticism of President Wilson and America, unbosoms himself as follows:

> "When Josephus Daniels is preparing the most formidable naval program of history do we accuse America of militarism? When Mr. Wilson's own son-in-law, the ineffable McAdoo, speaks of appropriating at one blow Bermuda, the Bahamas, and Jamaica to liquidate the English debt, do we accuse America of imperialism?
>
> "Vehement protests are rising against this intolerable language at the Capitol itself. Mr. Lodge, with his incomparable authority, has well reproved Presidential impertinences. We expect nothing less from the American Senate. And let the American people know well that they still have our profound affection and our fraternal gratitude. It is not their fault if for a few months more they have at their head a false theorist and faulty idealist. Three times he has been solemnly repudiated. We are certain that he will be repudiated once more. More than a sick man in a wheel-chair is needed to create a cloud in the eternal blue sky above two sister republics."



AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW.

UNCLE SAM—"You may have been thought right smart over thar in Europe, but I'm going to teach you there's somebody else boss in this school."

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

The Paris *Temps*, a government organ, regrets Mr. Wilson can not make another visit to France to see how reconstruction of the devastated regions absorbs all the resources of the nation and dominates its policy. Also—

> "He would see, on the other hand, how Germany has received the inter-Allied commissions which control its disarmament, and how a campaign is developing to make Marshal Hindenburg President of the commonwealth.
>
> "If he were before France, which counts on the Treaty of Peace, and before Germany, which is trying to escape it—before France, which is exhausting herself to repair the ruins of war, and before Germany, where a new war is openly preached—the President of the United States would not declare that a military party reigns in France, as he says in the public letter he sent to Senator Hitchcock.
>
> "However, Mr. Wilson was at Paris last year and he ought to know our country. What memory has he of us? 'During all the time of the Peace Conference sitting,' he writes, 'it was evident that the military party was trying to take control in the councils of France.' When one reads the farewell message which Mr. Wilson addrest to France, to thank her for her hospitality, one would not truly think that he was then conscious of having been present at such a fight. We can not believe that he would have hidden his thoughts at such a moment.
>
> "Has not the evidence of which he speaks reached him rather late? Where did he get it?"

Whatever criticisms of Mr. Wilson's policies were made during the Peace Conference, the *Temps* goes on to say, were in line with his own principle of open discussion, and therefore should not have given him offense. As to militaristic designs, the *Temps* remarks:

> "We know of but one militarism in Europe. It is that of which Marshal Hindenburg is the symbol and of which Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia is one of the most recently discovered supports. That militarism attacked us in 1914; we are living in 1920, still in the midst of the ruins which it accumulated on our soil.
>
> "Its fanfares of revenge reach our ears more and more frequently and more and more insolently. If it did not crush our country, if it did not conquer the rest of Europe, if the peoples of the world are free, to whom is the credit due? To our military leaders it is due. If a new menace arises on the other side of the Rhine, on whom would the world rely to conquer it? On our military chiefs it would rely. We will not tolerate any one's speaking lightly of them.
>
> "American opinion feels it has been deceived and it has reacted at once. We are happy to note the sympathy which is being extended to us, and notably the words spoken in the Senate by Mr. Lodge. Our friends of the United States may be certain that nothing will ever make us forget the bonds between the two countries nor the sacrifices of the American fighters who died to stop the German offensive near Paris, and to hurl back the invader along the Meuse.
>
> "Not only do we remember, but we look ahead. Whoever thinks knows that the United States and France will have in future more powerful reasons than ever to live in close accord. If President Wilson wishes to help to that end he will speak to France in language more conformable to the desires of our country and of his."

The Paris *Journal des Débats* also charges that Mr. Wilson is very wrong in saying that the military party is in power in France. The party in power is the "party of order which passionately desires to heal the wounds of the country and protect it against new aggressions." If Mr. Wilson had organized a League of Nations which constituted "an effective protection against the powers of deceit and of prey, French patriots would never have sought for another combination." Again, if some seem to go too far, "the fault is Mr. Wilson's," and we read:

> "Mr. Wilson declares he can not permit any reserve to Article X. He considers this article as the sacred arch of the new order of earthly affairs. In this he fools himself. This rampart is only a scrap of paper. Article X says that in case of aggression the Council shall advise upon how to assure execution of the obligation under it. But it neglects all sanctions. The Council shall 'advise!' Good idea! The Council must begin by agreeing and then formulate its opinion. This done, there is no means of execution.
>
> "In spite of the pressing requests of the French delegation, the American delegation constantly and with energy opposed the idea that the Council of the League of Nations should be invested with material power to stop aggressions. In case of aggression the Council shall deliberate! What a guaranty!
>
> "In reality the famous Lodge reservation changes nothing in Article X. It says that the United States may decide for or against intervention. That is to say, the American delegate to the Council can proclaim for or against intervention. But that already is provided in Article X.
>
> "Mr. Wilson has faith, in the force of verbal stipulations, above all, in his own words. In his eyes the word 'Wilsonian'

suffices for all. That is his fundamental error. It makes him unjust toward his compatriots and the associated Powers.

"To tell the truth, he has had no new ideas since that epoch, so far away now, when he proposed his fourteen points. Written at a moment when everything was confused in Europe, these fourteen points ought to have been adapted to the new situation created by victory. Mr. Wilson ought to have done this himself and proclaimed it publicly. He shut himself up like a mute. He first brutally violated his fourteen points. He worked in darkness and twilight."

HAMBURG A STRANGLED CITY

"MY FIELD IS THE WORLD," the proud device of the famous Hamburg-American Line, which was the boast of Hamburg, one of the world's three greatest ports, has been changed to "Have you seen our empty harbors?" This is the report of correspondents who have visited the port which might have outrivaled her only competitors, London and New York, if it had not been for the war. Of the two hundred great ocean-fliers that once flew the Hamburg-American Line's pennant, writes a Hamburg correspondent of the London *Evening Standard*, "to-day not one is left," for the war has dealt as severely with Germany's merchant marine as it has with the German Navy. When this correspondent asked Director Hüldermann, of the company, how he was going to rebuild the fleet, Herr Hüldermann pointed to a copy of the Peace Treaty, and said:

"We have been left with nothing—just a few little, unimportant ships and barges. At the outbreak of war two-thirds of our huge fleet were in foreign ports and were interned and have been confiscated, one-third was in Hamburg and has been handed over to the Allies—those of them not sunk during the war! Our future is black, indeed."

The ships now in course of construction, Herr Hüldermann stated further, are to be delivered to the Allies in accordance with the terms of the Treaty. The *Bismarck*—sister ship to the *Vaterland*—a ship of fifty thousand tons gross, is now three-quarters finished, and Herr Hüldermann regretfully confessed that this "biggest ship in the world" "will not be ours—but yours." There is also a twenty-thousand-ton ship named *Tirpitz*, which was destined for the South-American trade, but this also goes to the Allies. As to the future Herr Hüldermann is quoted as follows:

"I do not know. Times are desperate. All I can say is that we are going to face the music and start again as a very small company, try hard to get ships made, and perhaps work in conjunction with other lines. The question of tonnage is very difficult. It depends upon the ability of German shipyards to turn out ships; the coal question is acute, the falling mark threatens us—strangles us—as it will strangle the whole of Germany's commercial reconstruction unless something is speedily done."

Referring to rumors in Hamburg that Americans had obtained a big interest in his line, Herr Hüldermann said:

"You can deny them emphatically. You can also state that a week or so ago we created a new preferred stock and so altered the articles of association that it is impossible for any group to buy or obtain a controlling interest in the Hamburg-American Line. No, sir, the Hamburg-American Line is German and will continue to be German!

"The work of rebuilding German shipping will be the work of a lifetime. We have seen days of prosperity and have made and lost the largest passenger-fleet in the world. Is it not your Kipling who says something about the man who 'starts again at his beginning, and never breathes a word about his loss'? It is, indeed, a very hard thing to do, but we are in that position."

It is suggested in some quarters that the rumors above mentioned may have resulted from the proposal of the Hamburg-American Line, as reported in Washington dispatches, that the United States Shipping Board take over its sixty former services to northern Europe, the Mediterranean, South America, and the Orient. The Shipping Board is said to favor instead an arrangement whereby a private American company, or perhaps a group of companies, should take over the former business of the Hamburg-American Line, while the Shipping Board itself would assist these companies in getting whilom German business under the American flag by selling or chartering to them the ships required. Washington dispatches further relate that under this plan the American companies "would enter into a kind of working partnership with the Hamburg-American Company," in which the latter "would furnish the docks, shipping information, and good-will necessary to make the business successful and the American concerns would furnish the ships."

To understand how abject is the state of this once imperious city, a Hamburg correspondent of the Paris *Temps* recalls that it had become the richest city in Germany and the heads of the business men had been fairly turned by its incredible growth. When the war broke out they were as blind about political questions as were the Berlin *intelligentsia*, and they saw in war only another instrument for world-expansion and the accumulation of wealth. Each "victory" increased their confidence so that it became their habit to chuckle among themselves, according to the testimony of Scandinavian witnesses, and say: "Wait and see the handsome pile we are going to make out of this war." Strangely enough, this correspondent writes—

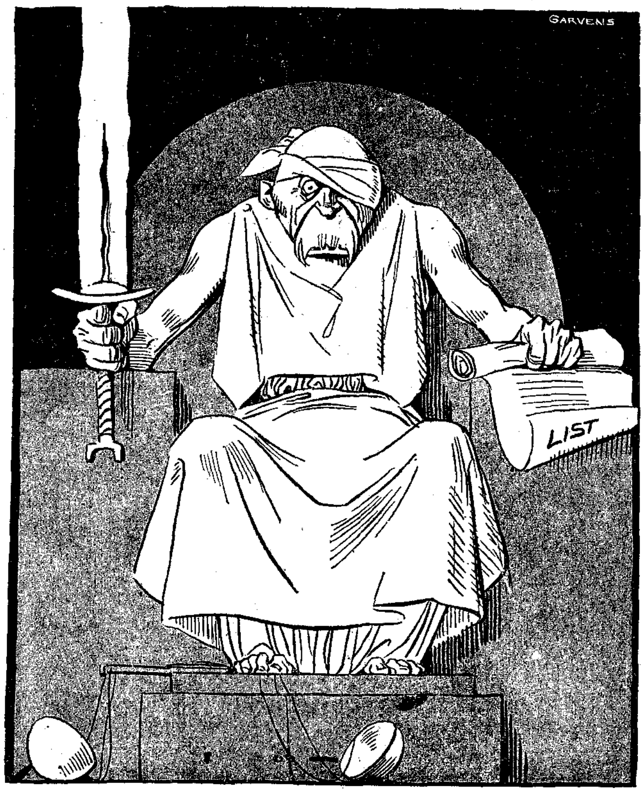
"The revolution began in the maritime cities and in the fleet itself, thus ironically realizing the imperial prophecy of William II., 'Our future lies upon the water.' After four years of illusion and dreams of a wholly different ending to the war, Hamburg awoke to an awesome and inexorable reality. Never were high hopes cast so low, and never did a city that rose so swiftly to fortune sink so fast in the turn of events. Hamburg has suffered more than any other German commercial port. During the war Lübeck, Stettin, and Kiel were able to transact a certain amount of shipping in the Baltic despite the blockade; but Germany's first port, posted as it were face to face with England, was obliged to suspend navigation. Her population, which was wholly dependent on the port's business, was harder hit by the disastrous outcome of the war than that of Berlin or any other city. . . . It is at Hamburg that one can actually see the downfall of Germany."

Altho the day of armistice has long since gone by, we are told that the return of activity in the port is hardly noticeable, and only a small number of ships lie alongside the deserted wharves. This informant goes on to say that many of the sailors had to find a new means of livelihood, and that from Hamburg alone about a hundred thousand of them were scattered in every direction. Traveling through Germany you will come across them at Munich, at Dresden, and in Berlin, wearing their old uniforms, now soiled and mended, and trying to make a living as street-venders of cigarets, fruits, and newspapers. The seafaring people who have remained in Hamburg are in worse case, for they must wander about picking up odd jobs that offer, so that it may be said the "end of the imperial epoch marks for German sailors, exiled from the seas, absolute ruin, almost death." This *Temps* correspondent continues:

"Yet bad as conditions are in Hamburg, everywhere there is hope of a naval resurrection in Germany. . . . One prospect that greets their eyes is future important business with Bohemia and the new Czecho-Slovak Republic, thanks to the waterway of the Elbe and its fleet. Also much is expected in raw materials from Russia, which, owing to the fact that the exchange favors Germany, can be bought at a very low price. Finally, and of high importance, the mental focus of the workers has been greatly changed latterly. At first they were beguiled by the promise of a quick socialization of maritime plants. They piled strike upon strike to hasten this conclusion. But one observes a distinct change among them in the direction of common sense. . . . However favorable the signs, the outlook remains somber and nothing justifies one in predicting a proximate return of the old boom days. A remarkable combination of circumstances will be necessary in order that the dream of German ship-builders, 'My field is the world,' shall ever again become realized."

A WAY TO WIN SOUTH AMERICA

GOOD WILL AND COOPERATION between the United States and the republics of South America can best be established by service it is easy for Americans to render, remarks the Quito *Comercio*, which points to the renovated city of Guayaquil, Ecuador, as a proof of this statement. Guayaquil has been rid of the yellow-fever plague which harassed it from 1842 until the last case was registered in March of 1919. The clean-up campaign in the city began toward the end of 1918 and was conducted with such rapidity that within four months the terrible scourge had disappeared. The fact of lasting importance to Americans about this regeneration of a South-American city is that it was effected through funds provided by the Rockefeller Foundation and under the direction of General Gorgas, of Panama Canal fame and permanent director of the Rockefeller International Health Board. Authorities of the latter organization, we are advised, deprecate any claim to more than just credit for the single work of the Health Board in ridding Guayaquil of the yellow-fever scourge; and they are inclined to feel that in some cases they receive more than their due in the very grateful appreciation of Ecuadorians. As assistants General Gorgas had two intelligent and energetic men, remarks *El Comercio*—Dr. Connor, who has already done valuable work of sanitation in Panama, and an Ecuadorian, Señor Castillo, editor of *El Telegrafo*, who waged energetic publicity in favor of the Guayaquil project, for which it was necessary to rouse public enthusiasm as well as to combat ignorance. *El Comercio* informs us that General Gorgas was ably seconded by the city authorities, and in lauding his sanitary work in Guayaquil assures us that:



WHAT GERMANY SEES ON THE THRONE OF JUSTICE.

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

> "It can not but produce most important results in the future of the Republic of Ecuador, which hitherto has been rarely visited by American business men and commercial travelers, largely because of the prevalence of yellow fever, which, of course, was an obstacle also to European emigrants. But now Guayaquil boasts of streets paved with asphalt, a perfect supply of water, a modern system of drainage, the application of sanitary methods in schools and public buildings, and the elimination of the mosquito from the city and environs. It is like Panama and Havana, a tropical city disinfected, regenerated, and habitable."

El Comercio goes on to say that unquestionably the greatest glory for the transformation of Guayaquil belongs to the Rockefeller Foundation, which furnished the funds, and we read:

> "The Guayaquil municipality will have to settle only for the annual cost of the up-keep of the work already begun. This is the first time that a disinterested foreign institution of a philanthropic character has taken upon itself the task of cleaning a city and port in a country which has been unable or has not cared to perform such toil on its own account. This act will make many friends for the United States in other South-American republics, where it will be seen that the Americans are capable of something more than seeking a market for their goods as mere business men. It shows that they can also render great and useful service. By this act the Rockefeller Institute has done more to fix American solidarity than all the Pan-American congresses with their speeches and hospitality."

That this will not be the last favor Spanish-American nations may expect from other American institutions is the conviction of *El Comercio*, which adds:

> "While there are South-American republics rich enough and advanced enough not to need such American cooperation, there are others so poor as to be forced to demand it; and some of them are in need of a kind of temporal control along political lines to save them from dictatorships, anarchy, and bankruptcy. Three years ago there was mention of a project to found in various South-American republics educational establishments similar to Robert College, at Constantinople, an institution which enjoys great fame in the Orient and in Europe and the United States. This college, which is supported by American organizations, some of which are lay and some religious, is a center for the spread of democratic ideals as well as for giving instruction in scientific and industrial courses. Many men who to-day are occupying important posts in the Balkan states and are good friends of the United States owe their education to Robert College. The advantages proceeding from a Robert College in each of the Spanish-American republics where education is lagging are obvious. In such an institution poor young men who can not travel to the United States or to Europe might become engineers, chemists, architects, teachers, etc. Above all, they would obtain a perfect knowledge of English, for all instruction would be given in that language, and a love of political liberty and democratic institutions. What is more, they would learn properly to judge 'machete generals' of irresponsible political parties and of revolutions started from predatory motives. These young men would constitute an element of political regeneration at home; and they would be as good friends to the United States as are the graduates of Robert College."

AIDING WAR-CRIMINALS TO ESCAPE

AIDING WAR-CRIMINALS TO ESCAPE would have meant death to any participant in war-days, but in peace times such aid may be rendered by the Allied statesmen and result only in impotent protest on the part of the Allied nations. We find such bitter reflection as this cropping out here and there in the Allied press at the agreement that Germany is to prosecute German war-criminals before the High Court of Leipzig instead of delivering them up to a court of Allied judges. Then there are critics who rather sneer at the climb-down of the Entente governments in waiving the demand of surrender they once made with such bravado. As the London *Evening Standard* remarks, the Allies can not be said to "cut a very brilliant figure" either in their handling of the case of the ex-Kaiser or that of the lesser German war-criminals. If Holland was to be forced to surrender the ex-Kaiser, this London daily maintains, the demand should have been made "at the time of his flight, when the whole forces of the Allies were embattled, when feeling against this man was at its full height, and when probably even in Germany indignation at his execution or imprisonment would have been powerless to affect materially the popular resentment against him as an expensive failure." So also the Allies should have demanded then and there "as a necessary preliminary to the discussion of peace," the handing over of a small number of typical criminals whose guilt required a minimum of proof. Yet *The Evening Standard* thinks it an exaggeration to say that a trial before a German tribunal would be "pure farce," for "law is law all the world over, and there are certain limits beyond which the most unjust of judges can not go." In sharp contradiction to so hopeful a view, the London *Daily Chronicle* observes:

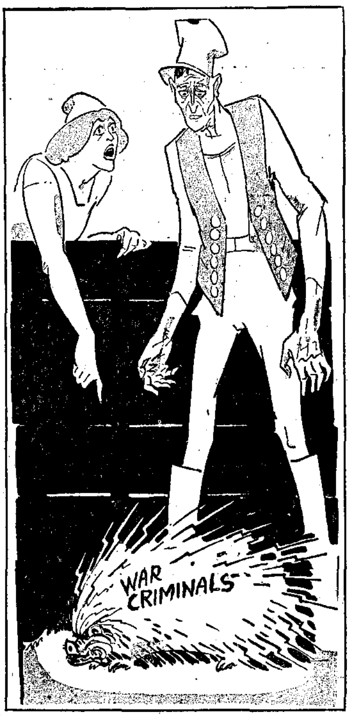
> "The German courts during the last twelve months have shown not only by their farcical trial of the Fryatt case, but still more by their acquittal of notorious murderers who had acted for the Government against the 'Reds,' that they submit slavishly to military dictation. Even if the Supreme Court at Leipzig were better, and did justice to isolated criminals like the sinkers of hospital ships, what sort of a political event are the Leipzig trials of Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and Mackensen likely to constitute?"

To the London *Daily News* it has always seemed clear that "if these people are to be tried—as many of them undoubtedly should be—the proper court would be neither an enemy court nor a court of nationals (for both must be influenced by feelings not germane to the issue), but a court of neutrals, or, failing that, perhaps a mixed court." With some irony the Manchester *Guardian* congratulates the Allied statesmen on the agility they have shown in getting themselves out of the tangle they had got themselves into with the problem of the German war-criminals. It points out that the acceptance of the German proposal that the war-criminals be tried before the German high court at Leipzig indicates the resourceful mind of Mr. Lloyd George, and considers it meet that a skilful evasion of most of the difficulties involved in these postwar trials should be credited to him as he is chiefly accountable for the whole project of having them. This newspaper points out that—

> "The Allies do not, indeed, surrender the right of trial by their own courts-martial should they not be satisfied with the handling of the business by the Leipzig Court, but having once succeeded in shelving a very awkward charge they will certainly be in no hurry to take it on again.
>
> "The reasons for this decision are manifest and strong. To begin with, it had become manifest—it was pretty manifest all along—that no German Government could comply with the demand for the surrender of such a list as was presented to it and live. It was also manifest that if we destroyed the existing German Government it could only be succeeded by one much more extreme, either militarist and reactionary, plotting a restoration, or else Communistic and revolutionary, seeking the overthrow of the existing social order in Germany. Neither could establish itself without violent opposition, and the only result of our intervention would thus be to plunge Germany into the agonies of civil war. Good-by then to peace in Europe; good-by also to the remotest prospect of indemnities or any other sort of payments. The prospect was not attractive, and the Allies have done well and wisely to avoid it."

The Belfast *Northern Whig* attributes the bungling of the case of the war-criminals to the fact that there was a division of opinion among the Allies, which it describes as follows:

> "Great Britain is more interested in the trial of the ex-Kaiser than of the lesser criminals. France is apparently indifferent to the ex-Kaiser's fate, but exceedingly stirred about the wrong-doings of his soldiers. America seems to take no interest in either the Kaiser or his subordinates. The upshot of these conflicting currents of opinion is that all the criminals seem likely to escape, and that Germany has been taught that she can get out of her Treaty obligations by evasion and opposition."



HELP YOURSELF TO THE PORCUPINE.

MARIANNE—"Hand that over to me!"

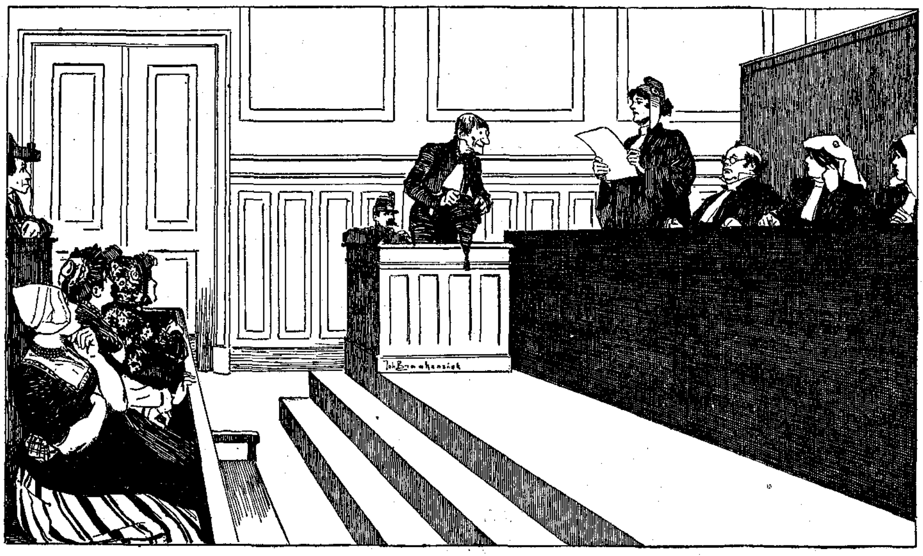
FRITZ—"If you want it, take it yourself."

—*De Notenkraker* (Amsterdam).

Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, remembered in America as the torch-bearer of the German light that failed, sees in the demand for the war-criminals another expression of Clemenceau's hate of many years' duration. What Germany, "united Germany," thinks of this requirement, he writes in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, one of the newspapers suppress in the Junker week-end revolution, was known in Paris as long ago as the days of Weimar, when Germany's republican government was whipt into shape. He tells us further—

> "If peace had been really desired it would have been easy to come to a point of understanding in making up this list of persons demanded from Germany. To be sure, the surrender of Germans to a foreign court where the plaintiff would be both judge and executioner would in any event have been denied. But there was a way that might have been followed to furnish all those who had positively been guilty of transgressions against the laws and customs of war as set down by the rules of the Hague Convention, for we Germans ourselves have wished to punish such guilty ones and have plainly uttered ourselves to this effect on more than one occasion. And what is more, we have prepared the necessary apparatus for bringing them to justice. But it is plain that there was no thought of reaching a just reckoning, and that neither peace nor justice, but *matters entirely foreign to them* were pivotal in the preparation of the monstrous list."

That this game was a dangerous one, not only for Germany but also for France and the other Allied Powers, we are told, was known even among Germany's enemies, and by some men of international repute who could not be accused of any great fondness for Germany. Dr. Dernburg makes mention of Mr. Vanderlip, Mr. Bullitt, Mr. Keynes, Sir George Paish, and others, who raised their voices in warning on this point at the Peace Conference, but without avail.



DUTCH SYMPATHY.

GERMAN FRITZ (to the Court)—"I thank you for demanding our 'war-criminals.' You have gone so far you win public sympathy for me."

—*De Amsterdammer* (Amsterdam).

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

WAR AND AUTOCRACY

THAT AUTOCRACY and war have been mutually favorable, and that both show a decided decline since the sixteenth century, are the interesting conclusions arrived at by Frederick Adams Wood, lecturer on biology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a statistical study of historical data pertaining to the last five centuries, given in *The Scientific Monthly* (Lancaster, Pa., March). Mr. Wood admits that picking out autocrats is a somewhat ticklish business. If the selection had been made by other hands or on some other system, the results of the investigation might have changed. Yet Mr. Wood thinks he has been fair and that there would be little chance for a complete reversal of his conclusions. He has stuck to royal autocrats and has left out men like Cromwell, for he confesses that if he had included them he should not have known exactly where to stop. So the "Protectors," "consuls," and all the rest are dropt—also the Presidents. Says Mr. Wood:

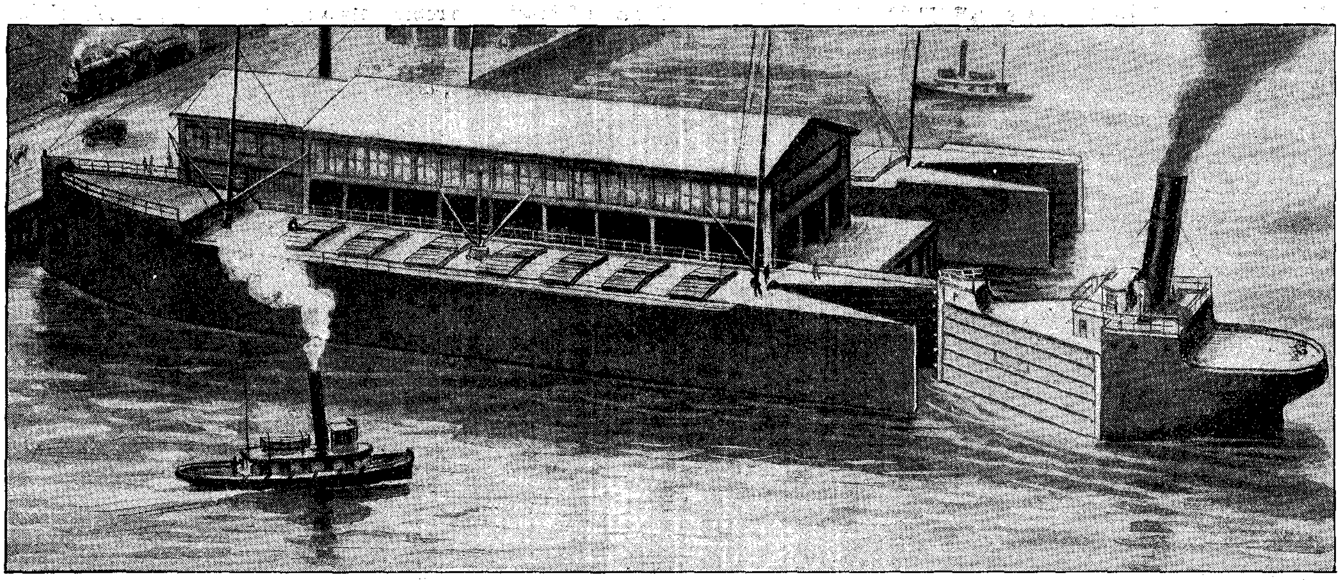
> "The following twenty monarchs are given in their order of eminence judged solely as great autocrats: Napoleon, Frederick the Great, Peter the Great, Selim I. of Turkey, Suleiman the Magnificent, Ivan the Terrible, Louis XI. of France, Philip II. of Spain, Louis XIV. of France, Catherine II. of Russia, Charles XII. of Sweden, Charles V. (the Emperor), Gustavus Adolphus. Philip Augustus, Louis IX. of France, Henry VIII. of England, Ivan III. of Russia, Henry IV. of France, William II. (the late Kaiser), the Great Elector of Brandenburg.
>
> "It must not be thought that the order within the group is important, or that there is any intention of conveying the idea that each one of these persons whose name appears ahead of some other person is known to be a greater autocrat. Every reader through personal preference would rearrange this list; but any rearrangement within the first ten, or within the second ten, would make no difference. If many were transferred from high to low positions, or if great changes of inclusion and exclusion were made, then important differences in the conclusions might result. It seems unlikely that such wholesale changes could be justified."

Mr. Wood gives a list of the sixty-two sovereign rulers whom he selects as especially representative of autocratic sway. To the first thirty he gives ranking numbers, tho he says that these must be considered only as tentative and approximate. That this arrangement in a series has a value seems to be interestingly illustrated in his research, for, if the sovereigns had not been graded, the discovery would not have been made that European history furnishes actual evidence that great autocrats are especially associated with periods of warfare. He goes on:

> "If we consider only the evidence drawn from the entire sixty-two autocrats, we find 914.5 years of war out of a total of 1,779 years of reign. This is 51.4 per cent., and is only slightly greater than the average number of years of war per century . . . which is 48.5. But if we consider only the thirty leading autocrats, we find that the average rises to 57.5 war-years per century, or 565.5 out of 983. For the leading twenty the average is 54.2, and for the ten greatest the average is 63.4 years of war per century. The totals here are 212.5 years out of 335. These figures are large enough to be significant. Here is shown a rise of roughly 50 per cent. for the most autocratic periods as against the comparatively non-autocratic periods, of which there are about three hundred, and whose war-record must have been a little less than 48.5 years per century.
>
> "The true correlation between autocrats and war must be somewhat higher than is here indicated, since oftentimes democratic nations have been unwillingly drawn into conflicts against autocracy, as was the case in the Napoleonic period and in the late world-war. In this way non-autocratic periods must get more years of war than would have been the case if all countries had always been free from great autocrats.
>
> "If we turn to the other side of the question and study the democracies themselves, it appears that their periods occupied in warfare have been somewhat less in total duration than the average. There have not been many eras of real democracy in European history, but there have been times when nations have been more democratic than at other times. England has, for instance, been largely governed by the voice of the people during recent generations. The same is true of many European nations during the nineteenth century. It is this century, and especially its last half, that shows the maximum years of peace.
>
> "If we take out for study all periods in which no monarch or regent recognized as ruling and the nation is theoretically a 'republic,' 'commonwealth,' 'consulate,' or designated by some such word, we have a definite criterion for inclusion and can express our results numerically. . . . . .
>
> "The total of all these years of democratic control is one hundred and sixty-three. The total years of war are seventy-two. This is 44.2 per cent. It is somewhat less than the total for all autocratic régimes, which was 51.4 per cent. It is considerably less than the average for the first ten, which was found to be 63.4. Furthermore, in the instances where the democratic forms of government have been associated with an extremely high percentage of warfare, these popular governments represent beginnings in this practise of political control. Also England during 'The Commonwealth', with ten years of war out of eleven, was in reality under one of the greatest of autocrats, tho a non-royal one."

Some additional argument that democracies may be associated with an increased amount of peace is derived by Mr. Wood from the fact that the comparatively democratic nations, Denmark, Switzerland, Sweden, and Holland, have been free from war during the last hundred years. He continues:

> "There seems, then, to be no doubt that great autocrats are associated with wars probably as a contributory cause. If they are a cause of war, the question then becomes one of vital interest: How are they forever to be abolished? This is not likely to be an easy matter. Autocrats work insidiously and, until they have become strong, they are not autocrats. By the time they have become autocrats they are then strong, and consequently difficult to deal with. There is much that is permanent in human nature that makes easy the development of autocratic sway. Man is a very exploitable animal, and it is a long time before he realizes that he is being made into a machine. By the time he has been made into a machine and is part of a greater machine—that is, precisely what he is then willing to be or indeed wishes to be—who is to stop the process? It is only the outside and outlying nations that can do this by uniting for the common cause. This they do over and over again, and the force of numbers wins for a time until again in some unsuspected quarter another autocrat has welded together another machine. . . . . .
>
> "In the history of England and France autocrats can be studied from the eleventh century onward. These are countries that have developed democratic institutions. Let us see if there is evidence of a gradual decline in the numbers of autocratic sovereigns throughout the centuries. Adding the numbers from both these countries together, we get the series from the year 1000 to the year 1900 by centuries as follows: 2, 4, 4, 2, 3, 4, 2, 0, 2; that is, there were two autocrats in the eleventh century, four in the twelfth, etc. It can be seen that the left-hand half of this series is heavier than the right. The ratio of weight is 13.5 to 9.5. Here we have numerical proof that autocracy has declined in France and England. This is significant as far as it goes, tho the numbers are small.
>
> "If, on the other hand, we turn to Russia, Prussia, and Austria, we do not find the same tendency toward a decline in the number of autocrats. Figures for the early history of these countries are not available, but the records from the beginning of the fifteenth century are complete. The totals for each century are, according to our chart, 4, 2, 3, 5, 5. In these countries, then, just the opposite has taken place from



POWER SECTION STEAMING INTO THE "V" IN THE CARGO SECTION.

what occurred in England and France. The right-hand, or modern portion, of this series weighs against the left in the ratio of 11.5 to 7.5. Are these figures significant? They are quite as likely to be as the reverse figures, 13.5 to 9.5, which suggested a decline in autocracy in France and England."

An answer, much more definite than this, to the whole question of the magnitude and distribution of autocracies in European history is gained, Mr. Wood thinks, by an appeal to all available instances from the eleventh century onward. A table containing such statistics shows two facts, according to his belief. First, that there has been, in recent centuries, a decline in the total number of autocrats; and, secondly, that, as far as the greatest autocrats are concerned, the reverse process was in operation up to about the year 1600. Since that date, all autocrats, both great and small, have been losing ground. The figures form such a regular series that he has little doubt as to their significance. He goes on:

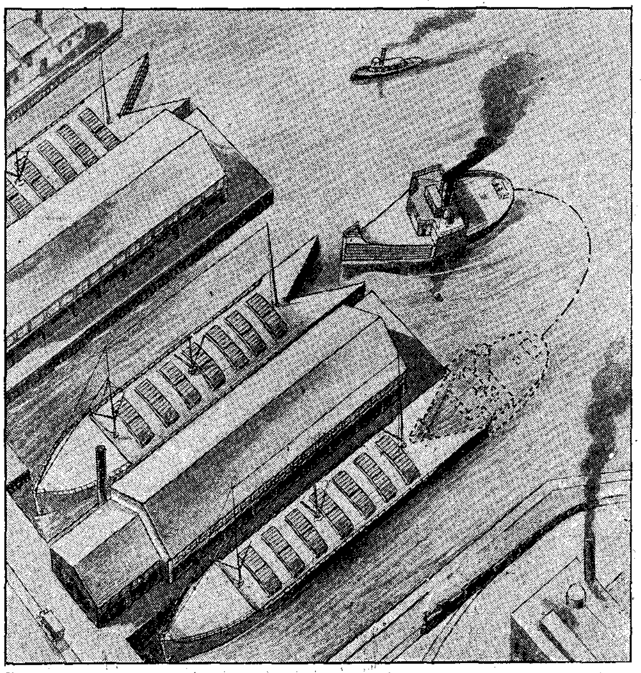
"Altho there has been no constant or gradual disappearance of war-years or of great autocrats as might be the case if these two dreaded things were being exterminated by the enlightening processes of education and civilization, there is nevertheless a way of looking at all the facts that presents an outlook not necessarily gloomy. The whole matter in a nutshell is this: There occurred during these nine hundred years one gigantic wave which reached its peak in the sixteenth century. The wave of autocracy corresponded with the wave of war, probably entirely, tho a fragment of one of the curves is lacking or incomplete. . . . . .

"Since this period, the downward slope of the wave has been marked for all degrees of autocracy. The reason why the second 450 years show more autocrats of the greatest magnitude is because the sixteenth century falls in the second or modern portion. If we compare the last two centuries with the two preceding, we find the ratio-weights all heavier for the earlier period. . . . It is especially during the last two centuries that the decline in autocrats is noteworthy.

"These figures are much too consistent not to mean something very definite. Autocrats were proportionately most numerous in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Great autocrats reached the acme of their power in the sixteenth, as did also the gods of war. Perhaps it all may mean that we are at the bottom of a wave that will rise again, but if the records of recent generations are an indication of forces that are destined to be continuous, then in a few generations to come, at least one of the concomitants of war, the great monarchical autocrats, will have ceased to function on this planet."

DETACHABLE POWER FOR FREIGHT-BOATS?—Proposed freight-vessels in two parts, with interchangeable hulls and sterns, are described in *Popular Mechanics Magazine* (Chicago, March). The sterns of these boats are to be equipped with boilers, engines, and propellers, and the hulls will be provided with cargo holds, in addition to coal-bunkers or oil-tanks, depending upon the fuel requirements of the craft. Such vessels, we are told, have been suggested by a French maritime expert as a means of lowering the cost of transporting goods by water. We read:

"According to the originator of the novel boats, this form of construction makes it possible to employ a single power-plant with three bottoms—two in different ports, loading and unloading, and a third in transit—besides rendering it unnecessary for the driving mechanism to remain idle while fuel is placed aboard. When oil is burned, the fluid is transferred to the stern portion by means of a siphon. In case coal is utilized as fuel, the material is moved from one unit to another through a chute. The after portion of the proposed ship is in the form of a wedge, and is designed to fit snugly in a similarly shaped opening in the rear end of the hull. A series of T-head bolts, which protrude from the vertical forward edge of the power-unit, and engage with a slot in the cargo-unit, are used to fasten the two parts of the vessel rigidly together. Only a few minutes are required to assemble or disassemble the stern and hull; and this, says the inventor of the craft, can be done with safety even in mid-sea."



Illustrations by courtesy of "Popular Mechanics."

POWER SECTION SHIFTING FROM ONE HULL TO ANOTHER.

REASONS FOR THE BUS

THE MOTOR-BUS is coming to be accepted as an economic necessity in passenger transportation; so we are told by a writer in *The Scientific American* (New York). In considering the reasons for this, he first examines the ultimate effect of increases in population upon traffic facilities. While the necessity for immediate action to solve serious congestion problems is now being felt only by the larger cities, the requirements of smaller cities and their future development deserve, he says, just as much consideration to prevent this congestion in years to come. In the first place, he bids us note the evidence that the traction lines are becoming more and more inadequate to handle the congestion that is increasing every day. He continues:

MOTOR-BUSES ARE CROWDING FIFTH AVENUE.

Every year sees more of them on this famous thoroughfare. One of the new traffic-control towers is seen in the distance.

"Since the amount of traffic they will hold is limited by the tracks on which they run, it will be impossible for them to keep up with the growing needs of transportation unless new tracks are laid. This, however, is prohibited by the increasing congestion of privately owned vehicles on the highways. Increasing population, on the one hand, demands more public transportation facilities. The increasing number of privately owned passenger and commercial vehicles, on the other hand, demands better highway facilities. Can one factor be satisfied except at the expense of the other?

"The present serious financial condition of these public utility corporations throughout the country is bound to mean increased fares, and the burden imposed upon them by increasing population is bound to mean more and more congestion. The motor-bus will not only solve the serious traffic problem, but will provide the public with a more flexible satisfactory mode of transportation at a lower cost.

"In the majority of large cities it is out of the question to lay more tracks for surface-car lines in thickly populated business and residential sections—there is no room for them. In view of this fact it is only logical to assume that motor-buses will be used to relieve the congestion, as they are free to operate on any route without tracks. And it is very possible that the time will come when traffic will have increased to such an extent that the streets will seem unable to hold it. In this event the only solution would be the discontinuance of surface-car lines and the substitution of motor-buses. This for the simple reason that busses neither block the highways nor are easily blocked, being flexible and able to move about in traffic. Surface-cars, on the other hand, do block traffic and are easily tied up themselves by a block.

"As far as less thickly populated sections are concerned there is every reason to believe that future development of transportation facilities will favor the motor-bus. The laying of tracks for a surface-car line represents a huge initial expense for right of way, bridges, grading, and rails. If such a line does not prove profitable, it can not be diverted. The flexibility of the motor-bus system, however, does not confine it to any one fixt route."

Public utility corporations everywhere, our authority next asserts, are gradually losing the faith of investors. Their inability to increase fares to keep up with increasing costs of operation considerably decreases their dividends. Thus it is becoming increasingly difficult to borrow money to build and equip new traction-lines, while far better inducements are offered in other securities. We read further:

"Efficiency and economy of operation are in favor of the motor-bus. These economies are principally due to the fact that the tremendous overhead expenses of the surface-car lines are eliminated in the operation of motor-buses. The bus is its own power plant and it consumes power only when in operation. Since it is speedier than the surface-car, a bus can make more trips per day, thereby increasing the revenue per unit of expenditure.

"Motor-bus routes offer many conveniences that can not be offered by traction-lines. Another point—they unload passengers at the curb, which is much safer. In case of a blockade, a bus can detour. This fact alone works as a benefit in two ways—it makes a more dependable transportation system and tends to relieve the congestion incidental to blockades. Not being confined to tracks, busses can receive and discharge passengers nearer to their homes. Then, too, we have the obvious fact that people would rather ride in a motor-bus not only because of its conveniences, but because of the suggestion it conveys of pleasurable outdoors.

"The motor-bus is also a big factor in solving the industrial labor problem. Factory sites within city limits where labor is available are scarce. The use of busses to carry employees to outlying sections where sites are obtainable is gradually being recognized as the logical solution to the problem.

"A short time ago a party of ladies left Easton, Pa., in a pneumatic tired motor-bus to attend a matinée theater performance in New York City, a distance of seventy-three miles by train. They left in the morning, arrived in plenty of time for the matinée, and returned to their homes in the bus that same evening. Such illustrations of the potentialities of the motor-bus make it easy to conceive the time when commuters will travel to business in busses more quickly and comfortably than by means of suburban trains. Metal-laid roads designed for one-way motor traffic with no speed limit are inevitable.

"All through the development of passenger transportation in every section, from the large city to the rural community, the motor-bus will be felt more and more as the years go by."

OIL DISPLACING COAL—The world is rapidly adopting the oil-burning ship, according to *Lloyd's Register of Shipping*, as cited in *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York, February 28). Of 3,801,221 tons classed in all countries of the world, 1,193,659 tons, or 211 vessels, are equipped to use oil for fuel, in addition to 63 oil-tankers of 360,405 tons. We read further:

"The use of oil by the United States merchant marine is growing by leaps and bounds, as evidenced by the fact that this country already has 438 oil-burning steel ships, and of 720 vessels now under construction 636 are to be oil-burners. The Shipping Board estimates that 60,000,000 barrels of oil will be required in 1920 to supply its own vessels. A recent press bulletin prepared by the Division of Statistics, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, states that many industrial plants are substituting petroleum for coal, the movement having gained considerable headway in the large textile- and paper-mills, and even in small industries in the New England section.

"Besides a large saving in labor, there is an actual saving in the cost of fuel at the present prices of coal and oil. The substitution of petroleum as a fuel may even extend to the home, for New York City now permits the use, properly regulated, of fuel oil for firing heating plants in sky-scrapers, apartment-houses, and private dwellings."

TO PHOTOGRAPH ECLIPSES BY AIRPLANE

IN AN ARTICLE on "Progress in Photography Resulting from the War," printed in *Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific* (San Francisco), Paul W. Merrill concludes, among other things, that war-time experience in photography from airplanes should be an aid in numerous problems in civil life. It will surely prove so, he thinks, in map-making and probably in many unforeseen applications in technical and scientific work. The possibility of being assured of a view of an eclipse of the sun by being prepared to soar above intervening clouds has already attracted attention. He goes on:

"The idea is not necessarily chimerical. In some localities the chance of securing valuable observations from an airplane would be fully as great as from a station on the ground. Nor are photographic observations out of the question. A de Haviland plane with a Liberty motor, at 10,000 feet altitude, rides more smoothly than a train, and should permit direct photographs on a small scale, especially if the plane were equipped with a gyroscopic stabilizer. . . . A modern plane would readily surmount any ordinary fog or cumulus clouds, tho cirrus is usually too high. Aside from cirrus clouds the observer would have a wonderfully clear, dark sky. By flying in the direction in which the shadow moves the duration of totality could be increased by 5 or 10 per cent.

"Some other scientific problems involving observations from high altitudes might be open to photographic investigations from airplanes. This would be the case if the essential apparatus were light and portable and did not require a stable foundation. To reach an altitude of 15,000 to 20,000 feet, it would be easier to ascend in a suitable airplane than to go on mule-back up a mountain trail, and to reach much higher altitudes it would be the only way. The polarization of light scattered by the upper air could readily be recorded by means of the polarimeter recently developed by Anderson and Babcock. The ultraviolet light from the sun and its absorption in the earth's atmosphere might well be studied from an airplane by taking up a small spectrograph. A very interesting possibility is that of detecting the solar corona. The sky light is the only thing that prevents observation of the corona, and the sky grows rapidly darker with increasing altitude. From 25,000 feet the sky light would be considerably decreased, especially in the longer wave-lengths, and if the corona possesses any strong radiations in the region around wave-length 7,000, suitable methods might make it observable. Unfortunately not much is known about the coronal spectrum in this region. The use of shorter wave-lengths would not seem very promising, in view of the skilful attempts already made by Hale from mountain peaks, but it might possibly be worth trying from higher altitudes.

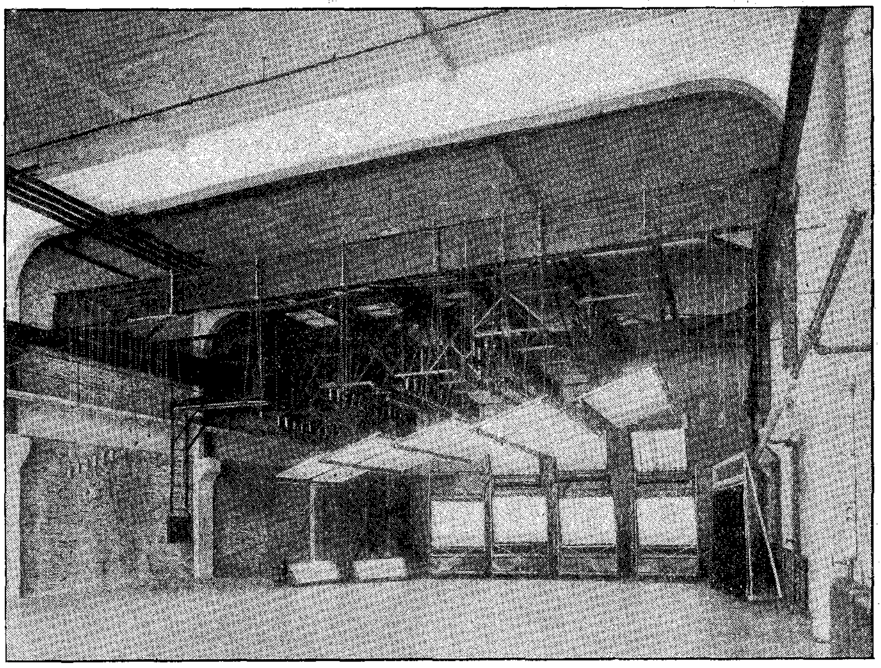
"If these observations or others of the same general character should be undertaken, certain war-investigations would furnish useful information. Ingenious methods of recording very accurately the vibrations encountered in airplanes were developed and applied to various types of machines. The problem of mounting cameras and other instruments to be as free as possible from the effects of vibration received considerable attention. . . . . . .

"The reader should note that in the foregoing paragraphs no attempt has been made to describe in true proportion the photographic achievements of the war. The only aim has been to give an account of certain features which seem to be of potential value to scientific research."

MOVIE DAYLIGHT

REAL DAYLIGHT was enough for the pioneers of the motion-picture industry, and they worked only when the weather favored photography. During inclement weather all operations were suspended. Producers were not then working on any definite schedule; they produced as much film as they could, with the assurance that a large market awaited it. Then the industry got down to business and schedules were set into operation. So many reels had to be turned out every week; and the producers, no longer able to take their own time, had to build studios, employ artificial lighting, and go on with their work without regard for the weather. Says a writer in *The Scientific American* (New York, February 28):

"Typical of the lighting equipment of most modern studios is that shown in the accompanying illustration. Here are shown mercury-vapor lamps on overhead racks and floor stands, so as to give any kind of illumination desired. The mechanical arrangement of these lamps is interesting. It will be noted that the overhead racks are suspended from a steel-beam framework that travels along on the side rails, so as to bring the lamps over any part of the studio floor. It generally happens that the light is only required for a few minutes at a time, so that the same set of lamps can be used for an entire studio in this manner. The switches controlling the various lamp units are mounted on a panel at the lower end of a ladderlike arm which, being fastened to the trolley framework, moves along with the lamps.



Courtesy of "The Scientific American."

INTERIOR OF THE STUDIO

Where mercury-vapor lamps make "movie daylight."

"Flaming arcs are employed in some studios in place of mercury-vapor tubes; indeed, flaming arcs were first employed in the art. While arcs are still used in some studios, the mercury-vapor tubes to-day are predominant for many reasons. The luminous element of the latter type of lamp is a luminescent arc, in a highly evacuated tube of glass, formed between a mercury cathode and an anode of mercury or other metal not attacked by it. The large output of actinic radiation from mercury-vapor lamps gives them special advantages in the fields of photography. Altho the light from the mercury lamps is a ghastly green, which is most unpleasant and distorts all color schemes, it is relatively comfortable for the actors and excellent from the photographic point of view."

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

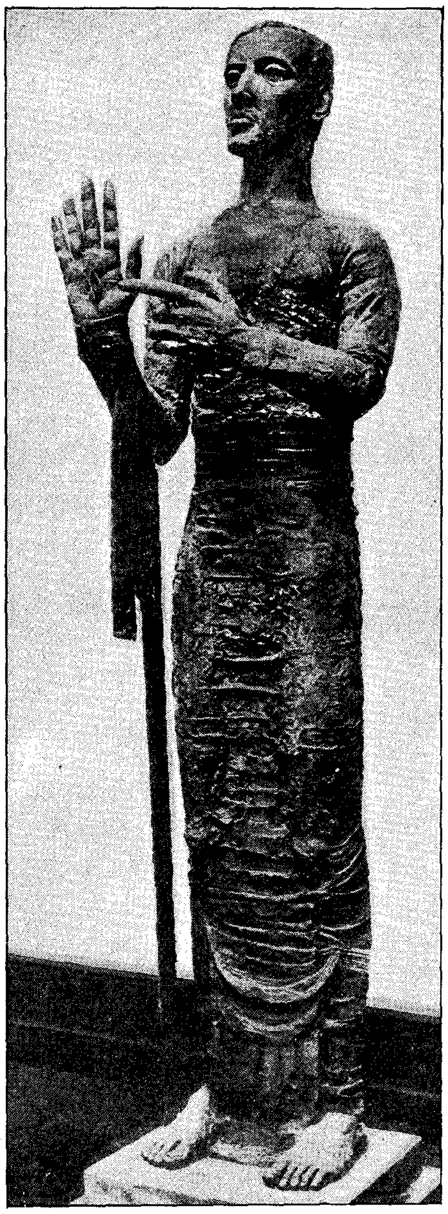
THE "CRUCIFIXION OF HUMANITY" IN SCULPTURE

HE EXPECTED CRITICISM, he says; and one will not venture to say that his expectations are unfulfilled. Mr. Jacob Epstein, since he turned sculptor, has usually succeeded in rousing public wrath along with certain critical approval. His latest challenge is a figure of the "Risen Christ," lately put on exhibition in London, and exciting wonderment where it does not draw down reprobation. "Every man has his own Christ," so Mr. Epstein is quoted by the London *Daily News* as saying; and this "is my Christ." No one sat to the sculptor as a model. "The head is not a racial head," he explains. "It is neither Jewish nor Christian. All the great Italian Christs had something of humanity in them, something universal. This is what I have aimed at, to picture a Christ first of all a man." To do this he has emphasized the hands slightly, because the main point to the sculptor's mind is Christ's suffering. "Vagueness is no use," the sculptor declares, "and for sculpture to carry a definite purpose it must be strong." While expecting criticism, Mr. Epstein maintains his work is "not eccentric." This, however, is the way it impresses a writer in the Manchester *Guardian:*

"This apparition is tall and gaunt, with the mort clothes still swathing him and hanging in a long strip from his right arm. The body is flat and emaciated, the hands and feet large and strong, the face slightly bearded, single-minded, terribly concentrated, and authoritative. The right hand is open and raised, showing the wound, to which the left hand points. It is a figure from the tomb, with the body perishing but the message of the spirit still burning in the head and hands. The head is not Jewish, nor of any clear race, but somehow suggests the American. The sculptor sought to make the type universal, and his result resembles the mold that Nature herself is blindly producing in that melting-pot of the world. From one angle of vision there is a fleeting and, I understand, quite accidental likeness to President Wilson. The work was designed in 1917. It is surely a monument of the war—of the crucifixion there of humanity, and of the spirit of our sacrifice, pointing to the wounds and asking the future if it is all in vain. That is the symbolism and the message that I find in Mr. Epstein's 'Christ.' It is the Man of Sorrows rather than the Savior of Mankind."

The Illustrated London News gives a brief digest of other opinions:

"Mr. Jacob Epstein himself has said: 'Every man has his own Christ. I have tried to express my idea of Christ in stone. No one sat to me as a model. The head is not a racial head. It is neither Jewish nor European. The hands are emphasized slightly, because the main point, to my mind, is his suffering.' *The Times* says: 'We feel a bewilderment, an incongruity, between the vivid reality of the face and the Byzantine feeling and attitude.' Mr. P. G. Konody writes in *The Observer:* 'Had he lived at the time of Torquemada and the Inquisition, Mr. Epstein would have ended his career in the flames of an *auto da fé.* . . . The head is elongated and of a negroid type. . . . Nothing could be less Christlike, and yet there is nothing irreverent about it.' Mr.
Frank Rutter says, in *Th lay*
Times: 'He has conceived ng
Christ, not emaciated as that es-
trovic, but gaunt, ascetic, witl ht
suggestion of the Mongolian e.'
Thus three critics find it, resp y,
Byzantine, negroid, and Mong



THE "EPSTEIN" CHRIST,

Which three English critics respectively find "Byzantine," "Negroid," and "Mongolian."

As might be expected, Mr. E 's
sternest critics are to be found n
the Church. Father Bernard V n
is troubled by the unconvention f
the conception, pointing out in tl -
don *Graphic* that "since Cinabu
till our own Holman Hunt's, so
and artists have followed the trad
ideal about the features and exp
of our Divine Lord."

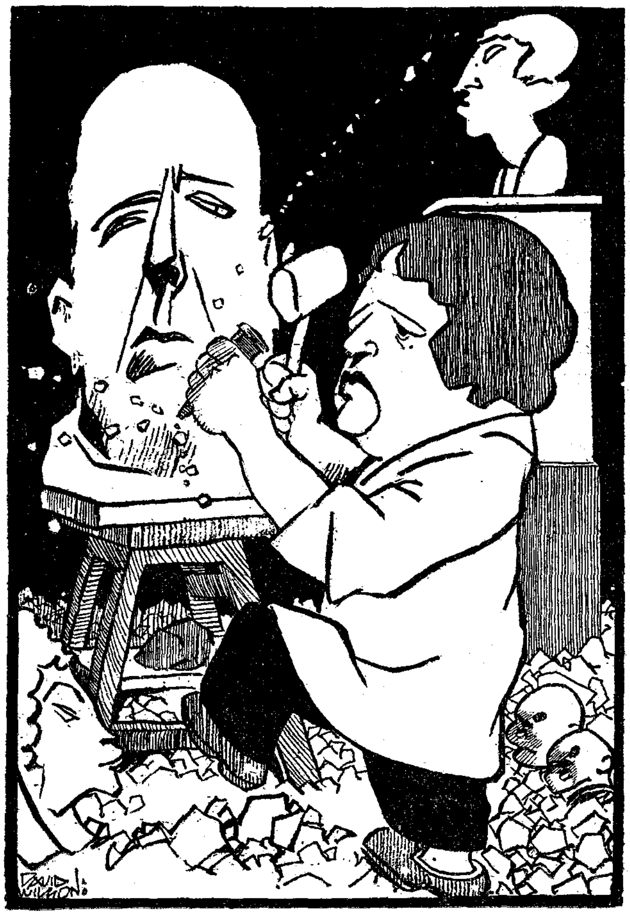
"No artist, not even the saint
Angelico, dared to innovate upon
was handed down as the embodi
as far as might be, of the Divine
acter which has been revealed to
tradition and in the Gospel s
Any 'portrait' of our Lord that fa
express tenderness, dignity, calm
and sweetness, with overwhel
majesty—in a word, any so-called
ness' which does not manifest a co
nance in which are united an expre
intensely human, yet altogether Di
must be ruthlessly set aside as sin
against the canons of correct taste
as running counter to the concept
which even non-Christians, as wel
Christians, have formed of the uni
character of Jesus Christ."

Father Vaughan goes on to qu
Kant, Spinoza, Renan, Strauss, Na
leon, and Lecky on the point of
"pre-eminent character and riveti
personality of Jesus Christ," and wi
the support of these he thinks one cou
not "imagine any self-respecting artist to quarrel, still less
be so insolent as to strike out of metal, a figure of the Ris
Christ in which neither the man in the street nor the normal artist can discover any redeeming feature." These and even words of stronger condemnation Father Vaughan uses about Mr. Epstein's "Christ":

"I have stood in front and at the back elevation of this gross and grotesque thing, with nose turned up and feet turned in;

> I have stood on the right and the left of this offending and hurting caricature; I have studied the unshapely head, the receding brow, the thick lips, the uptipped nose, the uncanny eyes, the poorly built body, with its ugly feet and uglier hands, till I felt ready to cry out with indignation that in this Christian England there should be exhibited the figure of a Christ which suggested to me some degraded Chaldean or African, which wore the appearance of an Asiatic-American or Hun-Jew, which reminded me of some emaciated Hindu, or a badly grown Egyptian swathed in the cerements of the grave. I call it positively wicked and insulting to perpetrate such a travesty of the Risen Christ and to invite a Christian people, to whom the founder of Christianity is the Man-God, to come and admire it.
>
> "Who is the man who, standing in presence of this shapeless specimen of humanity, could imagine coming forth from its brutally thick throat the words, 'I am the Light of the World,' or 'I am the Way and the Truth and the Life,' or 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' or, lastly, 'I am thy reward exceeding great'?
>
> "Some one has observed that if a hero were to come into a room we should stand up and acclaim him, and if Christ should cross the threshold we should kneel down and revere him; but let me add, if Mr. Epstein's horror in bronze were to spring into life and appear in a room, I for one should fly from it in dread and disgust, lest perhaps he might pick my pockets, or worse, do some deed of violence in keeping with his Bolshevik appearance."

Some dozen or more years ago Mr. Epstein executed some figures for a medical institute standing in the Strand and aroused some such opposing comment as follows his present work. There was an agitation to have the figures which decorated the façade of the building removed, but the opposition failed. London has apparently accepted them. At the beginning of his career Mr. Epstein lived in the poorer quarters of New York's Ghetto, and his first published work was a series of illustrations depicting East Side types for Hutchins Hapgood's "Spirit of the Ghetto," published by this firm. Thereafter he went to Europe and took up the sister art of sculpture, in which he has achieved a conspicuous position.



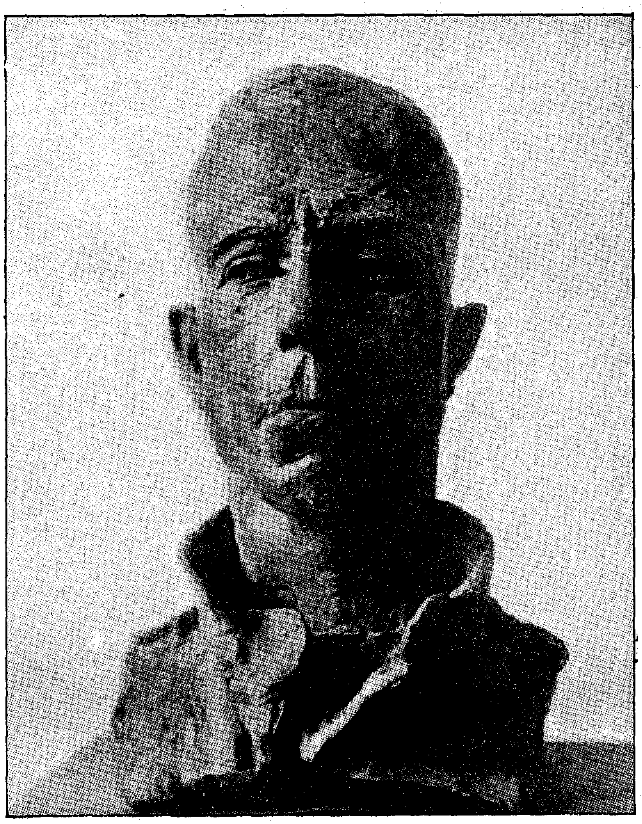
STRENUOUS LIVES.

Jacob Epstein creating new types of "Beauty."

—David Wilson in *The Passing Show* (London).

BRITAIN JUDGING AMERICA BY MOVIE MANNERS

FEARSOME IDEAS of American social life are being carried across the water, it seems, by the movie films. Scenes that merely amuse us are apparently taken by the sober Britisher as real pictures of how we live. If the American will keep this fact in mind on his next evening at the movies it may add something to the hilarity of the occasion. What the screen shows of our life and habits, particularly to an English mind, is told by the dramatic critic of the London *Daily News*, who seems not to have made the journey in person to our shores. The American screen, which, we are learning, is far and away superior to the British variety, is outrunning that rival in a heated race for popularity in England. But it is setting a queer picture of American life before our British cousins, who, we have the impression, are already not disposed to like us overmuch. Mr. E. A. Baughan, the critic in question, knows enough about dramatic license to suspect that the screen may be taking to itself an even larger liberty in this respect. "I am not sure if the screen is teaching me the truth of the social life in America," he writes, while trying to find an explanation of his doubts in reflecting: "It may be that this is distorted by the necessity of including 'stunts' in any self-respecting film." Then he asks if the social life in question "is anything like this":



"AN AMERICAN SOLDIER."

As Jacob Epstein, a former resident of New York, imagines the fighting man of America. This bust is a part of the London Exhibition also containing the same sculptor's "Christ."

> "All rich people in America live in palaces or in palace hotels. There is no comfortable living-room, and the style of decoration and of furniture is splendid and rococo. Louis Quinze tables are jumbled up with Chinese idols. There are looking-glasses everywhere (but this may be merely a convenience for the maker of films), and very spacious halls and lobbies. But there are few servants, and they are mostly Japanese or Chinese. As a rule, nobody dines at home, but at restaurants. Evidently, they do not go to restaurants to dine, but to dance to a jazz band. They all do it; even 'Poppa.'
>
> "It is, apparently, quite usual for unmarried girls to dine out

with a young man. It is seldom he behaves himself properly. To force his attentions on the young lady when going home in the car is quite usual. If she is sufficiently annoyed, she gets out of the car when it is going. (Also I have noticed a strange thing in American etiquette: when a car draws up at a house, the occupants always use the door nearest the spectators.)

"There seems no family life in America. When the family is not at a restaurant the father chews cigars and telephones; his daughters also telephone (the instruments under dinky little covers)—they never read or sit down. If any young men come in they jazz. It seems a restless and splendid life.

"But they are terribly exclusive. America may be a great democratic country, but apparently the solid rich people—people who have been rich for two generations—will have nothing to do with men whose banking account is hypothetical. And all the people are business people or cowboys. I did once see a film in which a successful novelist was the hero, but I fancy it can not be usual. Yet it is so easy to get rich quickly in America that wealth should be a mere commonplace of existence. Young 'college' men become commission-agents, and in a twinkling are well off—at least, they go out every night to a restaurant in full evening kit and a motor-car, which seems to be the only reason for making money."

He finds the whole standard of living is "much higher" in America than in England—at least if the film is to be trusted:

EPSTEIN'S "LADY,"
Whom critics think "Aztek"; what the lady thinks isn't mentioned.

"I have seen a bootblack studying at home in a most comfortable sitting-room, with an electric reading-lamp and a cutglass water-jug. All the bedrooms, even of quite poor people, have handsome carved bedsteads. As soon as a factory-worker has washed himself, he dresses as our middle-class young men would like to be able to dress. Every one is as good as every one else, and the 'cop' is better than all. It is curious how he rules all America. He has only to show his badge, and the haughtiest millionaire humbly bows before him. There is no limit to his powers, and he respects no one. It must be a glorious profession. As to 'graft,' it must be a very secret affair, for the film never shows us any signs of it.

"American weddings are interesting functions. Apparently, in select circles, they always take place at night and at a moment's notice, for all the men and women are in full evening-dress. I suppose there are weddings in church, but I have never seen any. One of the institutions which require explanation is that the bride stands by a big bowl of some kind of drink, and that bowl is always surrounded by a regiment of little glasses with handles, something like old-fashioned custard-glasses, and she ladles out the liquid for her guests. It is at this moment that the villain whispers nasty things in her ear.

"While I am mentioning social doings, I would like to correct a prevalent idea of the American man's dress. In the best circles he does not wear coats with padded shoulders but his clothes are cut in the English style, and very well cut, too. Except that he is apt to wear a black tie tucked underneath a double collar with a dinner-jacket, he dresses just like an Englishman, but in summer he does not wear a waistcoat."

In spite of all this freedom of life Mr. Baughan suspects that there are "certain limits":

"In trying situations a man need exercise no self-restraint. If he does not like the turn events have taken he shows it by (*a*) strangling his opponent, (*b*) knocking him down, or (*c*) throwing him out of a tenth-floor window. Revolvers are not used among social equals. You may do all these things, and impair your digestion every night by dining to the exciting strains of a jazz band, but on no account must you take a young lady to dine or tea at a roadside inn, nor must she consent. If she does, she will find her host will lock the door, and she will have to get out of the window and climb down a pipe to the ground, or even jump into the sea. As to the revolver business, these American shots are marvelous. I have seen a running man hit at two hundred yards or more.

"These are only a few rough impressions of American social life as seen on the screen. It is a life full of possibilities, if only you possess a motor-car and a revolver."

WHAT THE "GENIUSES" DID TO IRELAND

WHATEVER DROVE THE FUN OUT OF IRELAND merits "the curse of hell," according to a writer in *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin). To be sure, Mr. Brinsley MacNamara speaks here in the persons of three old men who sat on a wall "on the bright day," and knew it was "good to be talking." They were the last of the men in the village "who had a laugh in their souls still." One of them said: "Why, sure, all the young men are old men now." And another broke in: "And the middle-aged men are something older." And the third one ruminated: "And when they get to be as old as us, I wonder the devil what age they'll be?" One would not naturally look here for dramatic critics, but these three, while seeking for the reason why Ireland had lost its "comical men," found their attention turned to the drama which the *intelligentsia* look upon as the glory of modern-day Ireland. Then the three old men venture this:

"'I don't know what began the start of it unless mebbe it was the fellows that began to write plays above in Dublin making out the Irishman to be a deep, dismal ruffian in his very heart. Sure, I'm told that none of them plays ever finished up without somebody getting killed, a clout of a hurley he'd get or a shot just at the last minute. A grand class of plays them to be putting on the stage for people's enjoyment.'

"'Oh, a lot of geniuses with curious, curst notions.' . . . . . .

"'Geniuses, begad. Ireland was never able to support all the geniuses it produced.'

"'And they all had to turn to the writing.'"

The alternative, which took their minds back to the days of Lover and Lever, apparently was as little to their liking as the somberness of to-day, for in their recollections they can only recall one "comical" house, and that was "Padna's"—

"There was the small, dark house without a window set so lonely there, on the left side of the street in the very middle of the village, against a background of moaning trees and winter desolation and rain. But the sudden vision of delight when the door of Padna's would be opened, the fine sound that rose above the wind making mourning through the trees, the laughter and singing and all the grand business of men enjoying their souls. . . . The door was often opened suddenly like that and as suddenly closed again so that some interloper, a man with a long face on him and no laugh, might be flung out in the wind and the rain, like a lost soul to wander home in torment because he had not been sociable enough to drown his sorrow with the wine of laughter in the house of Padna. . . . . . .

"And there was another class of fellows at the game in the days gone by that made us all out to be funny, ay, as funny as a painted clown even in the year of the famine, in Black '47. Ay, all laughs and sprightliness and every one of us with a house of enjoyment like Padna, God be good to him that's dead and gone."

One thing the three all agreed upon:

"'As a matter of fact, there's no fun in the mind of Ireland or in the heart of Ireland or in the soul of Ireland at the present time. 'Tis all too much in earnest and it may be not in earnest at all.'

"'All the same now I'd be on for saying that the geniuses had a good deal to do in bringing about the change. A genius, don't ye know, bears a kind of resemblance to an old woman with the evil eye that in the old times used to think nothing of killing a man's cow on him by overlooking her or lifting the butter off the churn. D'ye see when th' other fellows that must have thought themselves geniuses too looked at Ireland and saw that we were all laughing even tho we didn't know what minute might be our last between hunger and murdering landlords and one thing and another, the world, don't ye know, more or less believed it? Then, of course, as was only natural, another school had to rise up and give the lie to them and tell the truth about us. These other lads made us out to be the damnedest, scoundrelly, treacherous, drunken race on the face of God's earth.'

"'But that wasn't the truth.'

"'Well, sure, th' other wasn't the truth, either.'

"'Well, you can't satisfy everybody, can you? But, begad, it appears that after the geniuses were after having their welt at us both ways we says to ourselves we won't be seen, so to speak, by any one else. We'll satisfy no one else any longer by being one thing or th' other. We'll be ourselves.'

"'Begad, you're a great old devil for thinking a thing out.'

"'He is, he is, but all the same, thinking is bad wit.'

"'Maybe it is, but I'm after arguing out the point now, amn't I? We're all too much ourselves, and that's what's wrong with us. The three of us are old men, so we can't help being ourselves, but it nearly gives me the falling sickness, so it does, when I see a young fellow being himself. That's what's wrong with the narrow, miserable crew now inhabiting this place. They're themselves and they're thinking of themselves and feeling the marvelous importance of themselves at every blessed hour of the day. They're nearly after forgetting how to laugh for they never see themselves, and a man laughs the true laugh of the soul only when he sees himself, some twist or turn of himself, in the thing he's laughing at.'"

THE "SURPRIZING EVOLUTION" OF WELLS

"THE MOST REMARKABLE MAN in the world to-day," according to "a Franch *savant*," is H. G. Wells. The *savant* is not named and the information comes from Mr. Wells's publisher, so the attribution can not be charged with personal propaganda. The qualification is applied on the ground that Wells is "the man with the greatest vision and the widest thought." The publisher, Mr. Newman Flower, declares that "literature has produced greater men than Wells, but no more remarkable being; no greater humanitarian; no writer so versatile." The support for all this is the fact that Wells "springs surprizes upon one at every turn; a sort of literary firework that goes off in odd places and always with supreme effect." But the point of Mr. Flower's estimate in the London *Daily Mail* is that Wells is a man "of surprizing evolution." Thus:

"Once a teacher in a rather stuffy and jostled world. A man with a scientific mind that groped for its own peculiar outlet, who wrote stray articles and bits of journalism. A man very lonely in byways of scientific imagination, who put out a scientific novel, and then another, and rather pleased and piqued a public by a new idea in fiction.

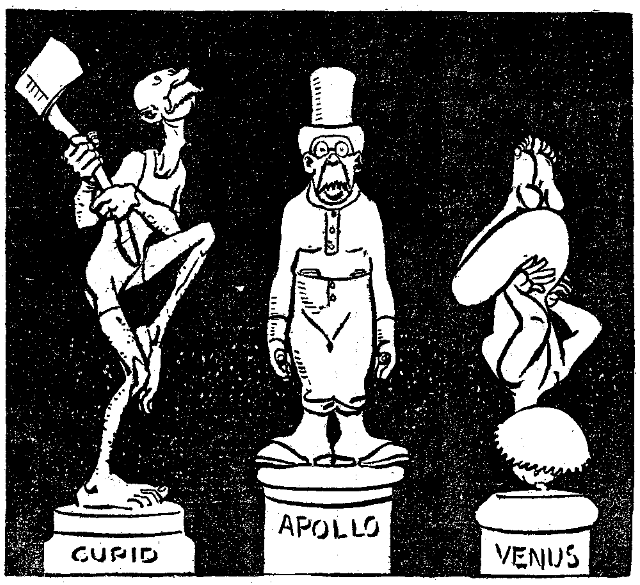
"No one could then have foretold all there was in 'H. G.' I am not certain that he has been fully developed even yet. But presently came the great switch over to the novel proper with 'Tono-Bungay.' A new *métier* which was severely criticized and challenged but—new. A line of thought that balked at nothing. Then followed the Britling phase, and the breaking in of education and religion which revealed a fresh richness in the Wells mind, and brought a new purpose to the later novels.

"So phase followed phase till we got the 'Outline of History,' a stupendous work of four hundred thousand words, which, with its strong educational trend, was the logical outcome of Britling, and 'The Undying Fire.'

"The compass of thought which this evolution embraces is not natural. Many things that Wells says are impossible. Presently they become remotely possible, and ultimately achieved, the reason being that Wells is a genius a little before his time. The world catches up with him in jerks. He is challenged for forecasting impossibilities when he is really a barometer of human affairs. . . . . . .

"I asked him once why he kept breaking away when he had so successfully established himself in several branches of fiction. He answered me that he hated the idea of the novelists' rut, that to keep the mind clear and unstale it must be constantly tried out in new grounds. It must be exercised in a new way."

The publisher says that he tried to get Wells to "do the 'Tono-Bungay' trick over again," but Wells talked of hockey, and after the war was well on wrote a book "about a man and the war":



"EPSTEINED."

The cartoonist of the London *Star* "heartily joins with Mr. Jacob Epstein in his sculptured Bolshevism against convention."

"Britling was so unusual that I confess I could not gage its weight as a 'seller.' On the day it came out he gave me a copy inscribed 'In hope and faith.' We both had hope. We both had faith. But my faith did not stretch to the half-million copies which Britling sold, and I do not think that 'H. G.' would have backed the book so far. Anyhow, he came into my office soon after the book was published and asked with that anxiety of the proud parent, 'How is it doing?' 'Fine!' I responded. 'Good,' he said. 'A contented publisher is a continual feast!'

"Britling was published when the war was but half over. And people began writing in and saying: 'What did Britling see through, seeing that we still have a war?' I put the question to 'H. G.' He was very frank about it. He told me that when he wrote the book he thought the war would be over before it was published, but he had become so accustomed to the war and the book's title that he allowed the anachronism to creep through.

"From that moment more serious thought crept into the Wells books. One could follow the change in the man. His mind, receptive, seeking, seemed to have abandoned the old realm of scientific discovery; to have been suddenly pulled to earth with a tremendous jerk. A mind that wanted to help.

"It was then that Wells wrote what I believe to be his greatest novel, 'The Undying Fire.' In it he summed up all Man since Man was; he placed Man in the proper scheme of things—'this little stir amid the slime, a fuss in the mud.' He outlined with that careful precision which is in the little world of man and its relation to the Divine. . . . . . .

"In the 'Outline of History' he has shown what education would have done, and it is not a presumption on his part, since he was once a teacher. That it is not considered so is demonstrated by the fact that he has had the utmost help from historians, from university people, who, in the ordinary way, would have exhibited hostility toward an unconventional historian. He has put historical education on a broader basis, a sounder basis, discarding old fetishes, fresh in discovery and intellect."

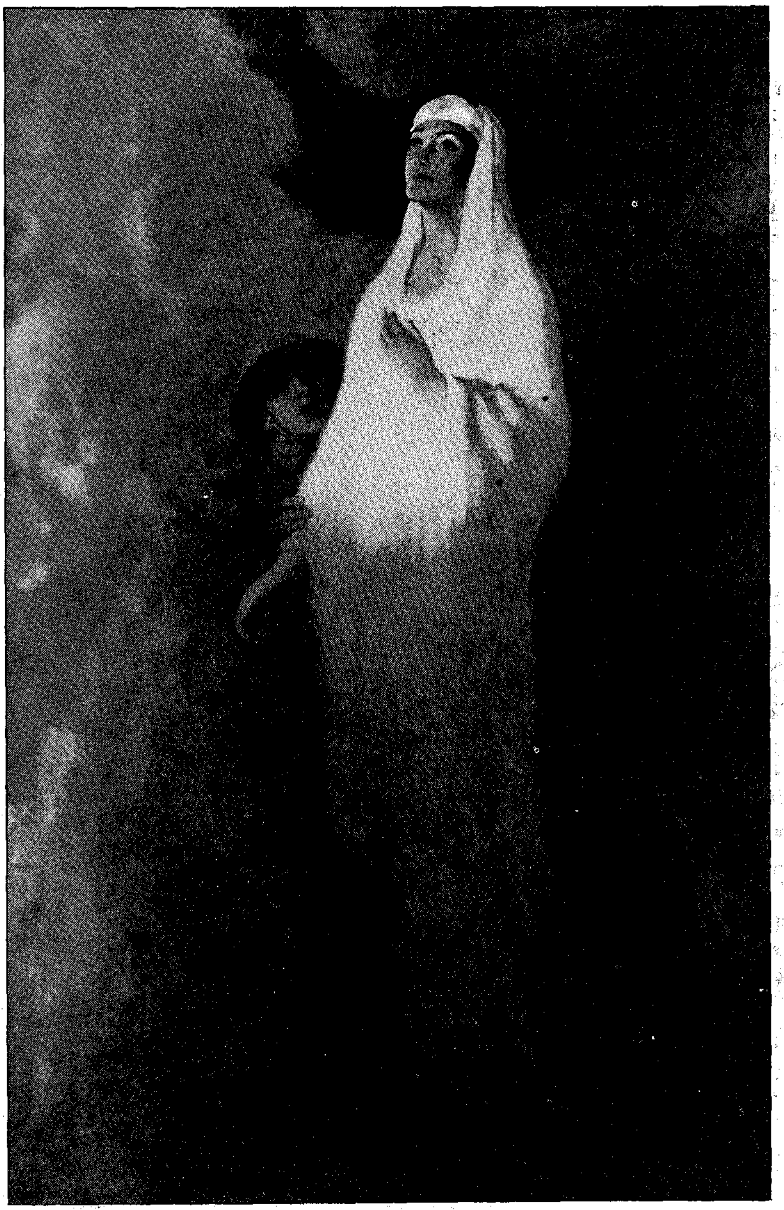
Whether or not Wells is to-day "thinking for half Europe," that is the way his publisher figures him:

"His foreign mail-bag is the certain testimony of that. All branches of thought require him. Thinkers far out in the extreme dark seek him to nurture their frail tendrils of thought. Those who are wavering and wobbling over new and ill-accustomed problems come to him for stability. As if he had the power of dropping a little sun into a dull day."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE MADONNA OF THE BATTLE-FIELD

THE DEVOTED PART played by womanhood during the war was commemorated in permanent fashion on February 20, when, through the War Department, formal presentation of the allegorical painting, "Thine is the Glory," was made to the American Red Cross. Secretary of War Baker took advantage of the occasion to pay a public tribute to that service of the healing hand and patient heart which stands out in high relief as one of the signal influences toward victory. American womanhood is typified in the great painting, for the Madonna-like face of the nurse is a composite of more than a thousand women and girls who served in every branch of effort from the first gun to Versailles. The massive canvas is the collaborative scientific and art work of Joseph Gray Kitchell, late major of the Morale Branch, General Staff, U. S. A., and F. Luis Mora, of the New York School of Art, from official material and direct assistance contributed by the War Department and the Red Cross, and is their gift—wrought out of much time and patience—to the great organization. The painting is an allegory depicting a soldier paying his measure of gratitude and devotion to an idealized conception of a Red-Cross worker who seems to be rising from a dark cloud of doubt and despair into the light of hope and truth, her eyes heavenward as tho offering up thanks that the trial is done and the task achieved. In commendation of the artist's effort, Dr. Christian Brinton, art-critic and essayist, says: "In this noble and inspiring canvas he has produced a work of art not alone satisfying to those who demand a definite measure of external actuality, but one which answers that craving for inner significance which is characteristic of humanity in every age and epoch." The memorial will be eloquent always to all the mothers of soldiers, writes Herbert S. Gorman in *The Red Cross Magazine*. But he thinks that, after all, the greatest appeal will be to the soldiers themselves, because—



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"THINE IS THE GLORY."

From the painting by F. Luis Mora.

"For them the face will hold the magic power of awakened memories. The mud of Clermont and St. Menehould, the canteen rest-house with its steaming chocolate, its roaring fire, and, behind the rough boards, the face of an American girl! The bombed railway-station at Châlons, the emergency hospital below Château-Thierry, the long wards in the big building at Auteuil—and the faces of American girls!

"All the blessed sweetness of those faces from home encountered in Paris streets, or small French towns, along the docks at Brest or by the blue swept shore of the Mediterranean at Cannes or Nice, the bands playing, the children staring, and, along the promenades, an army playing at being home.

"The spirit and brave kindness of women, sitting at home in workrooms, putting their heart and soul into the bandages before them, lest one boy in agony might suffer needlessly; the faces of smiling girls in the railway canteens from Oregon to New York, unshed tears mingling with the cheerful good-bys as the train pulls out; the patient, endless kindness of hollow-eyed nurses in stretching canvas wards in the autumn nights of France; all this, and more, will lie in the appeal of this painting to those men who have already graven on their hearts its meaning and need only to glimpse it to catch the vision."

The work required infinite patience and elaborate detail, and the result is "an approximation as close as science will permit of the typical face of the American woman." But when the brush superseded the lens, "there is no suggestion of science":

"It is all art. Behind the more obvious attractiveness of the painting as a symphony in deliciously coordinated colors, an exquisite affirmation of American womanhood and an unobtrusive declaration of all that she stands for in the hearts of the men who knew her, is a deeper note, a subjective message that steadily grows on the beholder.

"This woman in luminous white standing with uplifted eyes is plainly the eternal womanhood of the world traveling her starry way through the smoky clouds of the earth to the heaven of victory. She is love incarnate, a love beyond the mere power of words, a love of service and sacrifice.

"In the glorified figure there is a sense of power and resolution and at the same time a suggestion of the weary journey she has made on her uncompromising way. The face of the soldier kneeling so humbly beside her is raised in thankful devotion, but she seems not to observe this tribute of what to her is the undeserved need of praise. Her fervent face is turned upward with the desire to return all thanks to God, who has made the victory, wherein she played no small part, a thing of reality. It is as if she did not understand the praise of the soldier. Her path has been plain to her from the first, a path of duty inexorably calling to her. She could travel no other; no other was possible. The power that carried her on has been part of her, blood of her blood and heart of her heart. She gives her thanks simply to God who lost not sight of her in the smoke of battle or suffered her mighty cause to be trampled down by the ironclad hosts of darkness. As the Aphrodite Anadyomene of Apelles stood for all that was best or most beautiful in Grecian womanhood, so she unconsciously stands for America. Spiritually complete, cognizant of life's greater meaning, she raises her face to heaven."

It was in the first days of September, 1919, that Major Kitchell began active work on making his plate. His problem of procuring the necessary photographs was solved by Dr. Stockton Axson, National Secretary of the Red Cross, who issued a circular letter to division managers all over the country, who, in turn, wrote to all chapter chairmen. Soon pictures began to pour in, and, in a specially arranged studio in New Jersey, the long task was begun. The pictures were classified into groups. *Continuing:*

"There were four major groups, and the faces classified under them were oval, round, hollow-cheeked, and irregular. Long study of physiognomy made it a simple matter for him to judge the various pictures and assign each one to its proper group. After the portraits had been sorted he selected one group and ranged up the proper lens through which to photograph them. Merely as an example of his method let us arbitrarily take the number twenty-five as a unit. It takes twenty-five seconds for a full and adequate exposure under a certain light. If there were twenty-five pictures in the group being treated, Major Kitchell would take them and allow a one-second exposure on each photograph. Carefully centering the first one, he would expose the plate to it for just one second. Then, taking a second picture, he would see to it that it was carefully placed so that it would register absolutely the same on the plate, nose, ears, eyes, and chin being meticulously centered. Then the plate would be exposed to that picture for one second. And so on through the twenty-five pictures until the twenty-five seconds, the time for a complete exposure, had been approximated. So the image would pile up and pile up, imperceptibly at first, until a complete face had been registered on the plate. The negative of this plate would be put away and another group of pictures put through the same process. After all the individual pictures had been photographed a number of integral negatives was the result. These in turn were sorted into groups of similar characteristics and registered in the same way. After months of this laborious work, in which Major Kitchell candidly states that he was completely fagged out, he had four or five composite pictures, each one the combination of hundreds of women's faces. Negatives from these four or five plates were photographed on one plate and the result was the completed face, a composite that express most poignantly American womanhood, a face that is to be remembered for long by those who see it."

In the final stages of his work Major Kitchell turned to the artist who had been thrilled with the possibilities of the idea. In the opinion of the writer:

"The result has shown that no better selection than Mr. Mora could have been made. He was afire with the idea from the start and bent all his endeavors toward a careful portrayal of the characteristics of the ideal face. Time after time he had to change the features of his painting when new compositive negatives reached him. An imperceptible touch here, the slightest lifting of a cheek-bone, the subtlest touch about the eyes—he was indefatigable in his search for the supremely representative American face.

"It is an interesting fact to note that the faces of hundreds of women are included in this typical face unknown to themselves. There is also there, idealized for all time, the features of women who died in France while on the great adventure. Jane A. Delano is there. So is Clara Barton, out of whose dream was fashioned the Red Cross organization. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. August Belmont, the wife of Vice-President Marshall, all are there, combined with the unheralded nurses, the canteen-workers, the drivers of motor-cars. Youth and age, the living and the dead, mingle in this face that is upturned to heaven."

INDUSTRY'S ENCROACHMENT ON SUNDAY

ARE INDUSTRY AND ARTIFICAL RECREATION so encroaching on Sunday that it is gradually disappearing as a day of rest? There is something of this alarm in Europe, where, in Spain and Italy, Sunday newspapers have been prohibited as dangerously inciting to an idle community, and, in Poland, the new Government is seeking to give the rest day the sanction of law. In this country Maryland has prohibited motion-pictures on Sunday, the step receiving the support of Cardinal Gibbons on the ground that motion-pictures are not recreational. Recreation, so-called, often leaves the worker in worse condition than when he stopt his labors on Saturday night. The day he should have passed in trying to "recreate" himself has been spent, instead, "amid the nervous strain of crowds and the screaming hilarity of all sorts of harmful thrillers," and he is neither morally benefited nor physically rested. Moreover, the numerous places of amusement now required by the six-day toilers demand an increasingly larger army of others who must work on Sunday to provide the necessary entertainment. The Dearborn *Independent* after pointing out these facts, comments:

"There is less of Sunday now than at any time in the world's history. For every man who takes his pleasure on that day, others must work. The pleasure-filled Sunday is fast forcing the appearance of a work-filled Sunday. Ten and twenty years ago we used to hear that modern industry was the great safeguard of the Sabbath rest. Facts have hardly verified that statement. Economists may say as much as they please about the necessity of one day of rest in seven, idealists may talk forever about the Sabbath being written into the very constitution of man's body. There is nowhere in nature a seventh day. Nature knows the month and the year, it knows nothing of the week. The Sabbath began and had its original sanction in moral and religious considerations, and it is a noteworthy fact that these same considerations are the only effective ones existing to-day for the maintenance of the Sunday rest day. The tendency of modern industrialism has been to crowd out the Sunday. We have only to look at the mill sections of the East to see how far the seven-day week has encroached upon us. When the moral and religious sanctions and safeguards of Sunday begin to weaken, we can not place much reliance on materialistic interests making very strong efforts to retain what is to them an unprofitable day. The fact that the world stops for a day every seven days—wheels cease their motion, banks close their doors, factory fires are covered, railway schedules are decreased, schools and universities cease their activities, and all civilized mankind straightens up for a day of release from its task—that fact is one of the most astounding facts a man can consider."

The injury resulting from the loss of the Sabbatical institution may be particular in its effect, for—

"The man who ought to be most interested in the kind of observance likely to preserve the Sabbath for its higher and most beneficial uses is the workingman. When Sunday begins to vanish, he will be first to lose it. The fact of Sunday makes it possible for the poor man to have fifty-two days of vacation every year. Take this away, let all the weeks flow into each other as a ceaseless stream of labor, and life would not be worth much.

"There are two ways of abolishing the weekly rest day. One way is to indulge in amusements that are not recreational, and disregard the higher uses of the day; the other way is simply to strike it out of the calendar of the week. The first way makes the second more probable."

DR. CONWELL'S EXPERIENCE

THAT HE NEVER SAID he saw the spirit of his wife, but that he did experience some psychic phenomena which he is not able to explain, is an authorized statement from Dr. Russell H. Conwell, appearing in *The Baptist*, the new organ of the North Baptists, replacing the old *Standard*. Dr. Conwell is one of the most venerable and prominent figures in the educational and religious life of America, and his announcement that he had seen a form which took on the appearance of his dead wife excited wide and interested comment, especially among the protagonists of spiritism. Dr. Conwell states that the incident has been wofully misrepresented, and he goes on "once more briefly to record the facts":

"I never stated that I saw the spirit of my wife.

"I am not acquainted with a spiritual medium and never consulted one.

"I did not expect to see the matter in any newspaper or magazine. I did not dream that the public would be interested in such a personal incident. Even if I had thought the public would care to see it, I would have regarded it as too sacred a topic to expose to the world's criticism. But, as briefly as I can state the homely but mysterious facts, I will put them down here.

"Three years after the death of my wife I began to see a form sitting on the side of my bed, at the foot, every morning when I awoke. I attributed it to some effect of overwork on my eyesight. But after many weeks it grew so like my wife that I consulted two physicians, who reasonably said that if I would work less the vision would disappear. But the figure became more clear, until her natural smile and her voice were distinct. Believing it to be only a strange effect of my mental state, I fell in with the conditions and amused myself with experiments to see if I was in any abnormal condition. But I seemed healthy in mind and body. I regarded it so surely a figment of my mind that I laughed at it, and said to the figure, 'I know this is not you. Please let me test this.' The figure seemed to consent, and in answer to my question told me where my Army discharge papers were which had been lost for twenty-five years. I went to the place indicated by the seeming voice conversation and found the box containing the papers behind a shelf full of old books. The next morning the form was more distinct than ever, and seemed to laugh over my discovery. Then I asked if she would come again the next morning and let me test the matter further. She laughingly said she could come once more.

"Still believing I was playing with a hallucination, I asked my servant-girl to hide the gold pen and holder which my wife had presented to me, and I emphatically told the girl not to give me any hint where she had hidden it.

"The next morning there again sat the form as distinct as often in life my wife had sat there, and I arose in bed to look closely, and said, 'Do you know where my gold pen is?' She seemed pleased, as with a joke, and answered, 'Of course I know. Get out of bed and I will show you where it is.' I arose and followed the form to a clothes-closet, in which was a shelf for medicine-bottles. She pointed to the closet, and when I opened the door she pointed impatiently to the far end of the shelf. I removed the bottles and reached far back along the shelf, and my hand fell on the pen-holder. When I took it out and stept down from the chair I had mounted the figure was gone, and it has in no way reappeared. I have tried many ways to bring it back to my sight, but with no success.

"Friends give me several solutions of the mystery satisfactory to them:

"1. Some say it was surely the spirit of my wife.

"2. Some say it was a satanic spirit imitating my wife.

"3. Some say it was a case of mental exaltation, wherein I had unconscious telepathic communication with the mind of the girl who hid the pen.

"4. Some others say that it was a case of instinctive 'sense of presence,' which, as in chemistry, imprest on my mind the direction and presence of the pen I had habitually used.

"5. For myself I do not feel that the phenomena are yet explained. While I believe fully in the truth of the Bible narratives concerning the visits of the angels, and that the spirits of the dead 'are as the angels of God,' yet I do not believe they are subject to the call of men on the earth, and I can not admit to myself that the form I saw was actually my wife.

"I will prayerfully and calmly wait for another appearance, when I will feel the importance of making more careful scientific tests."

TO MAKE CHRISTIAN FEASTS OF HINDU FESTIVALS

INCORPORATION OF INDIAN FESTIVALS in Christian practise is suggested by M. M. Underhill, a missionary of Nasik, western India, as a chief means toward evangelizing the Hindus. The Christians stand aloof when the Hindu keeps holiday, and this failure to recognize age-long national custom results in the cry that "Christianity is a denationalizing force"—a serious complaint when one realizes that "love of all things Indian, coupled with dislike of most things European, is becoming more and more a characteristic of educated India." The missionary sees nothing incongruous in this suggested embodiment of Hindu custom in Christian practise, since most of the Christian feasts are adaptations from pagan rites. Father Christmas and the Christmas-tree, April Fool and the May-day celebrations are "hopelessly wrong in India from an esthetic standpoint"; but there are Indian folk-tales and Indian feasts which would better serve religious purpose. For instance, quoting from an article in *The Challenge* (London):

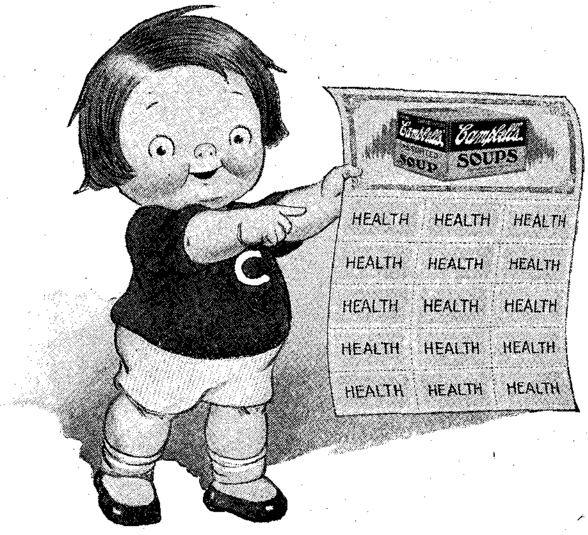
"All over (Hindu) India the Dípávalí feast is kept at the beginning of the cold weather. It is in commemoration of the victory of Vishnu over a certain demon, and is symbolical of the triumph of light over darkness. The word means 'a row of lamps,' and every house is illuminated, even the poorest boasts its single little flickering lamp, while cheerful boys let off squibs and crackers in the streets. The fact that the feast is connected with a Hindu legend (quite possibly the legend was invented to explain the already existing feast) need not deter Christian people from celebrating it as the triumph of light over darkness, knowledge over ignorance, truth over error, using the same symbol of the lighted lamp. Again, another day in the year, varying according to locality, is set apart as a day of thanksgiving to the oxen who have toiled in the fields, and to whose labor the ingathered harvest is largely due. All oxen that day are given a rest from work—get an especially nice meal, and in the evening they are led in procession about the village with painted and gilded horns and other adornments. Why should this charming and truly oriental form of harvest thanksgiving not be incorporated with the Christian custom of holding services of thanksgiving to God? The element of cattle-worship which enters into the Hindu method of celebration is not an integral part of it, and could easily be dropt out.

"Again, the universal holiday and rejoicings on Makara Sankránti, the winter solstice, might well be retained by Indian Christians. This is another of the seasonable feasts, arising naturally out of the sense of gladness and relief at having passed the shortest day, and entered upon the season of lengthening days and increasing warmth. Every one experiences this sense of gladness, in a greater or less degree; why should it not find outward expression? The manner of celebrating this day varies in different parts of India. In Western India one custom, both quaint and cheerful, is to give one's friends a handful of sugared sesamum seed, with the words: 'Take my sweets, and speak me sweetly.' It is the sign for a desire that friendships should continue unbroken by quarrels throughout the year, a more than satisfactory equivalent of the Western New-Year card, and no one need be suspected of indulging in sun-worship who observes it."

Plea is made that missionaries make a point of studying the principal feasts, and as far as possible in their origins, and that they then devise methods whereby they may be retained in the Christian community. In the writer's opinion—

"It is a subject which might well be made a matter of discussion at mission conferences, in order that uniformity of action should be secured within any given area. And of course there should be the fullest consultation with converts from Hinduism who are familiar with the old tales. In fact, the wiser course would probably be to let such men and women work out their own ideas on the matter, while we stand aside, rigidly refraining from continuing to introduce and establish the survivals of a Western paganism."

"O, yes, I'm quite a financier
And then some seer at that
My gorgeous wealth in bonds of health
Beats any plutocrat."


Campbell's SOUP
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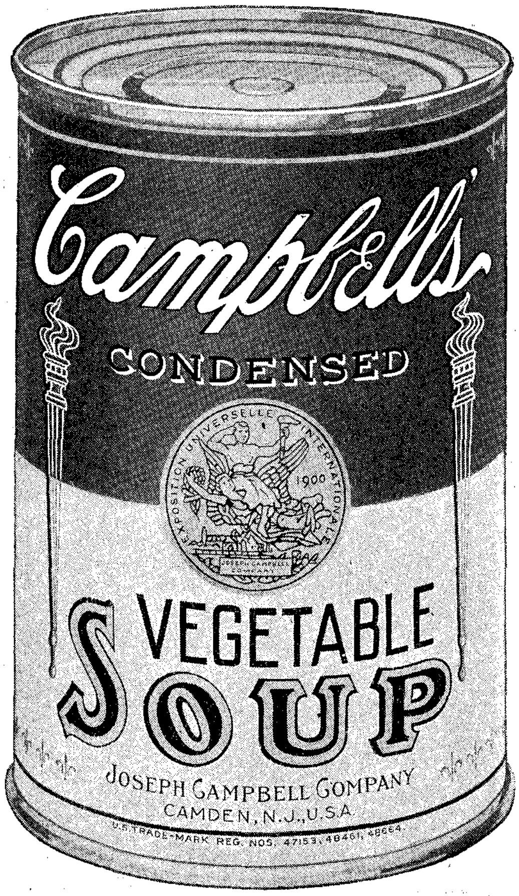
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CAMDEN, N.J., U.S.A.
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"Gilt Edge" Security

No food you eat is converted more quickly into solid flesh, muscle, nerve and energy than a good nourishing soup.

It is like a "gilt edge" bond. You "realize" on it without a moment's delay.

You couldn't have any better or "quicker" health security than

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It is quickly ready to serve, quickly digested, quickly transformed into vigorous strength.

Rich in energy value, it is a wonderful "building up" food for children, "run down" people and all who feel the enervating effects of the critical winter season.

For health's sake, never be without a supply of this wholesome Campbell's kind on your pantry shelf.

21 kinds 15c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

CURRENT - POETRY

THE following selections from the *Czechoslovak Review* (Chicago) give a glimpse into the soul of this old people lately erected into one of the new nations. The translations are made by Paul Selver, and will appear with others to the number of fifty in a volume during the present year. Love and war are the preoccupation of these writers, but even with oppression is shown the unconquerable spirit. The dates opposite the titles from which the poems were originally extracted show that all but oneprecede the Great War:

KIJOV

By Petr Bezruč

Ho, ye youthful swains, top-booted and lithe,
Ho, ye damsels in scarlet wear;
In Kijov town ye ever were blithe,
And blithe shall ye ever be there.

E'en as from fragrant vines it had gushed,
E'en as ye seethe, my lays;
The blood of the Slovaks is fierily flushed,
Lips burn and eyes are ablaze.

Who shall smite us, who shall afflict us with ill?
Of a master naught we know;
And as blithe as we live and drink our fill,
As blithe to our end we shall go.
"*Silesian Songs*" (1909)

AVAR INROAD

By J. S. Machar

Villages rearward burn. Smoke-black the sky.
Torrents of flame pour onward from afar
Over the ripened corn and meadow-grass,
And from these places rolls a rumbling cloud
Of Avar soldiery. The slant-eyed horsemen
Sway buoyantly upon their horses, for
There is no peril. And they are content,
Laden with goblets and with crucifixes,
With reliquaries, candelabra, cruses,
With vestments, mantles, flagons and apparel.
Lowing of cows, and bleat of goats and sheep
Which are borne on amid the warriors,
Rings out like sweetest music in their ears.
And each one drags along, having entwined
Tresses like ropes about his bony hand.
Three or four women, naked utterly
And with their blood bedabbled, for their breasts
With a sheer wound are all pierced through and through.
"*The Barbarians*" (1911).

ETERNAL UNREST

By Antonín Sova

Spirited words had soaring zest,
The puny heart was frail and shy . . .
We can soar to each topmost crest,
Or linger here. The heart sobbed: Try!
And when I made endless heights my quest,
The heart wailed there below despairingly . . .
And when with the heart I sank to rest,
The eagle's aerie stirred me snaringly.
"*Lyrics of Love and Life*" (1907).

SPAKE MY HEART . . .

By Otakar Theer

Spake my heart unto my will:
Why rackest thou me, that I ne'er am still?
Why snappest my growth? And my leafage wrest?
Why marrest the song in each topmost nest?

I desire to clutch dizzily sweet breath of spring,
I desire unto summer my branches to fling,
I desire to be fragrant, to lure, rustle, flower,
I desire a sun-gold, a star-silver dower.

Spake my will unto my heart:
It betides thee well, pampered thing that thou art!
Yearlong from bliss to bliss didst thou stray;
But for me, thou wouldst know nor sorrow nor sway.
Are we born for struggle, or born for dream?
Are we water and vapor, or hilltop and gleam?
I am mistress, thou'rt slave; hand am I, thing art thou,
At my bidding, as taper in tempest, to bow.
"*In Spite of All*" (1916).

THE SUN-DIAL

By Karel Toman

A house in ruins. On the crannied walls
Moss gluttonously crawls
And lichens in a spongy rabble.

The yard is rank with nettle-thickets
And toad-flax. In the poisoned water-pit
Rats have a drinking-lair.

A sickly apple-tree, by lightning split,
Knows not if it bloomed e'er.

When the days are clear, the whistling finches
Invade the rubble. Beaming, sunlit days
Liven the dial's arc that fronts the place,

And freakishly and gaily on its face
Time's shadow dances
And to the sky recites in words of gloom:
Sine sole nihil sum.

For all is mask.
"*The Sun-Dial*" (1913).

Vers libre springs up in the East without entirely freeing itself from the obsession of the "hoccu." The pictures are delicious miniatures, however loosely they are strung on their strand. Our gratitude is to *The African and Orient Review* (London):

THE SPRING IN TOKYO

By Gonnoske Komai of Tokyo

The willows and cherry-blossoms
Mingle in vivid color to new-make
The Mikado's capital
Into a priceless brocade of Spring.
Above the flowery richness
In the scented air,
The peerless Fuji-Yama fantastically
Unveils his face, flawless with perpetual snow!
On the calm surface of the transparent River Sumida
Dances Mount Tsukuba,
Hand in hand with the streaming willows,
That delight to reflect
Their enticing shadows
On the gleaming mirror below!
The place is dreamily enveloped
With the eight-fold mist of fragrant purple!
The snowlike flakes
Of the peaceful Miyako-birds, gliding,
Add an active beauty
To the clear, enchanted air,
Quietly singing the "Kimi-gagyo" anthem,
For an everlasting reign
To our illustrious "Mikado!"

A little biography is implied in these three rondeaux from *The Cambridge Magazine*, an undergraduate periodical of England. The effect of the war is only vaguely hinted. Something other than war defeated the singer, but did not defeat love:

THREE RONDEAUX

By A. Vivian Burbury

1916

My love for you will always be
A living thing; you gave to me,
We stole from Fate, a blessing deep,
And kept it; I shall always keep
More of this love than memory.

Because you gave first sympathy,
Then soul, then sorrow, men shall see
Nothing shall ever overcreep
My love for you.

However Fate and Chance agree
To cast our lives, and take in fee
New loves—whatever crop we reap—
When we two enter that last sleep
There will emerge in purity
My love for you.

1918

I dreamed of Power, that I might
Spread peace and warmth in all men's sight—
That I from some advantage high
Might give to all beneath the sky
An equal share of joy and light.

I was prepared to bleed and fight
If I might gain at length the right
To make men happy; that was why
I dreamed of Power.

But if my strength prove all too slight
To bear me to so great a height,
I'll bow my head, and drawing nigh
My love to me, I'll gently sigh . . .
Forgetting through the magic night
I dreamed of Power.

1920

This room is fragrant; here she laid
Her finger-tips, there paused and made
The shadows glow with light, and spent
A certain sweetness that is lent
To souls so graciously arrayed.

This dented cushion here that weighed
Her head, remembers; there I played,
Twined her soft hair—and with its scent
This room is fragrant.

I am alone: but undismayed
I watch the firelight flash and fade,
Filled too with my own wonderment.
I too remember. When she went,
Love stayed: my heart is unafraid,
This room is fragrant.

Comes the mood of contentment that the soldier can be reabsorbed into civil life and find a transmutation of emotion into something just as precious as that laid off with the uniform. The February *English Review* gives this currency:

THE RIME OF THE DISCHARGED SOLDIER

By Harold Blind

No more I'll hear my comrades
March, singing, up the Line;
Nor drink with more than brothers
Those quarts of good French wine;
And I did not ride with the Tenth Brigade
To hold the River Rhine.

No more I'll force
A sweating horse
To face a bursting shell—
Nor ride, alone, by the marching stars,
To hear what the night winds tell;
Nor see in the blaze of the rising sun
The lands where the heroes dwell.
But all the old life gave to me
You give a thousandfold. . . .
The roar of guns, the songs of men,
The sunsets red and gold;
The flame-lit snow, the peace of dawn,
The drums that called the bold,
When first across the fields of France
The tides of battle rolled.

You are the brave—the beautiful—
The great, the true ideal.
The kiss of a dying comrade,
The flash of sunlit steel,
The love of men and horses,
The love of man and wife,
Are concentrated in your eyes,
My friend, my heart, my Life!

"Does It Matter Much, Mother?"

WHAT matter if the rug is littered, so long as little daughter is learning to be useful and industrious? The Royal will pick up all the scraps, threads and lint in a jiffy and leave the rug clean and bright as ever.

Its powerful, cleansing air stream also gets all the dirt that feet, large and small, have ground deep down into the rug.

The Royal cleans and purifies *through* and *through.* *Rug-wearing, mother-tiring, health-menacing* dirt cannot stay in the same house with the Royal.

Ask the Royal dealer to demonstrate. Write us for booklet.

The P. A. Geier Co.
5100 St. Clair Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

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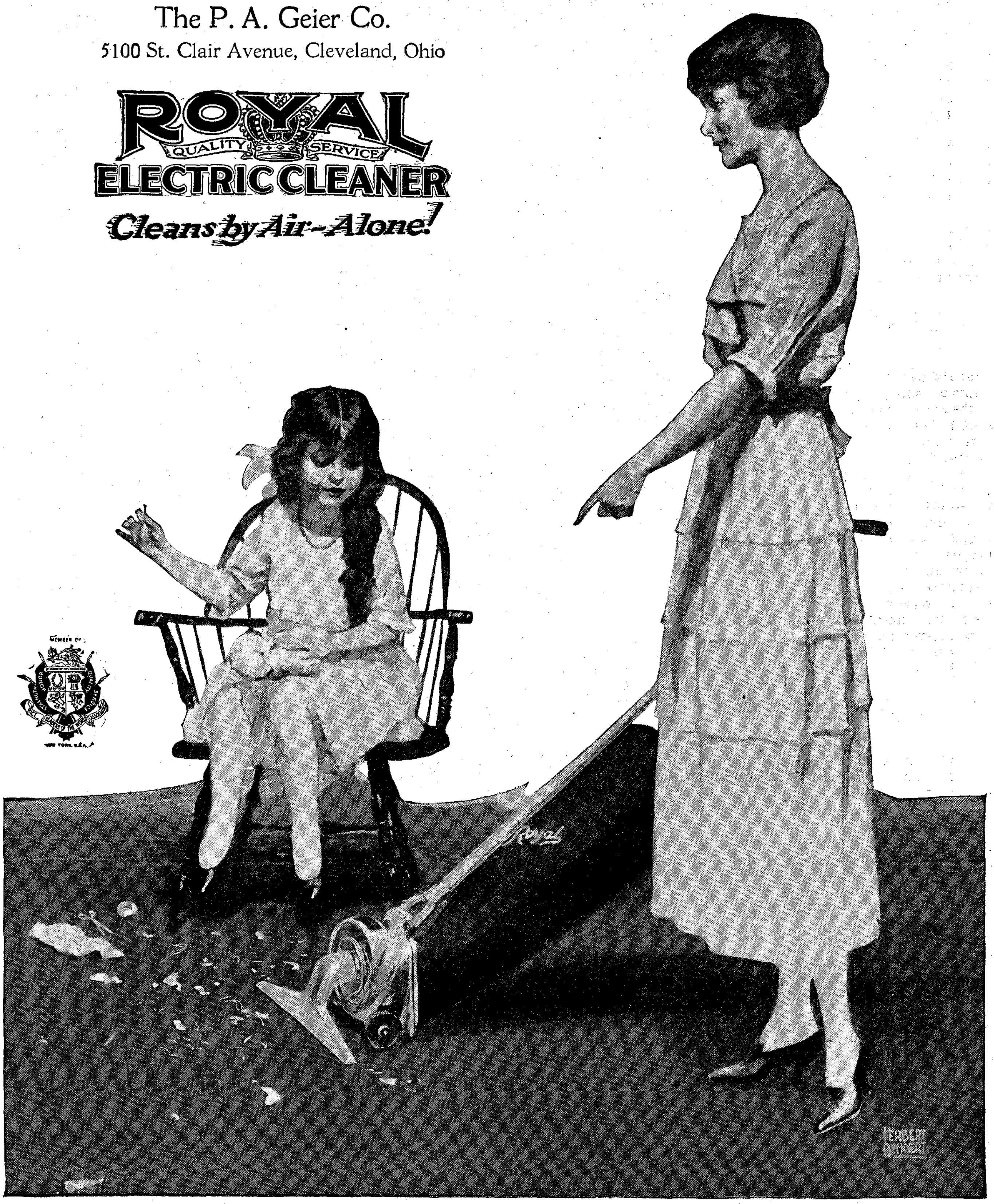
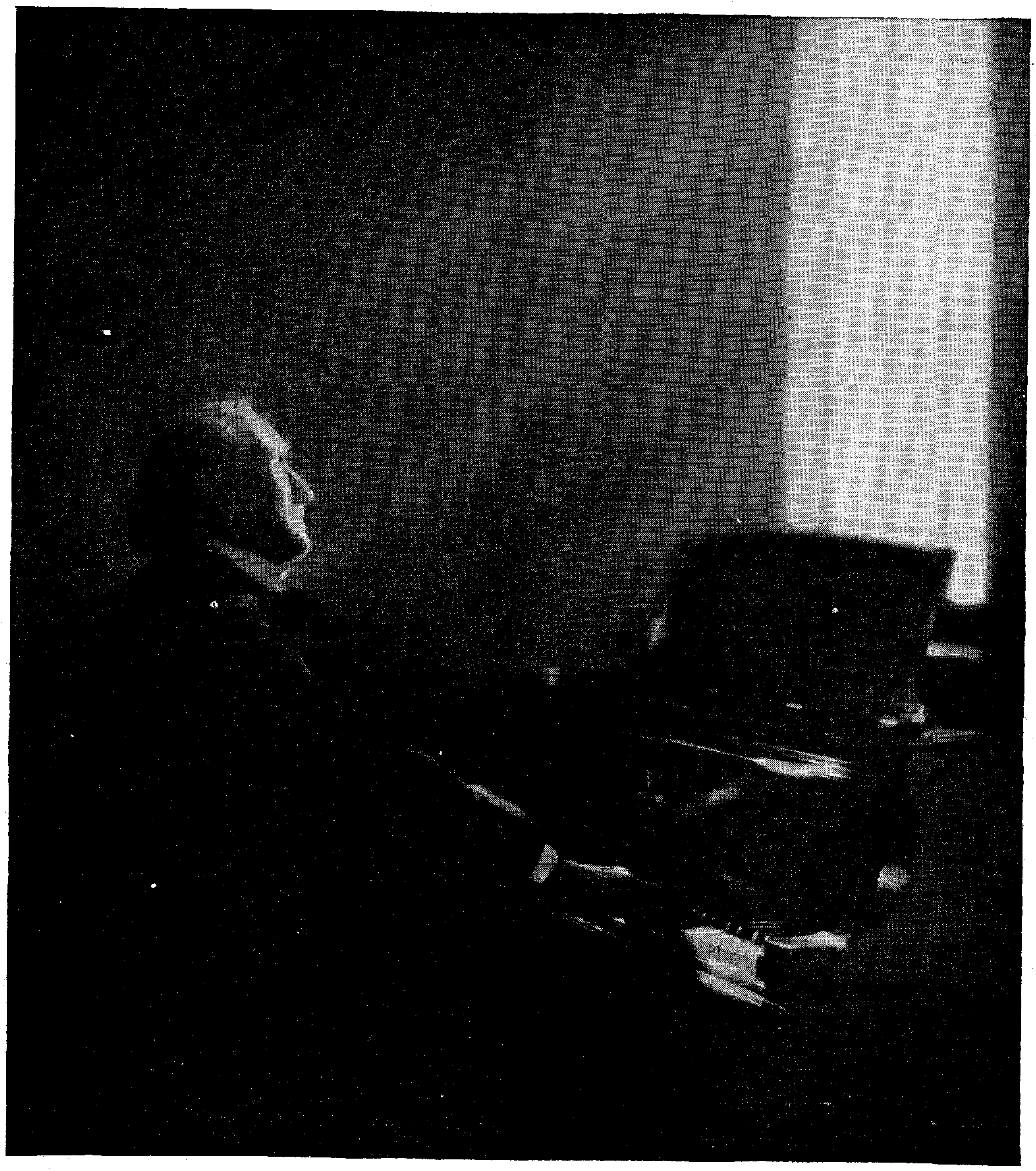
QUALITY SERVICE
ELECTRIC CLEANER
Cleans by Air-Alone!





STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals

There has been but one supreme piano in the history of music. In the days of Liszt and Wagner, of Rubinstein and Berlioz, the pre-eminence of the Steinway was as unquestioned as it is today. It stood then, as it stands now, the chosen instrument of the masters—the inevitable preference wherever great music is understood and esteemed.

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LESSONS - IN - AMERICAN - CITIZENSHIP

Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST and especially designed for School use

ORIGIN OF THE PRESIDENCY

CLEVELAND'S NARRATIVE—When our original thirteen States presented to the world their reasons for separating from the mother country and abjuring allegiance to the British Crown they emphasized the declaration that "the history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States." There followed an indictment consisting of not fewer than eighteen counts against the King, and it was closed with this statement: "A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people." In this arraignment the English Parliament was barely mentioned, and then only as "others," with whom the King had conspired by "giving his assent to their act of pretended legislation," and thus putting into operation some of the outrages to which the colonies had been subjected. Thus wrote the late Grover Cleveland, the twenty-second and the twenty-fourth President of the United States, in his volume on "The Independence of the Executive" (Princeton University Press, Princeton), and we read further that:

"It is thus apparent that in the indictment presented by the thirteen colonies they charged the King, who in this connection may properly be considered as the Chief Executive of Great Britain, with the crimes and offenses which were their justification for the following solemn and impressive decree:

"'We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and independent States they have the full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the support of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.'

"To this irrevocable predicament had the thirteen States or colonies been brought by their resistance to the oppressive exercise of executive power.

ONE-MAN POWER SUSPECTED—"In these circumstances it should not surprize us to find that when, on the footing of the Declaration of Independence, the first scheme of government was adopted for the revolted States, it contained no provision for an executive officer to whom should be intrusted administrative power and duty. Those who had suffered and rebelled on account of the tyranny of an English King were evidently chary of subjecting themselves to the chance of a repetition of their woes through an abuse of the power that might necessarily devolve upon an American President.

"Thus, under the Articles of Confederation, 'The United States of America,' without an executive head, as we understand the term, came to the light; and in its charter of existence it was declared that 'the articles of this Confederation shall be inviolably observed by every State, and the Union shall be perpetual.'

"Let us not harbor too low an opinion of the Confederation. Under its guidance and direction the war of the Revolution was fought to a successful result, and the people of the States which were parties to it became in fact free and independent. But the Articles of Confederation lacked the power to enforce the decree they contained of inviolable observance by every State; and the union, which under their sanction was to be permanent and lasting, early developed symptoms of inevitable decay.

"It thus happened that within ten years after the date of the Articles of Confederation their deficiencies had become so manifest that representatives of the people were again assembled in convention to consider the situation and to devise a plan of government that would form 'a more perfect union' in place of the crumbling structure which had so lately been proclaimed as perpetual.

"The pressing necessity for such action can not be more forcibly portrayed than was done by Mr. Madison when, in a letter written a short time before the convention, he declared:

"'Our situation is becoming every day more and more critical. No money comes into the Federal treasury; no respect is paid to the Federal authority; and people of reflection unanimously agree that the existing Confederacy is tottering to its foundation. Many individuals of weight, particularly in the Eastern district, are suspected of leaning toward monarchy. Other individuals predict a partition of the States into two or more confederacies.'"

OBVIOUS NEED OF A PRESIDENT—If success was to follow the experiment of popular government among the new States, it was universally conceded about this time that it would be necessary to organize an executive branch invested with power and responsibility. On this point, Mr. Cleveland quotes Mr. Madison, who says in speaking of the prospective work of the convention that: "A national executive will also be necessary. I have scarcely ventured to form my own opinion yet, either of the manner in which it ought to be constituted or the authorities with which it ought to be clothed." Mr. Cleveland recalls that every plan of government proposed to the convention embodied in some form the establishment of an effective executive, yet thinks it can be safely said that "no subject was submitted which proved more perplexing and troublesome." He then explains that:

"We ought not to consider this as unnatural. Many members of the convention, while obliged to confess that the fears and prejudices that refused executive power to the Confederacy had led to the most unfortunate results, were still confronted with a remnant of those fears and prejudices, and were not yet altogether free from the suspicion that the specter of monarchy might be concealed behind every suggestion of executive force. Others less timid were nevertheless tremendously embarrassed by a lack of definite and clear conviction as to the manner of creating the new office and fixing its limitations. Still another difficulty, which seems to have been all-pervading and chronic in the convention, and which obstinately fastened itself to the discussion of the subject, was the jealousy and suspicion existing between the large and small States. I am afraid, also, that an unwillingness to trust too much to the people had its influence in preventing an easy solution of the executive problem. The first proposal made in the convention that the President should be elected by the people was accompanied by an apologetic statement by the member making the suggestion that he was

(*Continued on page* 155)

WORLD-WIDE TRADE FACTS

CANADIAN TRADE

CANADIAN CROPS

(*Bradstreet's*)

The field crops of Canada in 1919 were valued at $1,448,153,500 or $75,287,000 more than in 1918. Of five of the chief cereal products—wheat, oats, barley, rye, and flax—659,716,600 bushels were produced, or 47,518,090 bushels less than in the previous year. There was, however, an increase of 1,576,000 tons of hay and clover and 21,000,000 bushels of potatoes. Since the earlier part of the war-period there has been a substantial increase in the production of fodder and root crops, while the production of cereals has been almost at a standstill, except in the case of wheat, which shows a serious decline. This is indicated by the following figures:

	1915	*1918*	*1919*
Wheat, bushels	393,542,600	189,075,350	193,260,400
Oats "	464,954,400	426,312,500	394,387,000
Barley "	54,017,100	77,287,240	56,389,400
Rye "	2,486,200	8,504,400	10,207,000
Flax "	6,114,000	6,055,200	5,472,800
Total, bushels	921,114,300	707,234,690	659,716,600
Hay and clover, tons	10,612,000	14,772,300	16,348,000
Potatoes, bushels	60,353,000	104,346,200	125,574,900
Turnips "	60,175,000	122,699,600	112,288,600

CANADIAN COAL OUTPUT

(*The Wall Street Journal*)

Canadian coal-production in 1919 has been estimated at 13,000,000 tons, a decline of about 13 per cent. from that of 1918, due chiefly to strikes and tonnage shortage for transportation. Alberta, which in 1918 produced 5,972,216 tons and took precedence over Nova Scotia for output, produced only seven-tenths as much as the seacoast province up to October, and it is thought that this ratio of loss was maintained the balance of the year.

During the war, even tho thousands of experienced miners were in the service, production advanced almost steadily, as shown by the following table:

Year	*Tons*	*Year*	*Tons*
1918	14,979,926	1915	13,637,529
1917	14,046,597	1914	13,267,023
1916	14,483,395		

The bituminous strike in this country was felt in Canada, which had to import 21,000,000 tons during the financial year ended March 31, 1919.

CANADIAN FISHERIES

(*Bradstreet's*)

The total value of the catch of the sea-fisheries of Canada in 1918 to fishermen at the point of landing was $32,741,998, as compared with $29,373,022 in 1917. By provinces British Columbia leads with a catch valued at $13,632,828, followed by Nova Scotia with $10,759,974, New Brunswick with $4,241,773, Quebec with $3,285,182, and Prince Edward Island with $822,241. The total value of the fish marketed fresh and prepared for all Canada was $61,363,502, as compared with $52,312,044 in 1917. Of the total value of fish marketed in 1918, the inland fisheries of the provinces of New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, the Prairie Provinces, and the Yukon, contributed $6,000,000. Canned-fish products totaled 2,107,462 cases, valued at $18,683,759.

CANADIAN PAPER AND PULP

(*Bradstreet's*)

The total capital invested in the Canadian pulp and paper industry in 1918 was $241,344,704, of which $12,520,765 was invested in thirty-one paper-mills, $71,708,223 in thirty-seven pulp-mills, and $157,115,716 in twenty-six pulp- and paper-mills. Classified by items of capital, land, buildings, and fixtures amounted to $118,805,581, machinery and tools to $60,627,266, materials on hand, stocks in process, etc., $39,652,078, and cash, trading, and operating accounts and bills receivable to $22,259,779. By provinces the amount invested was: British Columbia, $42,705,988; Ontario, $88,576,807; Quebec, $101,456,296; New Brunswick, $7,852,225; Nova Scotia, $753,388. The number of persons employed was: male, 24,712, and female, 1,151, and the amount paid to these was $26,974,226.

COMMENT ON CANADIAN TRADE

(*Irving National Bank*)

The enormous success of Canadian purchases over sales to the United States—$1,455,000,000 in four years—has resulted finally in a premium of 17 per cent. in Montreal exchange on New York. Various plans to meet the situation are suggested. One calls for Canada to buy only what it can not do without and then only from Great Britain. The enlisting of women in this movement is reported. Another plan suggested from Montreal is that American houses allow their credits to lie in Canadian banks or invest them in the Canadian Victory Loan.

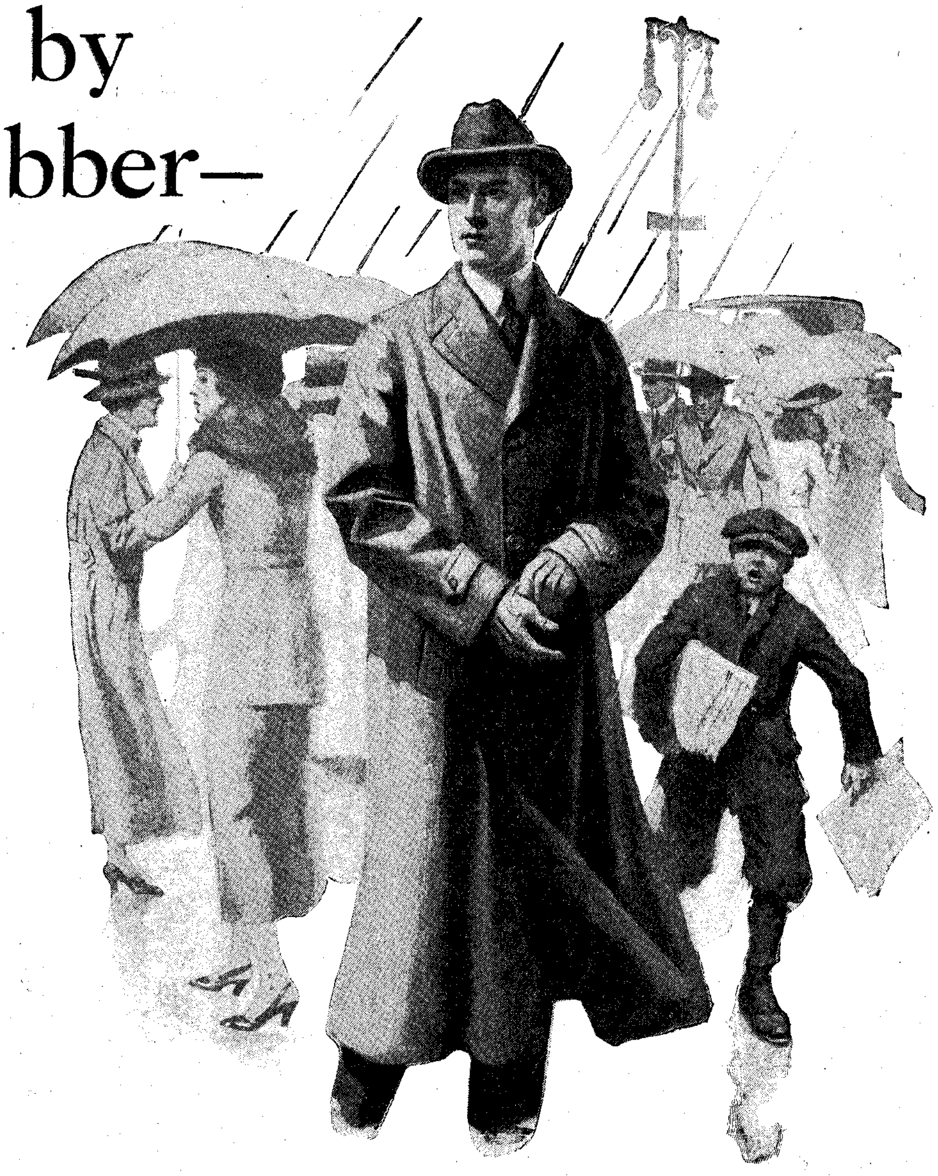
SUMMARY OF CANADIAN TRADE

(*Customs Department, Canada*)

IMPORTS ENTERED FOR HOME CONSUMPTION	TEN MONTHS ENDING JANUARY			
	1919		1920	
	Free	Dutiable	Free	Dutiable
Agricultural and vegetable products, mainly foods	$ 30,076,594	$59,311,213	$29,057,704	$101,220,770
Agricultural and vegetable products, other than foods	34,200,646	9,292,832	36,486,320	19,558,405
Animals and animal products	13,973,392	21,021,957	32,798,999	43,857,976
Fibers, textiles, and textile products	64,347,437	83,627,068	54,890,388	112,114,259
Chemicals and chemical products	16,686,743	15,071,658	10,430,520	13,848,892
Iron and steel, and manufactures thereof	47,018,591	112,083,676	25,973,058	121,594,238
Ores, metals, and metal manufactures, other than iron and steel	13,511,478	20,385,266	14,960,987	27,330,173
Non-metallic minerals and products	38,377,682	77,759,118	48,295,609	50,278,298
Wood, wood products, paper, and manufactures	13,162,554	16,394,972	14,727,804	19,984,861
Miscellaneous	70,745,866	23,527,994	24,100,313	33,012,374
Total	$342,100,983	$438,475,754	$291,721,702	$542,800,246
Duty collected	....	$131,577,765	....	$148,017,955

EXPORTS	TEN MONTHS ENDING JANUARY			
	1919		1920	
	Domestic	Foreign	Domestic	Foreign
Agricultural and vegetable products, mainly foods	$254,417,131	$10,525,492	$333,900,145	$4,466,064
Agricultural and vegetable products, other than foods	19,062,948	666,095	27,718,018	1,454,102
Animals and animal products	195,999,030	5,876,257	278,296,400	6,138,253
Fibers, textiles, and textile products	24,844,351	857,571	28,685,752	3,458,765
Chemicals and chemical products	50,439,609	1,042,186	17,477,995	3,327,856
Iron and steel, and manufactures thereof	62,816,881	5,259,413	68,884,598	11,566,186
Ores, metals and metal manufactures, other than iron and steel	69,698,109	650,397	43,684,536	2,395,722
Non-metallic minerals, and products	21,361,606	2,859,346	24,559,033	554,048
Wood, wood products, paper, and manufactures	129,108,168	245,678	174,156,959	433,109
Miscellaneous	235,885,910	2,920,063	62,430,613	4,584,208
Total	$1,063,633,743	$30,902,498	$1,059,794,049	$38,378,313

Protected by unseen rubber—



Six light layers of rubber built right into these distinctive coats

HIDDEN under the fabric of even the lightest Raynster are at least six thin layers of rubber. They are built right into the texture of the coat by a remarkable process of rolling and curing.

So thin, so flexible, you'd never know the rubber was there—it sheds the heaviest downpour. Every inch of the coat, every seam, is backed by this sixfold rubber—proof against hours of driving rain.

The result is a light, serviceable coat with no rubber exposed—the coat well-tailored men are wearing everywhere in wet weather. You'll see U. S. Raynsters out at the golf club—in town—wherever smartly-dressed people gather. They are made in the familiar raincoat cashmere, in cheviot and heavy wool—in many different materials, styles and colors—for men, women and children.

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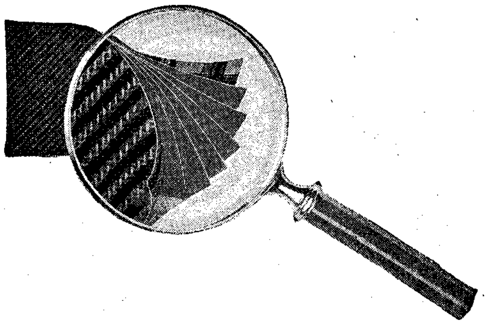
Ask for Raynsters at any good clothing store—or write us at 1790 Broadway, New York, for booklet showing different styles.



The inner side of the fabric is coated with at least six thin layers of rubber, which are cured in one solid piece—proof against the hardest rain. The completed coat is so light and flexible that you'd never know there was any rubber between the outer fabric and the lining.

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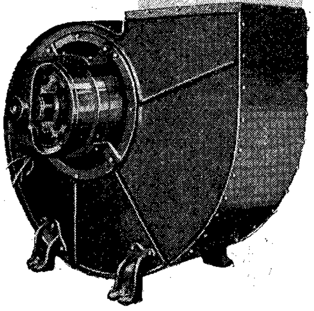

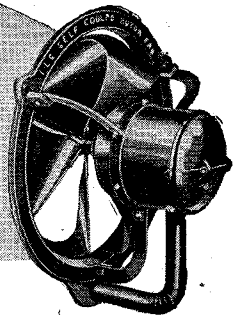

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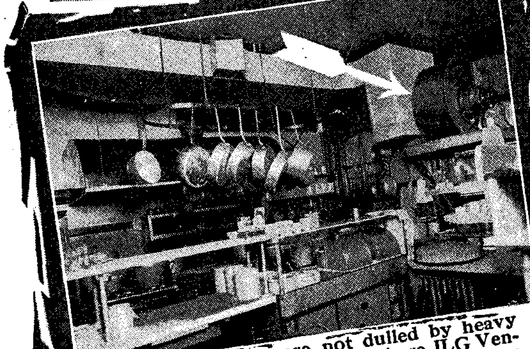

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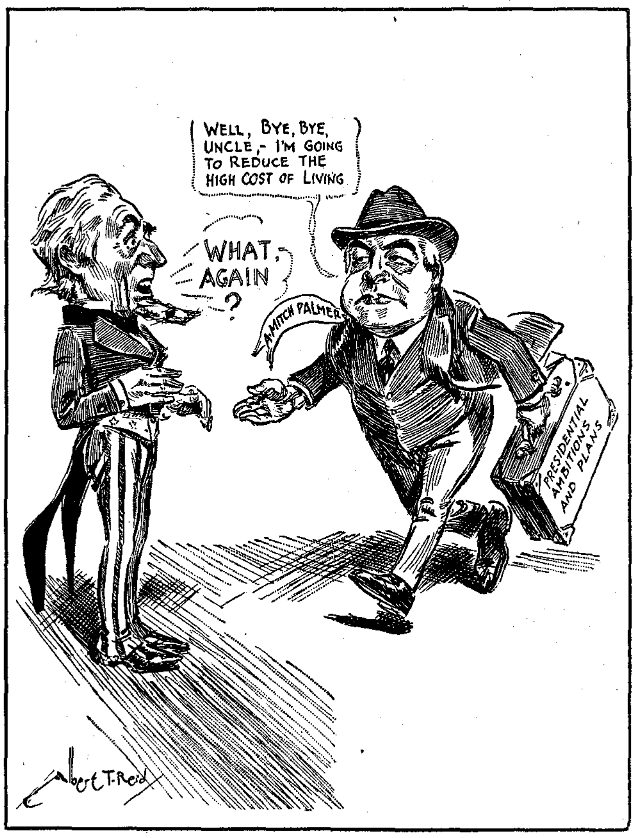
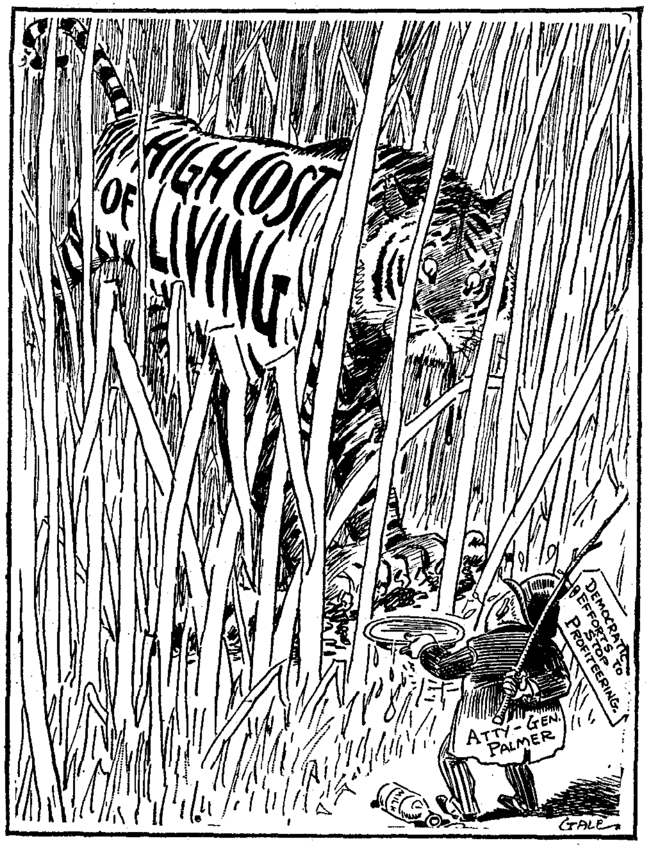

WELL, BYE, BYE, UNCLE,- I'M GOING TO REDUCE THE HIGH COST OF LIVING
WHAT, AGAIN ?
A. MITCH PALMER
PRESIDENTIAL AMBITIONS AND PLANS
Albert T. Reid

"ANOTHER JOLT FOR THE H. C. OF L."
—Reid in the Chicago *Post.*


HIGH COST OF LIVING
DEMOCRATIC EFFORTS TO STOP PROFITEERING
ATTY-GEN. PALMER
GALE

"PUSS, PUSS, PUSS!"
—Gale in the Los Angeles *Times.*

MR. PALMER AS SEEN BY HIS CARTOON CRITICS.

A. MITCHELL PALMER, "FIGHTING QUAKER"

(The Fifth in a Series of Brief Articles Presenting the Claims of Possible Presidential Nominees)

FOR A MAN SO PEACEABLE, both by inheritance and religious convictions, Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer has managed to get into an unusual number of the liveliest fracases of his generation. He is a good Quaker, and Quakers, of course, do not believe in fighting. However, Mr. Palmer's temperament seems to have points in common with that of another man of peace, a long-coated minister of the Gospel, who, as the doubtless veracious report runs, was once set upon by footpads. The minister managed to get free long enough to remove his coat and lay it carefully by the side of the road. "Lie there, divinity," he said, "while I argue with these rascals."

Whatever may be the Attorney-General's fighting proclivities, which one of his recent biographers assures us are quite considerable, they are far from being his only recommendation for the highest executive position in the gift of the American people. Willis J. Abbot, the veteran journalist and political observer, takes up various other Presidential qualities in a brief sketch of the candidate, presented herewith. Mr. Abbot begins, in an intimate way:

We sat in the airy and spacious office of the Attorney-General, high up in one of the new and utterly inartistic buildings with which war-time exigencies have afflicted our national capital. Across the broad and orderly desk between us sat the man who, more than any other Federal official, performs functions intimately concerned with the every-day life of the people. As I talked with him I reflected that within the last few months he has been charged—among other things—with the duty of combating the spread of anarchism and red revolt in our land; with endeavors to reduce the high cost of living; with giving effect to the constitutional mandate against the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors and with the maintenance of industrial peace in spheres of activity so essential to social life and economic order as the railroads and the coal-mines. No problems of government are so closely interrelated with the daily life and interests of our average citizens as these. The man who has grappled with them has beyond doubt been fighting the people's fight, and, tho he may not in all instances have been fully successful, the earnestness and intelligence which characterized his efforts will be the traits by which he will be judged when aspiring to higher posts.

Mitchell Palmer is to-day an active candidate—one of the foremost Democratic candidates—for the Presidency. In a telegram to the secretary of the Democratic State Committee of Georgia early in March he said:

"I deem it highly important that the Democrats of Georgia should have the opportunity to pass directly upon the record made by the present Administration. The candidacy of one who supports that record in every phase presents that opportunity."

To well-informed observers of present-day politics that telegram resounds with two admirable qualities not always clearly shown by Presidential candidates—loyalty and courage. For not the most enthusiastic admirer of President Wilson will question the fact that there has developed within the ranks of his party a well-defined antagonism to the policies of his Administration. Perhaps that schism is nowhere more fully developed than in Georgia, to the primary electors of which Mr. Palmer presents himself as the defender of the Administration record "in every phase." Of the risk involved in that position Mr. Palmer, being a politician of parts and intelligence, must be thoroughly aware.

But for the existence of that Administration few men are more responsible than he. From the start he might have been a member of it, for President Wilson offered him the post of Secretary of War in his original Cabinet—a position which of all in the President's gift he could not accept. For he was born a Quaker, and has always adhered to the doctrines of the Society of Friends. His militant qualities in certain directions have earned him the nickname "The Fighting Quaker." But the purely military activities of the War Department seemed to him peculiarly obnoxious to the principles of his religion, and he, therefore, remained aloof from the Administration he had done so much to create, until called at the beginning of the war to what seemed to be a merely picayune job—the post of Alien Property Custodian.

That turned out to be emphatically a fighting job. And so being, it was quite in line with the whole political record of the Fighting Quaker. For his life, comfortable and peaceful enough in youth, has been stormy so far as its public relations are concerned. His campaign biographer—should the Democratic nomination be his—will not have any tales of youthful vicissitudes to relate. His biography in the Congressional Directory does not contain the phrase, dear to the average American politician, "born on a farm." On the other hand, he was not born to the purple. His people were emphatically what the "Reds," whom as Attorney-General he has been striving to curb, call the *bourgeoisie*. In Revolutionary days a group of Quakers moved into Pennsylvania from Orange County, New York. From Obadiah Palmer, one of this band, A. Mitchell Palmer is descended, and, like all his forefathers for generations past, he adheres to the faith and follows the observances of the Society of Friends. After preliminary education in the public schools of his native town of Stroudsburg, Pa., he spent a year in the Moravian Parochial School, at Bethlehem, and completed his studies at Strathmore College, graduating there in the class of 1891 with the degree of A.B. It is worth noting that a classmate and roommate was William C. Sproul, now Governor of Pennsylvania, and a possible nominee for the Presidency on the Republican ticket.

Only a few weeks ago, addressing a dinner of Strathmore alumni, Mr. Palmer took occasion to refer to his distinguished chum of college days. His auditors were somewhat amazed when the man whose name as a possible Democratic nominee is in every one's mouth felicitated his hearers on the very strong probability that a Strathmore alumnus would be nominated for the Presidency. "Exceedingly bad taste on the part of Mitch Palmer," was the undercurrent of sentiment among his auditors as he made the prophecy which they took as referring to himself. But the slight uneasiness was changed to merriment when he wound up with the strictly Democratic boast, "and I will bet Billy Sproul that he'll be thoroughly beaten in the election."

After brief service as a court stenographer—for he had picked up that useful art with the more decorative accomplishments taught in college—Palmer entered upon the practise of law. Good fortune and a considerable business came his way speedily, notes Mr. Abbot, "making hard the future task of the campaign biographer, who always likes to dwell upon the earlier struggles and vicissitudes of his hero." Palmer's hardest struggles, however, were not to obtain the material needs of life, but to accomplish some public service, says Mr. Abbot, "to right some public wrong, build up some agency for the public good." As for the political situation in which it was necessary for the future Attorney-General to work:

A Democrat in Pennsylvania is apt to be born to blush unseen, and Palmer is a Democrat by tradition and education. His town of Stroudsburg, however, is a sort of Democratic oasis in the broad expanse of Pennsylvania Republicanism. It had long sent a Democrat to Congress and the practise had grown up of selecting candidates who would pledge themselves not to seek a second term. This enabled a greater number of deserving Democrats to enjoy the sweets of office—and, in fact, in twenty years the district had ten separate representatives. But it did not make for useful or efficient representation at Washington, for a new Congressman is about as futile a spectacle as a squirrel in a wheel—no matter how hard he works, he gets nowhere. As a citizen Palmer consistently opposed the rotation system, and when in 1908 he became a candidate for the Congressional nomination he set up the slogan "Rotation is rot!" and successfully overthrew the custom. He remained in the House of Representatives three terms, retiring to make a gallant but unsuccessful race for United States Senator.

The period of Palmer's service in the House was one of stormy politics, in which it appeared that he could have but little part. His was well known to be a one-term district and, in accordance with precedent, Speaker Cannon assigned its representative to two committees neither of which had met for two years. But he managed to get a hearing on the Payne Tariff Bill, and made so impressive a speech that when the Democrats captured the House, in the following election, he was given place on the Ways and Means Committee, and assigned to write the iron and steel schedule of the Underwood Tariff Bill. It might be thought that this assignment would spell the political death of the young Democrat in whose district was located the Bethlehem steel-mills, of which Charles M. Schwab is the president. And, indeed, the schedule he wrote evoked loud cries of wrath and threats of vengeance from the ironmaster. But it is enough to say here that Palmer was able to prove when the day of election came round that Schwab had one vote and his employees many thousands. He made his appeal to the men and won.

Mitchell Palmer made his first appearance upon the national political stage as the reorganizer of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania. In 1910 the old organization had thrown away the chance of victory in the State by making an unfit nomination which resulted in the independent nomination of William H. Berry, former State Treasurer. The resulting election seemed to have left the Democratic party in the Keystone State without any apparent reason for existence. Palmer thereupon called a meeting of the nine Democrats in Congress, and set before them a plan for reorganizing the party in the State, installing new leaders and creating a new State committee. After vigorous agitation and a tumultuous meeting of the State committee the reorganizers won by a single vote. The victory made Mitchell Palmer the Democratic leader in Pennsylvania, and insured, tho they did not know it then, the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency. For the reorganized Democracy of Pennsylvania took up the candidacy of the Princeton professor, and sent to the Baltimore Convention a solid Wilson delegation under the chairmanship of Mitchell Palmer. The bitterness of the fight in that convention will be remembered by Democratic politicians for many years to come. Wilson, a minority candidate through much of the balloting, was forced into the lead and finally carried triumphantly over the line of two-thirds of the convention by the masterly generalship of his champions, among whom the Pennsylvanian was easily first. A break in Palmer's delegation would at any time have ended the Wilson candidacy. But when even the candidate himself weakened, and sent a telegram expressing willingness to retire, Palmer stood firm. There came to him offers from opposing factions that might well have aroused the ambitions of a man so young in politics, but he stood as a rock against the breaking tides. The same quality which now makes him ready to offer himself as the defender of the Administration policies then impelled him to stand to the last with his chief. And he won. He emerged from that convention a national figure, with a reputation which has steadily grown during his subsequent career.

There is a Presidential possibility—no matter who—on the Republican side who is widely popular, but whose friends even dismiss his candidacy with the regretful admission, "He doesn't look the part." A. Mitchell Palmer, in personal appearance, is every inch a statesman. Stalwart and tall, with no suggestion of fatness, he carries himself with a dignity that has in it nothing of pose, no trace of egotism. His face is calm, thoughtful, and strong in repose, lighting up with attractive animation when interested. His manner is one that makes friends for him speedily without being in the least degree effusive. He has emphatically the air of a man's man—a quality not incompatible with his active and helpful advocacy of suffrage for women. In his rather infrequent moments of relaxation he likes golf, tho rumor has it that his game is not of a character to make jealous enemies among the multitude of medium players. His home at Stroudsburg, Pa., is the home of a typical small-town man, beautiful with its old-fashioned garden and redolent of quiet domesticity.

The phase of the Attorney-General's activities which has evoked the widest applause, and at the same time the noisiest criticism, has been his campaign against the Bolsheviki and other would-be revolutionists of which the "Soviet Ark" conveyed a goodly number, including Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, reluctantly back to Russia.

I talked with the Attorney-General on this subject at one of our meetings. "It seems to me the position of the Department on this issue is perfectly clear and logical," he said. "I have not the slightest desire to interfere with free speech, nor to question the fullest right of any of our people to discuss political propositions in their own way."

Mr. Palmer's position on this important point is brought out more fully in the statement which follows, and which Mr. Abbot quotes, to this effect:

"Men may preach as radical doctrine as they will, and so long as they strive to make that doctrine effective by peaceful methods they must be protected. The life of the Republic depends upon the free dissemination of ideas and the guaranties of freedom of speech, press, and assembly, long held sacred in the minds of our people. These rights must not be abridged in any particular. But the right of free speech is not the right of unbridled speech without responsibility. There must be a line

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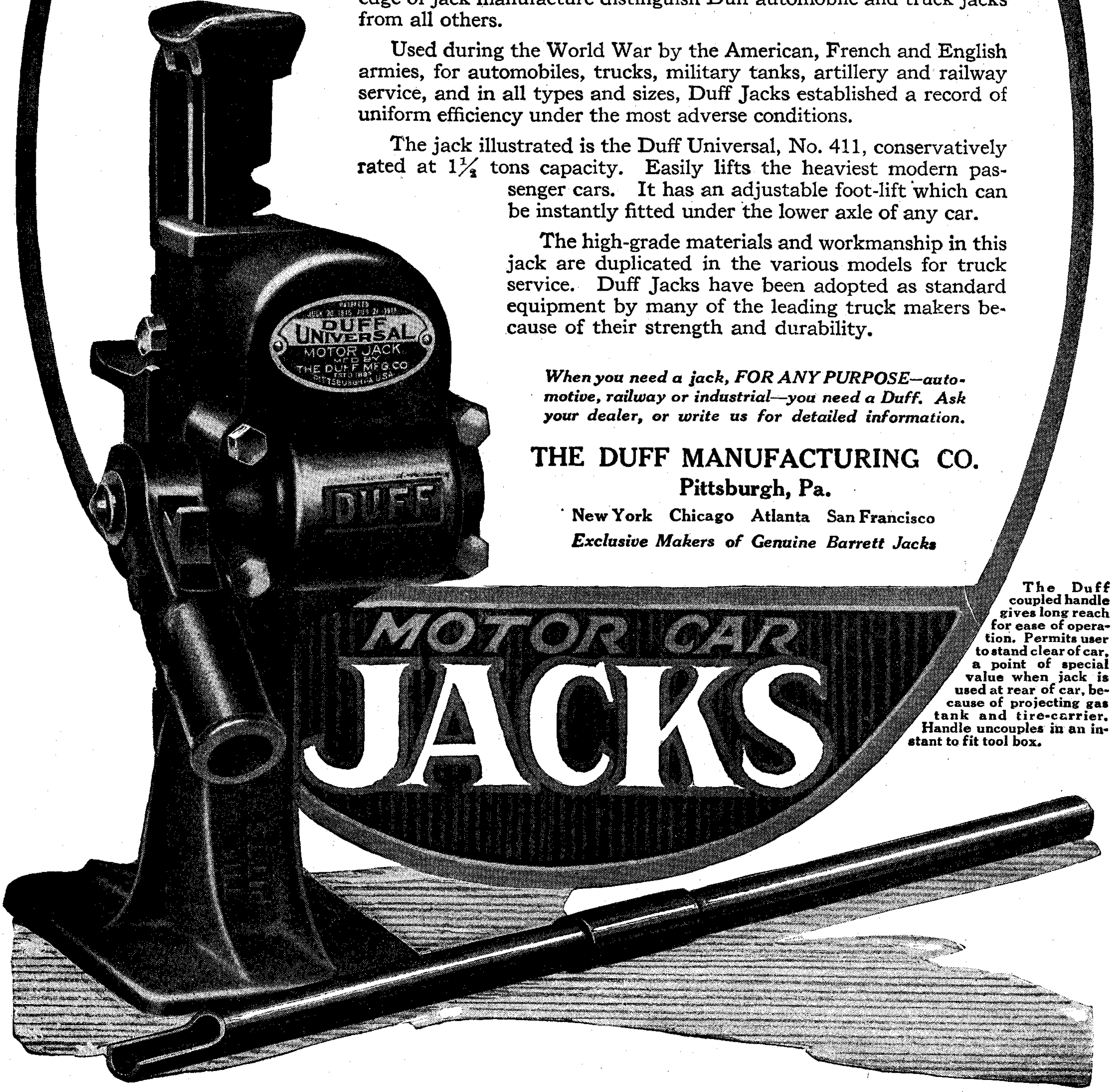

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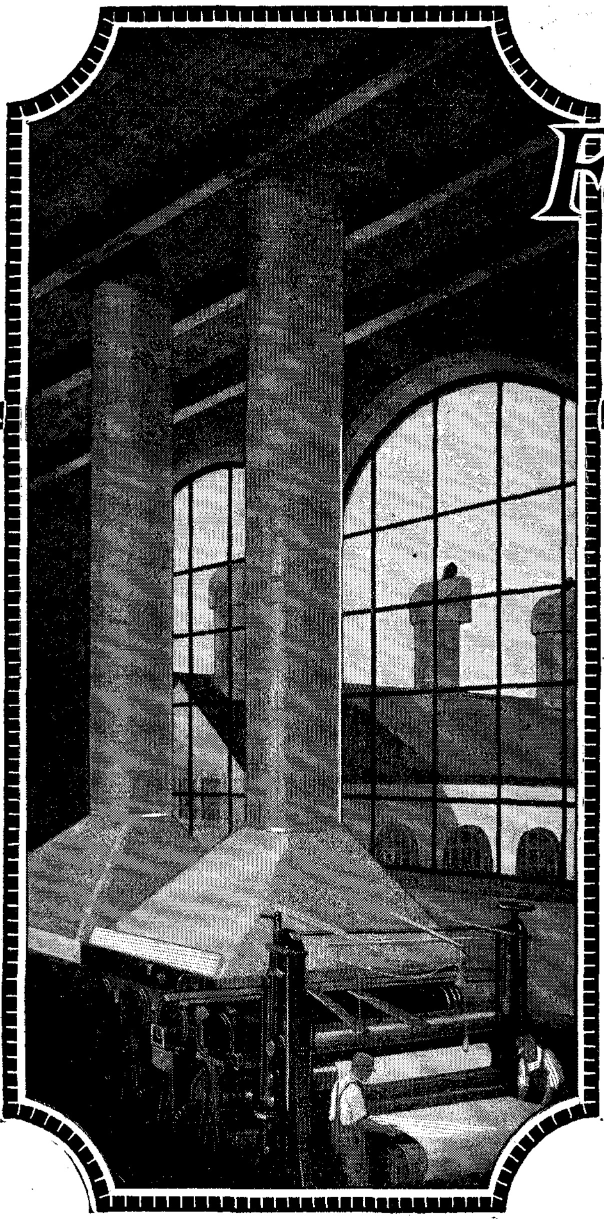
The Duff coupled handle gives long reach for ease of operation. Permits user to stand clear of car, a point of special value when jack is used at rear of car, because of projecting gas tank and tire-carrier. Handle uncouples in an instant to fit tool box.



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beyond which men can not go without being held responsible for injury to their fellows or their Government, and that line must be drawn at the point where there is a promise, threat, or implication of the use of force or physical violence to accomplish the reform which is advocated in public speech.

"I have not been indifferent to the criticism that has been raised by the action of the Department in this matter. Some of it has come from sources very close to me and to which I often defer. Indeed, a delegation from the Society of Friends, the religious organization to which I adhere, came to me urging that I was using methods of force and violence to suppress that freedom of opinion and of discussion which is one of our cardinal precepts. But I think my reply that I interfered only when disputants urged violence and revolution by force was sufficient for them."

At this moment, the writer continues, a fair exposition of the views of a public man upon issues involved in the Presidential contest in which he is likely to be a factor is of more importance than mere description of his personal characteristics. From some recent speeches made by the Attorney-General Mr. Abbot has extracted the following paragraphs bearing upon public questions which seem particularly pertinent to-day:

INTERNATIONALISM

"It is a disturbing thought that there are so many people who fail to understand what America stands for and to realize the responsibility which attaches to its leadership in free government. There are eminent American citizens of great intelligence and undoubted patriotism who preach the gospel of aloofness from the rest of the world which present-day conditions make absolutely impossible; neither the safety of the republic nor the happiness of the people who dwell beneath its egis will be served by a narrow nationalism which refuses to be responsive to the currents of thought and action elsewhere in the world, which may affect us at any moment as they touched us in the world-war and compelled our intervention. We can not any longer play the laggard's part. We must do our share toward maintaining the peace of the world if only for our own sake, because every time the peace is upset, wherever the trouble may come, the reaction affects us and our interests."

THE BOLSHEVIKI

"The Government proposes to protect itself against attacks from within as carefully and as forcefully as it has shown itself able to protect itself against attacks from without. Neither the Government nor any of its officers will be embarrassed or affected, much less frightened, by any attempts, organized or unorganized, by lawless elements in the community to terrorize and stampede the Government into doing something contrary to the spirit of our free institutions as designed by the fathers and sustained by all the generations of men through the life of this Republic. . . . Those who can not or will not live the life of Americans under our institutions and are unwilling to abide by the methods which we have established for the improvement of those institutions from time to time should go back to the countries from which they came."

CAPITAL AND LABOR

"While we are enforcing the law and pursuing the strict policy of saving America for men who believe in American ideals, we must be careful not to allow our self-satisfaction in what America stands for to deafen our ears to the appeals of those who are seeking better conditions. There are many in the ranks of labor who have been ground down in un-American fashion by conscienceless employers and whose path upward—which they are entitled by every American precedent to tread—is made rocky and difficult. In many industries labor has not received its proper share of the product of the money and labor which, together, constitute the capital in every industry, and until means are devised by which that share shall be guaranteed to labor by peaceful and orderly methods, unrest, discontent, and occasional violence will mark the struggle for exact justice and equal rights. The pressing need of the hour, to stabilize the industrial situation, is to build the machinery which will give to both employer and employee the opportunity to disclose the facts surrounding their relations with each other. There need be no restriction of the right of men to strike and no compulsory arbitration of differences if provision is made for the great American public to be advised of all the facts in relation to every dispute in the industrial world, so large as to affect in its consequences a considerable portion of the public. Public opinion is the only monarch in this country, and informed public opinion will always secure justice to both sides in industrial controversies. All that the Government sought to do in the coal-strike situation was to insist that both sides should be heard before an impartial tribunal without the country being made to suffer from the strong methods adopted by each side to accomplish its purpose in the controversy. While the Government may properly exercise its right to protect the vast body of the people from the suffering, loss, and death which would ensue from a general tie-up in the production or transportation of the necessaries of life, it ought never again be necessary to exercise that right, for suitable machinery should promptly be built to settle such controversies before they reach the stage which compels the Government to take action in defense of itself or the people whom it is designed to serve."

HIGH COST OF LIVING

"The campaign against the high cost of living has not been unsuccessful. While no general lower level of prices to the consumer has been reached, there has been in many lines a marked tendency toward such a level. Last summer indications pointed to ever-mounting prices in all lines of commodities and it seemed to be certain that during the period of scant production, when prices always are higher, there would be a distressing increase in the general cost of living, but the increase during the winter has been less than in any previous winter for many years, and I think it may be stated with confidence that the peak has been reached and passed. How much the activities of the Government had to do with this will doubtless always be a matter for debate, but the fact remains that such laws as we have had have been vigorously enforced with the purpose of controlling as far as possible the artificial increase of prices. Profiteers have been caught and punished in nearly every State and in almost every line of trade. Great quantities of hoarded commodities have been released into the natural channels of commerce. Untold numbers of men have been deterred by this action from hoarding the necessaries of life and from charging unjust and unreasonable profits. Competition has been restored by the entering of decrees under the Sherman Anti-trust Law; while cooperation has been maintained with nearly all the States in efforts, through Fair Price Committees and other agencies, to check the upward tendency in the prices of all necessary commodities."

Mr. Abbot concludes:

Prohibition and equal suffrage may be regarded as matters no longer within the domain of political controversy. One is already entrenched in the Constitution. The other is on the eve of ratification. Of both, however, Mr. Palmer was an earnest advocate, and not the bitterest enemy of the liquor traffic can criticize the activity of the Department of Justice under his control in enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment.

A warm admirer of the President and an earnest supporter of his policies, Mr. Palmer in entering the Presidential race justifies the inference that the President himself is not to be a candidate. No man stands stronger with the Democratic organization than the Attorney-General. He is to-day the National Committeeman for Pennsylvania and was chairman of the Executive Committee in the last Presidential campaign. He is a politician in so far as that word implies an active, intelligent, and efficient participation in the affairs of government. For the rest he is a public-spirited citizen whose record of public service has met with wide approval, and leads naturally to his present candidacy.

In a recent address at Richmond, Va., Mr. Palmer added a strong postscript to his statement on "Capital and Labor," as quoted above. When he was in college, he said, he wrote a thesis demanding that capital, in any dispute over hours or wages, be forced to give labor a hearing before an impartial tribunal. But now, he continues:

"Thirty years have passed and I found myself, in the fall of 1919, in the interesting position of compelling labor, by the use of the injunctive process in the courts, to give capital a hearing. Labor had become so strong in the meantime that she denied the right of capital to have the dispute adjusted by an impartial tribunal."

In the following paragraph, he sums up his position:

"All of my political life I have been fighting for labor. I was a strike-leader once. I have fought the battles of the coal-miners in my State and of the steel-workers in Bethlehem, and I shall continue to fight their battles, but I shall continue to insist that the battles shall be fought according to the rules of the American game, and that rule is, as the old poet Shelley told all Englishmen a hundred years ago:

"Let the laws of your own land,
Good or ill between ye stand,
Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
'Arbiters of each dispute.'"

WHEN INSOMNIA, AND A FEW MARINES, SAVED PORT-AU-PRINCE

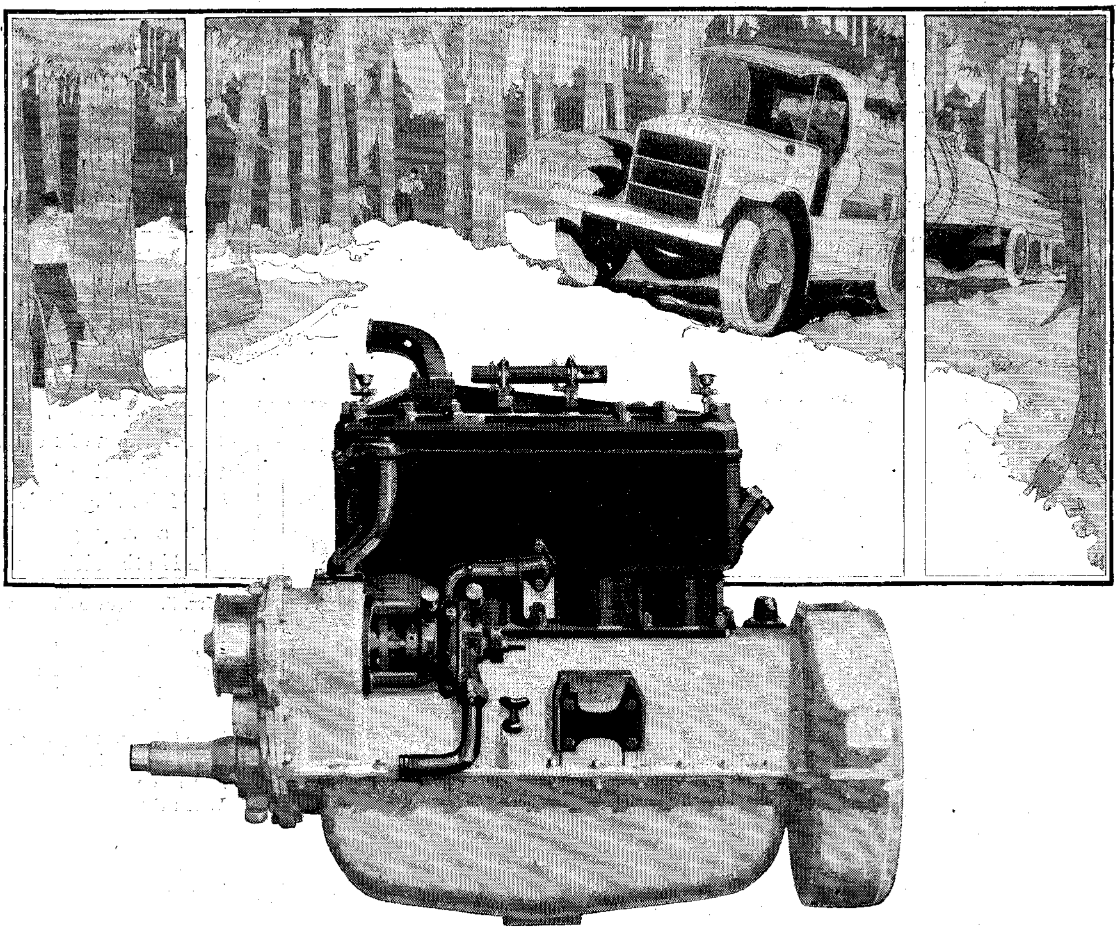
INSOMNIA MAY BE A BAD THING, but it served a good turn in the recent night-raid by bandits on Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti. A man who couldn't sleep warned the United States Marines in time to enable them to put a crimp in the plans of the bold raiders, thereby saving the city from fire, pillage, murder, and a general reign of terror. Not only was the city saved, but the civilization of Haiti as well, for by this outbreak the law and order of the island were threatened, we are told by a recent investigator, as they had not been for many years. It is further reported that if the outlaws had been able to carry out their designs on this occasion the authority of the United States in the West Indies would have suffered such a blow as it has never known in modern times. It is not the first time that the Black Republic has been threatened with destruction by the outlaw element found in the island. Haiti has been the scene of much disorder on many occasions in the past. In fact, we are told there has never been a day in one hundred and sixteen years when the President of the Republic and his associates have not been threatened with overthrow, robbery, and death or exile. Ever since Haiti first declared its independence from French rule, the mountains of North Haiti have sheltered bands of restless and energetic outlaws, enemies of any established government, always ready to display that enmity in bloody fashion. These outlaws are called Cacos. They are described as rag-clad, roving, half-starved mountaineer negroes, and are said to be peaceful enough at times, but when called into action by their leaders, they put on red shirts, seize machetes or rifles, and become wild, fanatical, murderous, and as cunning and dangerous as any red Indian upon the war-path. Of at least some of these Cacos it is said that they practise the degraded rites of voodoo devil worship. Their number is estimated at anywhere from three thousand to fifteen thousand. The recent outbreak at Port-au-Prince, which took place January 16 and was reported in press dispatches at the time as "a futile bandit uprising of a handful of outlaw negroes," was really a well-laid plot by the Cacos to overthrow the established rule in the capital and gain mastery of the city. An account of the affair is given in the New York *World* by Lindsay Denison, staff correspondent of that journal, from which we quote:

PRISONERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

The situation in Haiti, where a recent uprising threatened to wipe out Port-au-Prince, somewhat resembles that in bandit-infested parts of Mexico—except for the presence of the Marines.

> For some weeks before January 16 there had been rumors of Caco uneasiness, in spite of the killing last October of Charlemagne Messena Peralte, for several years their military and political leader, by two of Colonel Russell's marine "crazy boys," who sought to capture him alive in one of his mountain fortresses.
>
> One, Benoit, a highly educated negro, who had taken to the bush, was shown to have succeeded Charlemagne; he had the active support of Charlemagne's subchiefs, notably Papa le Noir (the Black Pope) and Chu-Chu. Charlemagne, threatening to "drive the Americans into the sea" as Toussaint l'Ouverture and Dessalines drove the disease-racked troop of Napoleon, had never gone further than to fire a few shots into the capital. It was hardly expected that Benoit would attempt more for the present.
>
> Elmer Knutson, of Minnesota, brother of Congressman Harold Knutson, has been in the West Indies making industrial investigations. He visited a village about forty miles north of this city January 15. Several friends were with him. All were armed; no white man goes far outside the limits of any Haitian town or city unarmed. He was chatting with the French *padre* of the village.
>
> "Of course," he said to the priest, "there is no Caco activity about here."
>
> "But, yes," said the *padre*. "For the last day there has been much. There are many Cacos about. I am glad you and your friends are armed. They are strangers. I think they have come from many miles to the north. Ah, there are some now."
>
> The *padre* pointed out a group of very ordinary looking ragamuffins crossing the village clearing, who regarded the visitors curiously. Mr. Knutson and his friends returned to the city without unnecessary delay.
>
> Their information reached brigade headquarters and plans were made for a disposition of the marine and *gendarmerie* outposts to cut off from the hills the band of Cacos believed to be an independent raiding party of a type which has practically disappeared since the American occupation. The movement was one to cover two or three days.
>
> Wherever white men came in touch with citizens that night, they noticed the Creoles, as the Haitians call themselves, were uneasy and nervous. It was so in the ordinarily placid Café Bordeaux, at the Hôtel Bellevue, the American Hotel, and the Seaside Inn. The natives strode up and down the corridors and galleries; they went down the whitened clamshell-bordered walks to whisper together. There was "something queer" about the way they looked at white men. Word of the tense unrest even reached the beautiful Hôtel Montagne, on the hill overlooking the town, where there were no Creole guests; inquiries were made as to the asylums arranged for white womenfolk in case of "trouble." And still no one anticipated a Caco raid; some sort of a political demonstration against President Dartiguenave and the Americans was the worst looked for.
>
> (It should be remembered that there are many highly educated substantial citizens of Port-au-Prince who are no more Cacos than Henry Cabot Lodge is a Hudson Duster, who, none the less desire a change of administration and an ending of "the Occupation.")
>
> After nine o'clock at night the streets of Port-au-Prince are ordinarily as quiet as those down-town in New York at the same hour. What had been going on was that Benoit, gathering up a force at his stronghold in the middle north, had moved them in scattered detachments, off the beaten trails, down to the outskirts of the city, where they mobilized. Collecting recruits as he came along, he had over 1,800 men with him. Many of them had modern rifles; they were but scantily supplied with ammunition. All had machetes.
>
> His plan was to take the city at daybreak. To this end, early in the night, he started about three hundred men into town from three directions. One of the three columns came by water, just out of sight and hearing of the guards on the main pier of the port. They wandered in by twos and threes, concealing their arms; they met at the big-roofed market, breaking in and going to sleep on the floor to wait the signal for the attack. They had been told that at daybreak, when the stores opened, they were to rush through the business district, helping themselves, setting fires everywhere, and killing white men and *gendarmerie*. In the midst of this turmoil the main column of 1,500 outside the city was to attack the barracks, the customhouse, the Bank of Haiti, and the President's palace. Benoit told his people that hopeless as a pitched battle in the open with the marines and *gendarmerie* might be, it would be easy to wipe them out after they had been scattered for hand-to-hand street-fighting and putting out fires. Outside of strictly military circles, it is acknowledged he was pretty nearly right.

It was at this juncture that the insomnious gentleman took a hand. He was General Manager Elliott, of the Haitian American Sugar Refinery at Hascoville, a suburb about two miles out of the city. It was two o'clock in the morning and Elliott was



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ESTABLISHED 1881

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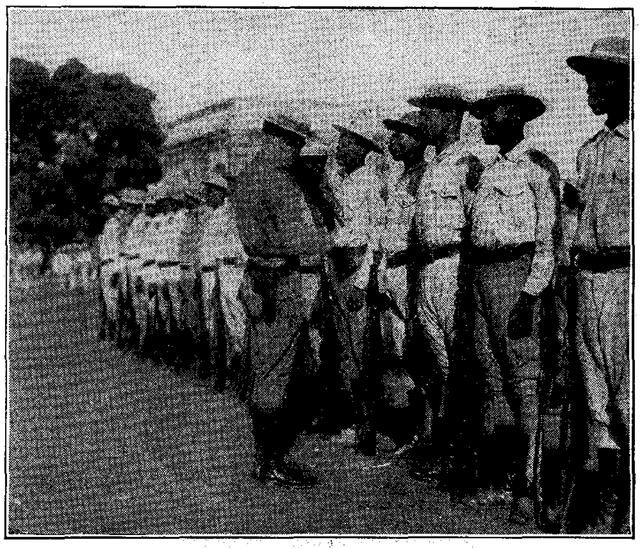
unable to sleep. So he arose and went to a window and looked out:

> Out of the myriad hissing, rustling, squawking noises of the tropic night he heard the unmistakable "chuff-chuff-chuff" of a marching column of barefoot men. He made out a single-file column moving rapidly across the field, off the road. He made out the silhouettes of shouldered rifles. Far off, under a yellow street-lamp, he glimpsed a flash of a red shirt. It was enough. He telephoned to the Marine Barracks that the Cacos were raiding Port-au-Prince.
>
> Benoit's bubble burst right there. Only about 150 of his 300 "shock troops" had reached the meeting-place. No fires had been set. The population was all in bed and asleep. There were no materials for a panic.
>
> The marines, in patrols and in larger formations, spread out through the streets swiftly to the posts arranged for the emergency. Marine Leslie Coombs saw several men enter the market, where they had no right to be; he ran to the door and was set upon by machete men, who slashed him horribly and cut him down, but not until he had emptied his automatic. The Cacos inside the building poured out like a swarm of hornets.
>
> The shooting and the hand-to-hand fighting spread in a flash all through the business part of the city. The marching remainder of the Caco surprize detachment made a rush for the center of the city to carry out their orders. One block was set on fire and burned.
>
> The marines deployed steadily and quietly. They put sputtering machine guns on the corners and "cleaned" the principal streets. There was firing on every street and alley of a district more than a mile square. From the Hôtel Montagne it seemed as if a gigantic string of Chinese firecrackers had been curled around and through the business district and set off in a dozen places.



MARINE-TRAINED HAITIAN CONSTABULARY.

Native troops of this type, under American officers, played a part in repelling the recent raid on the island's capital.

The miniature battle increased in fury as the Americans advanced. The account continues:

> The Cacos stood their ground bravely for a little while. But their case was hopeless. The American fire withered them. First those on the rim of the city and then those inside turned their faces to the hills. Benoit's men of the main body, realizing that the plan of attack was ruined, started a pell-mell retreat.
>
> The marines moved out from the center of the city, killing every colored man not in the olive-drab uniform of the *gendarmerie*.
>
> As the sky turned pink and then flashed into blazing daylight, the fight became a hunt. On every road and trail radiating from the city marines hunted Cacos. Colonel Russell by telephone moved his distant outposts to cut off the retreat to the northern mountains.
>
> Of the details of that hunt much might be written. Here is one item. A marine youngster was pointed out to me as one who might well be "kidded" for failing in the pursuit. He took it sadly.
>
> "Yes," he said, "I admit I did give out, sir. Never thought it would happen to me. My wind and my legs both give out at once. Tough luck, I'll say, after I'd run 'em fourteen miles over all kinds of a tough trail up thataway." (He pointed to the seamy top of a greenish brown mountain to the northeast, and heaved a regretful sigh.) "And there was two of 'em still in front of me when I quit."
>
> One hundred and twenty-two dead Cacos were found in and about the city; bodies found along the line of their retreat in the next few days raised the total of known dead to 176. There were numerous prisoners, despite the general killing, among them the redoubtable Chu-Chu. Coombs was the only American killed, tho several were severely wounded.
>
> Patient, painstaking investigation fails to show that any of the dead were "innocent bystanders." No complaint of the killing of any citizen not a Caco has been recorded. It was apparent that the population of the city obeyed the orders long ago issued and stayed indoors when the shooting began.

WE HAVE WITH US TO-DAY—THE FREE AND EASY SPENDERS

THE BUSINESS OF PUTTING MONEY into circulation, which has been classed among the leading American home-industries ever since the armistice was signed, continues to attract the attention of our moralists, economists, and "funny men." According to recent reports from many sections of the country the watchword is still, "Give us the best there is—and hang the expense!" Along with this reckless spending there goes a subdued, widely diffused roar against the high and still rising cost of living, but the protests seem to be produced rather as a matter of duty and habit than because those who produce them think that there will be any beneficial result. Grantland Rice and J. N. Darling, who do a page of jingles and drawings for the New York Sunday *Tribune*, devote their contribution of February 29 to this subject of "splurging." The following jingles may "hit off" a very general state of mind in the ultimate consumer:

Mrs. J. Augustus Vance
Saw a certain dress by chance;
It was just like billowed foam,
Yet she had eight more at home.
So she brought it from the store
For two hundred—nothing more.
Five brief years ago to-day
She'd have fainted dead away.
For she muttered, "Sakes alive!"
When they asked her eighty-five.

Henry Smithson has a job,
Tho he doesn't hit like Cobb.
Still his pay is quite enough
To help carry out the bluff.
Once he found in deep content
Walking helped to pay the rent.
Now, of course, it's much too far;
He must have a touring-car.

Mr. William Henry Jones
Bought a shirt for twenty bones.
Did he need it? Not a bit,
Yet he stopt and paid for it.
Back in days that now seem dim,
Cheaper fabric suited him.
But in these times, free from care,
He must have his silk to wear.

The Portland *Oregonian* not long since collected dispatches on the country-wide spending situation. The items, it is remarked, "show a remarkable abundance of money, chiefly among people not so fortunate in other years."

Baltimore reports a tremendous business in "articles of embellishment rather than for necessities." High prices "have no terrors for the thousands who have profited by the war or are now receiving high wages."

In St. Louis "jewelry has sold rapidly this year. Diamonds, altho more costly than ever, have been in large demand. Clothing, too, has shown a big increase."

New Orleans is buying "high-grade, expensive goods, and luxuries dominate purchases."

Pittsburg jewelry-store proprietors report their business materially increased. "This is especially true about the shops known to cater to common trade."

In Boston the greatest expenditure is reported in jewelry and furs, "dealers in these lines reaping a harvest."

Philadelphia reports herself "in the midst of an orgy of spending." Department-store managers say that the increased prices of expensive articles have not cut down purchases.

Milwaukee reports, as sample cases, sales of a pearl necklace for $40,000, another for $30,000, and a man's ring for $1,500. Columbus, Ohio, is going in for more and more expensive furs, reports *The Ohio State Journal*, and the El Paso *Morning Times* carries the following item, which not only records similar facts, but suggests an explanation:

> Ambition.

Is truck driving difficult on the straightaway or in the pinch?

There is minimum of wear and tear on a truck when it is rolling along a smooth stretch of road. The big strains come in the pinch.

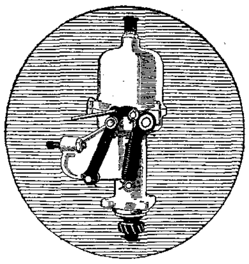
Clydesdale's Automatic Controller, "The Driver Under the Hood," positively and automatically relieves the truck of the major portion of these strains.

Below is a sketch of a Clydesdale truck pulling out from under a load of cinders. The driver opens his throttle part way, then with his clutch he does all the rest of the work. With the clutch out the engine automatically idles. With the clutch engaged the engine gradually picks up its load—all automatically, without attention on the part of the driver.

It is impossible to race the engine or drop the clutch in with the engine running too fast. Thus, tires, driving mechanism and the entire truck are relieved of the breaking-down strain which the use of a manually-operated accelerator incurs.

But this is only one thing "The Driver Under the Hood" does. Ask for a demonstration. See for yourself the remarkable performance of Clydesdale.

In our eight years of truck building we have placed Clydesdale in thirty-five countries throughout the world. We have sold trucks to such companies as the Timken-Detroit Axle Company, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, and the Edwards Electric Company of New York. This should be evidence to you that the truck is a thoroughly competent performer.



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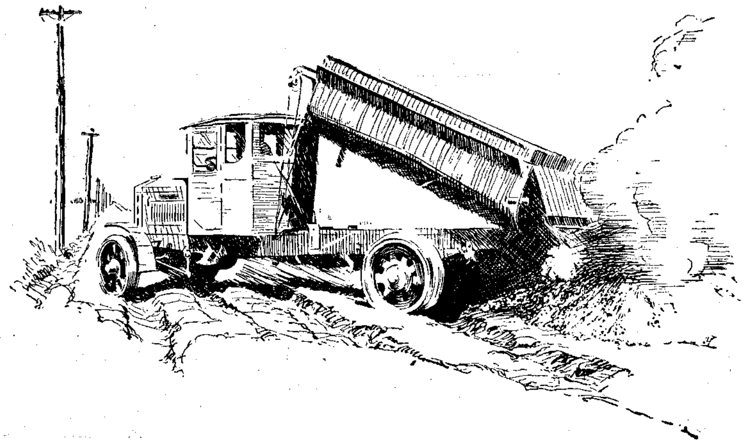

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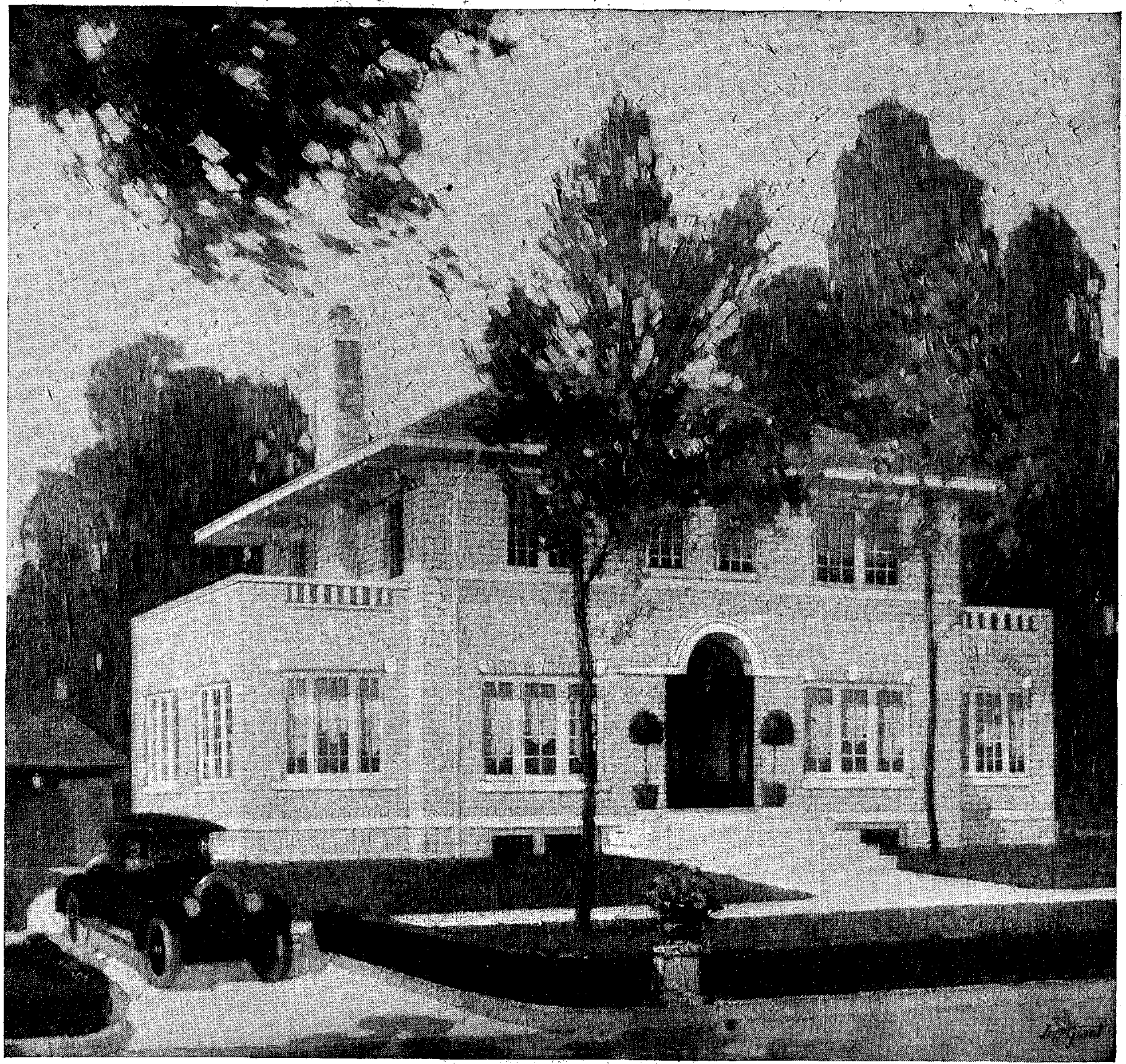
A WORLD PROVEN MOTOR TRUCK



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REPAIRS, depreciation, fire-safety, insurance rates and fuel costs are the factors that determine the investment value of your home-building. The savings which the Face Brick house gives you in respect to these factors cancel, in a few years, the slight difference in first-cost over cheaper types of construction. Its beauty, too, has an economic value, in case you ever wish to sell or rent. You will find a full discussion of these matters in "The Story of Brick." Send for it now.

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> That word alone sums up the reason why more diamonds are being sold in El Paso than ever before, according to the jewelers. In one month one dealer sold $30,000 worth of precious stones. Others report equally heavy sales.
>
> And it is the "average man," and not the wealthy man, who is buying the larger amount of stones. This is explained by the fact that people who have for years been working for what are now considered small salaries have "made killings" in oil and others have been granted wage-increases. For years they had longed to enjoy the pleasures that come with the possession of diamonds—pleasures which few outside the circle of wealthy folk could enjoy. Now that they have the money they are gratifying their desire.
>
> "It is ambition that makes the people of the world work," said one of the leading dealers of the city Wednesday. "It is ambition that causes us to build cities and seek fortunes. Many people are now realizing their ambitions financially—in part, if not in entirety."
>
> "We couldn't get all the diamonds in 1919 that we wanted," declared another. "Many people in the oil-fields have sent to El Paso for diamonds through their brokers.
>
> "But they are not confining their buying to diamonds alone, you will notice. Improvement of business conditions generally has come with increased earnings of the average man."

Louisville, Ky., and Birmingham, Ala., as reported by *The Courier-Journal* and *The Age Herald* respectively, report similar tendencies in the way of meeting high prices with increased spending for luxuries. The Minneapolis *Tribune* devotes a full page to our national extravagance, which, it finds, by helping to keep up high prices and to irritate those whose incomes have not expanded sufficiently to meet the demands of the times, is causing wide-spread social unrest. "Every one is trying to keep up with the Joneses or the Smiths, and it costs a lot of money," comments the Houston *Chronicle*, introducing a story of which the moral is "the duty of every one to save as much as possible under the conditions," since anything laid aside now "will increase in purchasing power when prices get to new low levels." The Utica *Press* dissects the situation to the following effect:

> The increased cost of a suit of clothes between 1914 and 1919 is $9.09 in the cost of cloth and $9.49 in the cost of the labor in making the suit. This and other illuminating statements are given out by William M. Wood, president of the American Woolen Company, commenting on the great raise in price of woolen garments. Federal taxes, which the mills and the manufacturers must pay, add considerably, and another reason is that the demand is for the finest qualities, and that good substantial, durable clothes of coarser material are not acceptable and will not sell. Apparently the people have a lot of money and will not be satisfied with what they used to take and be pleased with it, but demand the very best the market affords.
>
> A statement made by Mr. Wood is borne out by Miss Edith Strauss, appointed a few weeks since by the Department of Justice to organize the women of the country to fight the high cost of living.
>
> Miss Strauss tells of a Kansas merchant who, wishing to cooperate, marked up silk stockings 25 per cent. and marked down cotton stockings 20 per cent. Whereupon he could not meet the demand for silk stockings and the cotton hosiery was a drug on the market and went begging. Perhaps the best test of all reported was that in Boston where the cooperation of two shoe stores on opposite sides of the same street was invoked. They picked out forty pairs of shoes of precisely the same style and wholesale price. Of these twenty were marked at $14 a pair and the other twenty at $9 a pair, and both displayed in the show windows with the sums asked in plain figures. Nearly all the $14 shoes were sold before anybody bought a $9 pair. This would indicate a decided tendency toward extravagance in purchasing. During the war the rich are credited with having set a very excellent example, but now the war is over, they have changed their tactics, and other people earning more money than ever before are following the latter's example even more diligently than they did the other. Of course, decreased production is responsible in part for high prices, but with shortened hours and higher wages that can not be prevented. It is, however, entirely possible for the people to buy perfectly serviceable goods at lower figures if only they can be induced to do so.

The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* reports a practical application of this idea on the Pacific coast, where merchants and representative women are cooperating. As this account goes:

> The era of prosperity and high wages has stimulated buying of the most expensive grades of goods by the general public, and particularly by wage-earners. Manufacturers and wholesale houses have extended their activities to the limit in answer to this demand, tho without full success, and market prices on these lines have gone up and up and are still climbing. On the cheaper, utilitarian grades of goods, supplies are more ample and prices are reasonable; but the public remains unattracted by them. Dealers are, therefore, appealing to their customers to protect themselves from high prices and high cost of living by buying more carefully and thriftily.
>
> Present extravagance, say the merchants, will ultimately lead to lessened buying-power and a reaction in business. Dealers prefer to have buying kept within reasonable bounds and continue on that basis, rather than to enjoy a revel of buying to be followed by a slump when the money is spent.
>
> The attitude of local merchants has been met by housewives in a grateful spirit. A conference of women from various parts of the State has been in progress in Seattle, with the view to combating the high cost of living by some practical means, and the conclusion from the discussions is that reckless buying and expenditure have induced most of the high-cost troubles complained of. This conclusion is in accord with the attitude of local department-stores. Representative women of the State thus decide, according to the language of a resolution adopted, that: "We will, by precept and example, emphasize the doctrine of simple living. We will advocate intelligent buying, but the limiting of our purchases to what we need, and making those wisely, having in mind durability and style."
>
> In the surcharged atmosphere of general discussion and theory without practise, such practical utterances in reference to common-sense buying are as inspiring as a breath of fresh air. It appears that the public has within its own hands, if not a remedy, at least a strong palliative for the high cost of living.

The editor of the Houston *Post* is almost alone, it seems, in finding no evidences of reckless spending in his vicinity. "Houston may be slow," he writes, "but a careful check has failed to reveal unusual expenditures or extravagance. The fact is, we would be better off if we were less conservative."

A feature which may show that the present tendency toward splurging carries its own corrective with it is brought out by several of the commentators. It is an undisputed fact that the reckless buying is being done, for the most part, by people who have been especially stimulated by the possession of more money than usual. When they have spent their surplus, or got a better idea of money's value, they won't buy so recklessly. A case in point is furnished by the manager of a Detroit department-store, who told the editor of the Detroit *Journal* that he had bought "a few cheap shirts for salaried people, and many thousand silk shirts for the factory-workers." This editor concludes with the following significant comment:

> "I believe that the press of Detroit generally has felt a delicacy about criticizing the men and women who never before have had anything like a surplus above their needs, so have refrained from the publication of stories of extravagance."

The editor of the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, taking a somewhat similar line, expresses himself in the following optimistic manner:

> It is true of this community, as of others, that those in possession of the surplus wealth are indulging in tastes of which they had dreamed for many years. Of course, it keeps up the price of living and has nothing to defend it in human history, but I regard it, nevertheless, as quite a natural thing which, in time, will cure itself. They will discover, as others have before them, that that sort of pleasure has very little endurance and that real happiness is to be sought in thrift and not in extravagance. In this as in other matters I think that education will be better supported from within than from without. Already I have had many conversations with people who are enjoying this new experience and find that it is palling upon them. At present, for example, I am told that there are 1,500 families in New Haven looking for better rents than they have ever enjoyed before, and that in what might be called the slum district, quarters can be had to almost any extent. All these things bundled together make me believe that good will come out of it and that we will have, in time, a more thrifty citizenship and a general higher standard of civic responsibility.
>
> I can quite agree that publicity is a powerful organ in this connection, but I think it will have very hard work to keep up with the silent educational products which are going on in every quarter. In fact, to be brief, this is only one phase of the general hysteria which has overtaken the world and the peak of which I am quite sure has been reached. There is, however, too much common sense in this republic of ours not to make itself felt in the long run to the common good.

HOW AMERICA LOOKS TO AN AMERICAN RETURNING FROM EUROPE

GETTING USED TO THE HOME-FOLK after an absence of several months in Europe is an experience that a couple of million Americans have recently had, and, according to William G. Shepherd, returned war-correspondent, it's full of novelty. "You find yourself looking on America and the Americans with the eyes of a stranger," he says. It's a strange sensation, but we are told it does not last long. "A few sticks of chewing-gum; a drink or two at a soda-fountain; six or seven cents' worth of American newspapers; an hour or two with the sporting page and the baseball dope; an hour at the movies—and the strange feeling goes; you are an American again." Mr. Shepherd opines that the brief period of detached observation afforded the returned pilgrim during the first few days after he lands in America is of great benefit to him if he lets the impressions he then receives soak into his mind and remain there; he will thereafter always know more about America and Americans than stay-at-homes will ever know. The thing that made the deepest impression upon Mr. Shepherd's mind when he reached his homeland is the way we Americans "take ourselves for granted." Watching this, he says, is "one of the greatest joys of traveling." It appears that we are entirely destitute of the sense of astonishment. Our type is that of the small boy whose father took him to the poultry show where through a long, weary day he saw every variety of domestic fowl on earth. Just as they were leaving they passed a parrot. "Hello," suggested the bird cordially. The tired boy without showing the least sign of astonishment responded politely, "Hello, chicken," and went on his way. Mr. Shepherd also found that the average American can't grasp the idea that people in other parts of the world are not all like himself. The English, the French, and the Italians are all conscious of their respective nationalities; and "the Germans spent so much time being Germans that, so it would seem, they did not develop themselves into even human beings." But the Americans are different, Mr. Shepherd points out in the account of his observations contained in *Everybody's Magazine* (New York). He says:

Very few Americans stop to consider that they can make any greater claim for themselves than that they are just human beings, just folks, just two-legged, one-headed, eatin', drinkin', sleepin', hustlin' folks. It never occurs to them that folks elsewhere think differently than they; do things in a different way; have different motives and different view-points; different morals and different histories.

"Where do you folks keep your Liberty Bell?" an American dough-boy asked a French soldier.

"Where's the Forty-second and Broadway of Rome?" an American officer asked Henry Wood, an American correspondent.

"Well, I'll be gol-darned," said an American soldier, as he came out of a French apothecary's shop in the Rue St. Honoré, "no cherry phosphate!"

I thought, as I made my way to the hotel, of these stories and others, illustrating how so many of us who went to Europe—including even our highest statesmen—rather expected to find this an American world; or, rather, having formulated no expectations whatever, were surprized to learn that it was not an American world.

In the course of his article, Mr. Shepherd calls attention to several things in this country which cause the newly returned American to pause in some amazement and inquire why they are as they are, in the light of what he has learned during his sojourn abroad. Other things he notices, however, give him a new realization of what a fine thing it is to be an American. We read:

A thrill came over me before I had gone very far through the town. I saw a thing on the streets that told me more about the fineness of Americanism than all the speeches and all the flag-wavings and all the dreams of democracy that were exprest to us during the war by all our silver-tongued orators. It was a thing that none of the hurrying, bustling hundreds of thousands could have seen; it was a thing that they—God bless 'em!—never would have noticed. If they had seen it they wouldn't have stopt to give a second thought to it. What I, with my fresh view-point, saw was civilian clothes; nothing but civilian clothes. The absence of uniforms compelled my attention as it would have compelled the attention of any of us who had been in Europe. The London crowds were khaki-hued, when we left there. The Paris crowds were almost blue, except for the garb of women. They hang on, they hang on in Europe, in poor, tired, worried Europe, to the emblems of war. The clutch of war seems to be in the very seat of their lives; it has burned itself into their souls and its panoply is on their bodies. You feel that it too has fastened itself upon them to this generation's end.

But how they got out of khaki in America!

No wasted time there, on that job. Those millions of dough-boys whom we saw starting for home got out of their "working clothes" just as soon as they could. No one here at home noticed them doing it; the folks here took it for granted that that was the thing to do. It wasn't the thing to do. Lots of other soldiers didn't do it. But it was the American thing to do. "Where are they, those soldier fellows that we saw over there?" I found myself asking. The answer was: "All swallowed up again into American life! Buried in the crowds! Back to the job again! Back to the office, back to the bench, back to the little town, back to the farm, telling their stories with just as much wonder and astonishment in their own faces as in the faces of their hearers—back home, and fitting into it."

In several countries I might mention you encounter an overwhelming number of "heroes." The elevator man who takes you to your floor in the hotel is not really an elevator man; he's a "hero." Your waiter isn't just exactly a waiter; he's a "hero." Your taxicab driver, your street-car conductor, the usher at the theater, and even the business man with whom you come in contact are "heroes" first, and members of their profession or calling or craft secondarily. I am not speaking of real heroes. Your real hero no more needs quotation-marks around his title than he needs to tell you, in words, action, or attitude, what kind of a man he is.

The real hero in America, when I got home, had disappeared. He had plunged into American life and lost himself. And, thank God, the quotation-mark "heroes" of other lands that I might mention were nowhere in evidence.

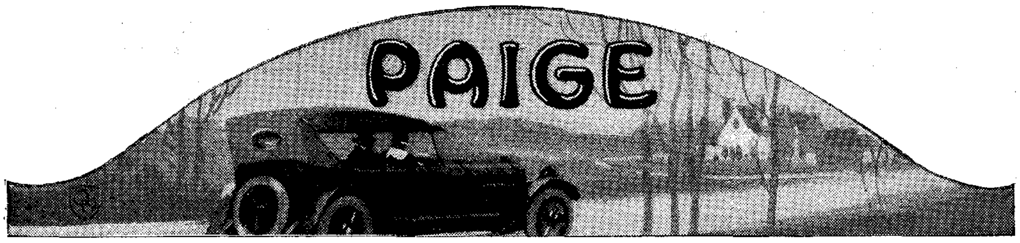
That absence of khaki in our streets—an absence which no one but an American who had been abroad recently would have noticed—told a story of the fine Americanism that I am honored to put into type.

Let us look at these American crowds through the eyes of one fresh from Europe, as I am, and if you call on your imaginations you can see a strange thing happen. Here and there, passing in and out among us, you will see a Serbian peasant, a Swedish farmer, an Italian vine-tender, a German toy-maker, an English land-laborer, women from the towns, villages, and farms of Europe. The number and variety grow. Peasants all, they would have been—cap-tipping, hand-kissing European peasants at the beck and call of every person of degree—if they had remained in the land of their forefathers. Let your imaginations garb them with the clothes which they might have been wearing except for the fact that a kind destiny called them to this land; put them back into the fields where they would have been; put them into the comfortless huts; give them the peasants' pittances; take from their minds the high thoughts that have been put there in our American schools; take from them their contact with books and with the news of the world; make them forget how to read or write—look at an American crowd, thus, shed of its Americanism . . . and then look at them as they really are; see the peasants fall away and the American rise to your gaze . . . and you will begin to understand the wonder of America.

Mr. Shepherd then goes on to discuss some of the things that astonish the returning traveler, before he has become swallowed up once more in American life. He has seen the suffering and hopelessness that prevail in many parts of Europe, and when he observes in what is called "this land of plenty and busy-ness," sundry ructions and problems in no degree differing from those of Europe, the thing is so surprizing, we are told, that he "can only fall back on the dough-boy's phrase and say, 'Well, I'll be damned.'" As for a case in point, he writes:

It was the Boston police strike that first caught my attention. I haven't been home long enough, yet, at this writing, to discover whether my home-folks saw anything weird and grotesque and inexplicable in what happened in Boston. The newspapers in the East and in the West got mad about it, I know. They had editorials saying that policemen ought not to have unions and that a good policeman couldn't be under two masters—the city government and his union officials. All of which I understand.

But, being fresh from Europe, and paying more attention to



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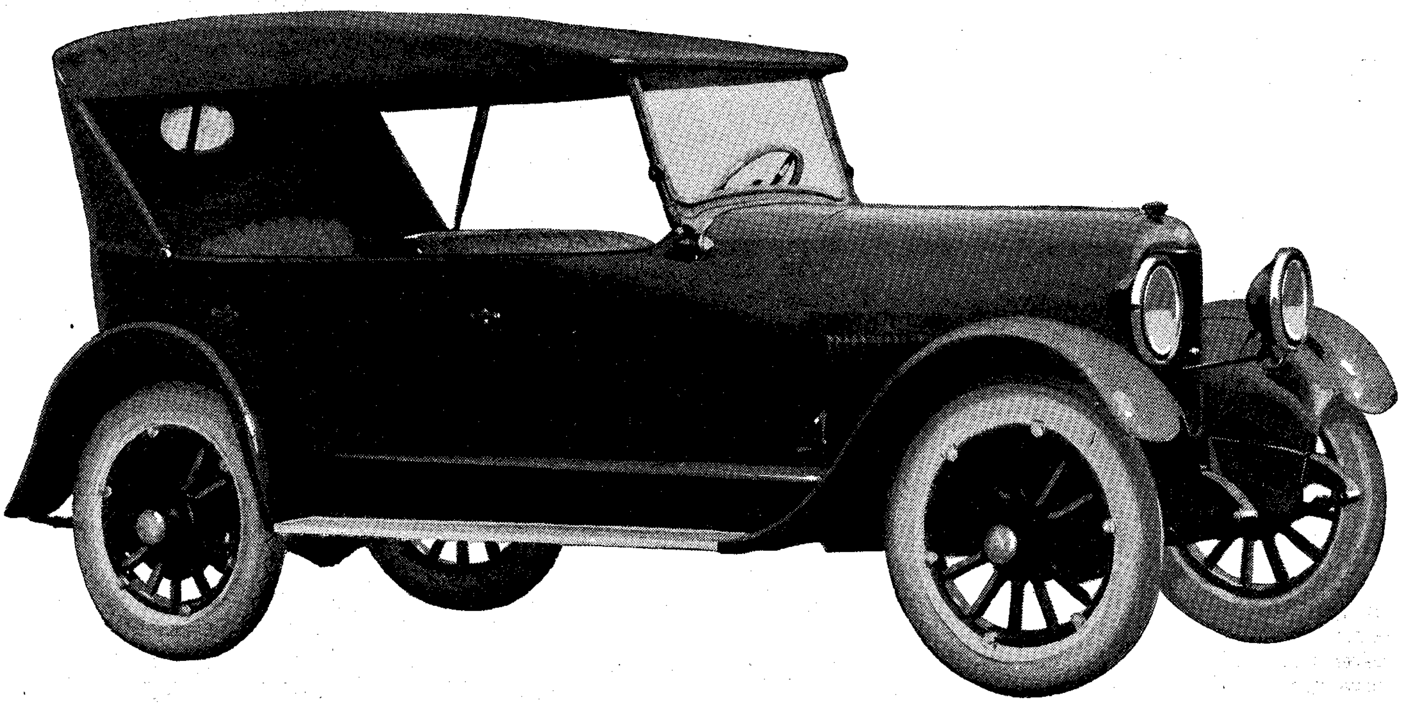

American folks, *en masse*, than to striking policemen, in particular, I found, in the action of the Boston crowds something that leaves me with that dough-boy phrase on my lips.

In Liverpool, not long ago, there was a strike of policemen. There were some desperately poor people in Liverpool. Many an ex-Tommy was going about the streets at that time in his uniform because he didn't have the money wherewith to purchase civilian clothes. During the Liverpool strike crowds broke into shops and took food because they needed food. Those were hungry crowds in Liverpool—men and women, without work, without rent money, without decent homes, were in those crowds. It was the jobless ones of Liverpool who raised the ruction. They took what they could get their hands on, while the police were striking.

Being unfamiliar with labor conditions in America I was astounded, of course, at the action of the crowds in old Boston. I could put the riots there on no other basis than that of poverty and unemployment. I got the first Boston newspapers I could lay my hands on and found them carrying hundreds of "Help Wanted" advertisements. I could have jumped on a train in New York in the morning and have been in a good job in Boston by nightfall.

In Liverpool, the window-smashing, the barricades, the machine guns, and the soldiers were easy to understand. In Boston, as it appeared, men had to dodge jobs in order to stay out on the streets to mill around. Boys and men had to stay away from work in order to find time for rioting. Nobody shot craps on the Common at Liverpool or gambled at the entrance of Liverpool's Faneuil Hall. Everybody was too busy getting something he needed.

But in Boston it was all futility. The crowds didn't seem to want anything, particularly. There was every indication that they didn't sympathize with the policemen.

When I knew that Boston militiamen had, at the point of the bayonet, marched throngs of men through Boston's streets, each man's hands raised above his head, just to clear the streets, my mind went to those crowds of Silesian men who, not many days ago, almost a year after the war had ended, were marched through the streets of their villages by those same ugly, hated, steel-helmeted, cruel gray men whom we were all trying to kill, by fire and shell, not many moons ago — their hands clasped over their heads, herded like cattle away from the villages in which, the Germans feared, they might later vote for Silesian independence.

That crowd of Boston men, with their upraised hands, is weird, silly, compared with that throng of Silesians.

Were the Boston crowds trying as hard as they could to be down-trodden?

Did that Boston crowd have an entity like one man, and was it trying to play the part of a down-trodden populace to the part of military oppression?

I don't know. I haven't been home long enough. But I suspect that if I stay home for fifty years I'll not be able to answer.

All I can do is what every other man does who has recently come home from Europe and that is ask:

"Why —?"

Speaking further of the labor unrest in America, Mr. Shepherd says it looks to the home-comer as if Americans, with their proclivity for taking everything for granted, are permitting a small minority to run their affairs, tho they are oblivious to that fact. He finds that strikes and labor troubles in this country seem to be mainly the result of agitation on the part of an insignificant proportion of the population designated as leaders. In Europe real want is responsible for the disturbed conditions. "Everywhere but in America . . . the great masses are worried about their next meal," he says. "Yet here in America, we find ourselves acting under minority control, as if we were in as great distress as any other country on earth." Contrasting the situation in America pertaining to Bolshevism with that existing in Russia, he reminds us that everybody in Russia had a grudge against the Government. "Things in Russia were bad enough to make a Baptist turn Bolshevik," he says, and he holds it hopeless for this country to keep up with Russia, tho some people would have us do so. "We haven't got grudge enough in America to be Bolsheviki," he declares. As for Sovietism, Mr. Shepherd is of the opinion that it would no more fit into American life than Confucianism. He continues:

Sovietism, on the other hand, is as much a part of Russian life as is Confucianism of Chinese. Folks who have been to Russia know this; Americans who have never been there don't know it.

A thousand years ago and more, in Russia, when half a dozen or so of men in a town wanted to go into the forests to cut timber, they organized what they called an *artel*. This was a sort of company. They elected a foreman; they decided how the work was to be divided, and the proceeds. On the coasts of Russia the fishermen, too, formed their *artels* before they went on a trip. As the centuries went by Russian life became *artelized*. Nowhere in Russia, for the past six hundred years, could you have found a peasant who would not be able either to conduct a parliamentary session of the one or more *artels* to which he belonged, or to take part in its deliberations.

Reading and writing had nothing to do with it. The intellectuals of Russia had nothing to do with the forming of this *artel* system. Neither did the Government. It was a growth among the people. All that Lenine and Trotzky did, in forming their Soviet Government, was to seize upon the Russian *artel* idea.

When you say to a Russian, "Let's rule our country by *artels*," he knows, immediately, no matter how ignorant he may be in other respects, just what you mean. But when a long-haired Russian soap-box orator in America stands before a crowd and says practically the same thing, the American crowds wonder what he is talking about.

Republicanism is as ingrained in the American mind as *artelism* is ingrained in the Russian. No one who knows the Russian situation can ever worry whether Sovietism will find a foothold in America. About those Americans who do worry over it, I do not ask my question, "Why?" I know why. They worry because they don't know any better.

It has occurred to a lot of the boys who have been surprized by what they found in their native land on their return from Europe that the folk at home at this time aren't exactly themselves, states Mr. Shepherd. The old-time Americanism is still there, however, he asserts, altho he confesses that he has found it something of a task to locate it in the midst of the new mysteries he has discovered in America. Occasionally one catches a glimpse of the solid foundations on which Americanism once rested, we are told, and he furnishes an example:

One night recently the hundred theaters in New York City were chock-full as usual of Americans from every corner of the United States. The great city with the day's work done was passing through its nightly silly hour. Not much hope for America you could have found in those pleasure-seeking crowds, you think; no signs of earnest hopes for America, no signs of effort for America's betterment; no traces of the saneness and solidity of our forefathers who built up our great land.

In the great theater where I sat a huge spectacle was being given. As a homecomer I was more interested in the audience than I was in the spectacle. Among the hundreds there you could have found Americans from every State in the Union, for it is a part of every American's visit to New York to view the season's show at this particular theater.

The audience split up on various things. Some liked some of the acts and some didn't. Some liked the music, some liked the girls, some liked the scenery, and some liked the vaudeville acts.

Could such an audience—and it was only an average American audience, as uncertain as anything else in these uncertain days—have agreed on anything?

Between acts the theater was darkened and a white screen was dropt. On the screen were thrown the words of that simple old song, "Nellie Gray." Above the verse was the date "1854."

Who wants to sing "Nellie Gray" these days? Who cares about a song written in our fathers' time?

The orchestra softly played the air:

Oh, my darling Nellie Gray,
They have taken you away,
And I'll never see my Nellie any more.

The audience sat chatting, waiting for the curtain to rise.

A new song was thrown on the screen.

"Little Brown Jug," it was.

Here and there about me men and women mumbled the words of that song which our daddies sang laughingly half a century ago.

My wife and I lived all alone,
In a little brown house we called our own.

Then came another song. It was "Grandfather's Clock."

No one came on to the stage and asked us to sing, but before we knew it, ourselves, all of us, in that greatest theater auditorium in New York City, all of us pleasure-seeking folks, were singing "Grandfather's Clock."

Then came "Wait for the Wagon." How we all knew the old songs I don't know. But it was a great roar of song that filled the theater. Emigrants from Galicia and Italy and Russia and the various corners of Europe—hyphenated Americans—don't know those old songs that our daddies sang while they were

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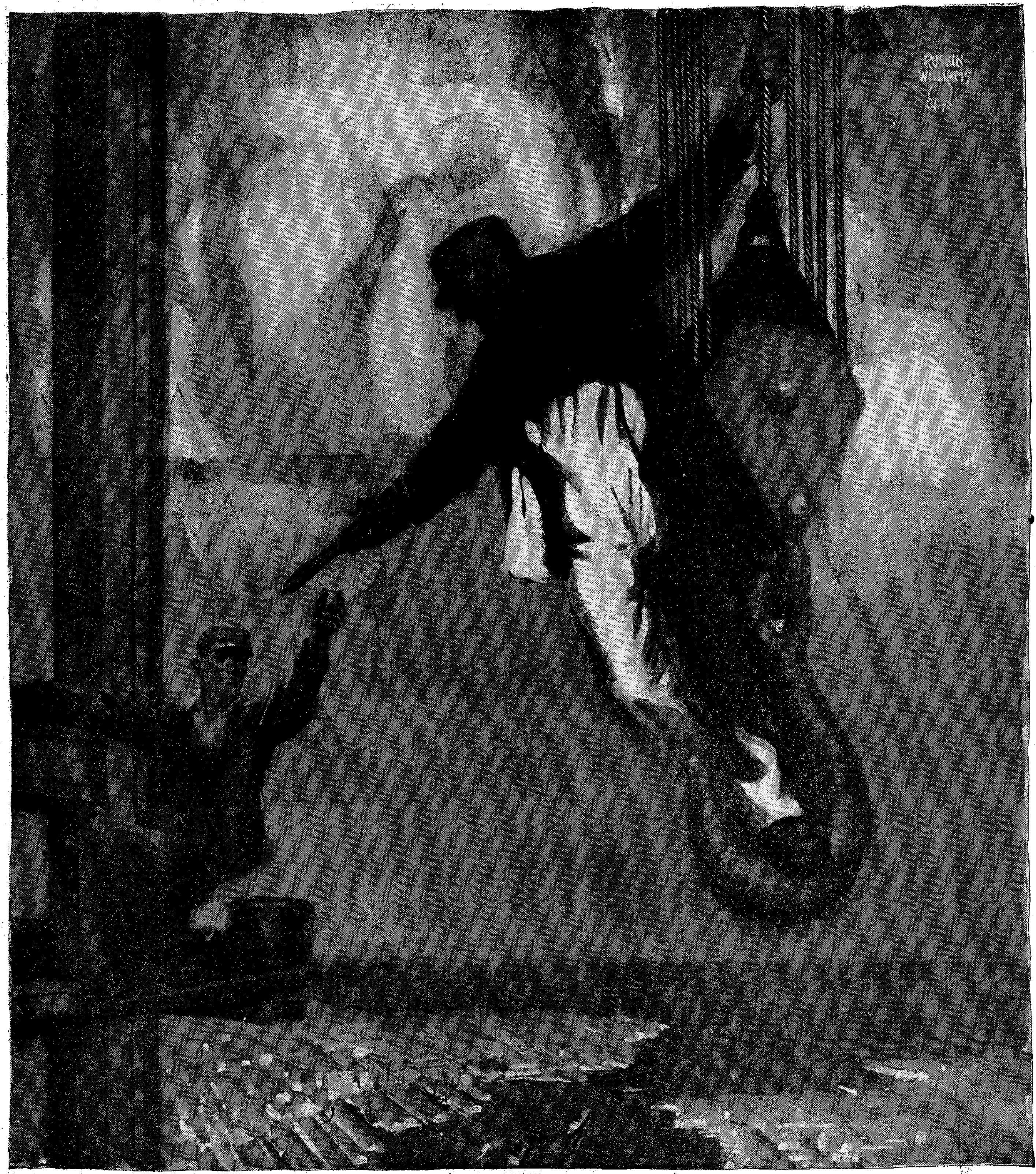

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fighting the Wilderness and were settling the rebellion of the sixties, but, we all sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," just as if a leader were conducting us with a baton, and we were in an old-time country-town singing-school.

We all liked the last song that was thrown on the screen. It wasn't the "Star-Spangled Banner," tho that is a good song. It wasn't "Over There" or "Keep the Home Fires Burning." We would have stood up for "The Star-Spangled Banner," of course. But I'm sure that some one would have had to come out on the stage and coax us into singing any song of the recent war—and then we wouldn't have understood why he wanted us to sing it.

But this song that they put on the screen—how we *did* sing it.

We sang the verse with a roar and when we came to the chorus the orchestra had to play its loudest to keep up with us. I know that there were thrills going up and down more spines than mine, while we sang out, in all tones, times, and cadences:

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah.
Down with the traitors and up with the stars.
We'll rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

We had found a common meeting-ground, we folks in that New York theater that night; not the common ground of music, but the common ground of the old days, the common ground of our history and of our throbbing, glorious past.

For a moment we had stopt thinking of the puzzled present; for a moment we had stopt looking at the blurred future. We had looked back and it seemed to me that the benediction of all our fathers and their fathers' fathers came down upon us like a blessing and then hovered before us like a guiding star.

THE YANKEES IN SIBERIA AS THEY APPEARED TO "SIMPLE AND TRUSTING" RUSSIANS

ONE OF THE MYSTERIES surrounding the work of the American troops in Siberia seems to be solved by a translation of a Russian newspaper article which has recently appeared in this country. Why, a good many of us asked, did the very Russians whom our troops went over to assist so often turn against the Americans? The answer seems to be quite obvious, and characteristically Slavic. The simple Russians expected the marvelous Americans to perform miracles, to show themselves but little lower than the angels. The Americans turned out to be very ordinary fellows, neither able to produce ship-loads of food by touching a button, nor to chase the Bolsheviki single-handed across Russia. Neither did the average American, as he appeared in Vladivostok, represent a high level of culture in an artistic, literary, or musical line. The simple Russians were much disappointed. The article in question tells of their regrettable disillusionment. It is entitled "The Yankees," and appeared in *Golos Priomrya*, an anti-Bolshevik newspaper published in Vladivostok. The paper was suppressed by order of the American Command for the publication of this article, an official act which, we are informed, did not help the *entente cordiale*. Whatever may have been the article's evil effects in Siberia, however, its publication here will serve to throw light upon the state of the Russian mind, no less, perhaps, than on some aspects of Americanism. The article, as presented in translation by *The Appeal to Reason* (Girard, Kan.), begins with a presentation of the naive Russian idea of the Yankee in the days before he appeared in Siberia:

Not so very long ago we knew of the transpacific Yankee only through pictures. He seemed to us then a sort of magician in his star-spangled hat and his bright striped trousers; so very tall, and with a wedge-like, pointed little beard.

We knew that this Yankee, as by a magic wand, created at home towering sky-scrapers; that he built gigantic steamers, invented machines. It appeared that the Yankee's life was passed in strenuous work, in the roar of monstrous machines, in the brilliant, blinding light of electricity; to us he seemed living in an unfamiliar atmosphere, master of nature, commanding her bounty by the mere pressure of the electric button.

And in our time of national crisis we fixt our rainbow hopes on our Yankee friends beyond the seas. Soon, very soon, he would come to us, with real, genuine help. That was why he was a friend! He would press any one of his numerous buttons, and laden steamers would go out to us—a mere trifle to him. It seemed so simple and so natural. The Yankee's factories produced endless varied machinery, tools, and articles of first necessity. It would only be a trifle to him. He could do everything!

Friends in need are friends indeed. Is it not true?

We all spoke of America, hoping so for her coming, and we thought that after this war we should look no more to the detestable Germans for the things we needed. We would open our great markets to America and her exports, and in return she would bring us her experience, knowledge, and capital, and help us to increase the productive powers of our industries, to exploit our mines and our forests.

We were genuinely happy to welcome the first Americans who came from so far away to give us a helping hand. We rejoiced and we hoped, with the confidence and faith so inherent in us Russians.

The Yankee came, not in his star-spangled hat and bright-striped trousers, but in a business suit; not lean, but well set up and well fed, looking in no way different from our own speculators. He came without his magic wand, but he spoke much and with great grandiloquence about himself, and he wondered what we wanted. And when we modestly enumerated our needs, he smiled at our trifling demands, and said: "Oh, yes! We'll send you many steamers, everything, all right!"

And we began to await the promised steamers, and many of us watched hopefully for the smoke of American vessels on the horizon. What talk there was about our idle mining and forest resources! We thought that now, with the coming of the enterprising Americans, their systematic exploitation would begin, enriching ourselves and them. The question of transportation, too, seemed solved; the Americans would take the railways under their care, their carrying capacity would at once increase, for it would be a simple problem for American specialists; besides, rolling-stock was already on the way. At last we should no longer wait a year at a time for a chance to ship our goods.

We even forgot the Bolsheviki. It was only necessary to behold the brave, husky, disciplined American soldiers and it was clear that Bolshevism must fall before their awe-inspiring forces.

Time passed. We came to know our visiting Yankees better, and soon all hopes began to melt away. We were disillusioned. Some said: "Our friend the Yankee is only getting ready." Others only waved their hands in despair. There were even some who doubted the authenticity of our Yankee, who said he was spurious, and that the genuine Yankee was still at home. With her highly developed industries America could do everything; didn't she make coffee out of old soles?

How simple and trusting we Russians are, like grown-up children!

But if we Russians are simple, the Americans are not less so, who think they are conquering our hearts and our markets and are doing something big. Only at home, where everything is under their absolute command, are they creators. Here, where one must build from the ground, where obstacles rise at every turn, where vision is needed, and where one must risk much, Americans fail, losing courage and faith, caring only about the invested dollar.

Their representatives made dragonlike conditions; immediate orders for large quantities of goods, with cash guaranties, and still greater orders for the future, also cash down; as tho one could, under present conditions in Russia, at once introduce and accustom the population to new needs and machines. Things were no more hopeful in our export of raw materials. The Americans have not yet learned to buy them from us directly, but do so through Japan. It is less troublesome; the Japanese buys, reships, and the American pays a handsome commission.

We Russians are simple, but simpler still is Mr. American.

Time does not wait: Pretty soon the German traveling salesman will come offering the most liberal terms, for German industries and foreign trade are great and strong, and her representatives adapt themselves to all varied circumstances.

I wonder what the Y. M. C. A. boys are thinking about that!

The writer then turns toward a more personal view of the American character, and finds much that is significant in the one American whom he seems to have known. This lone American, who is forced to stand as a sample of all Americans, seems to have been a rather "lowbrowed" young man. The writer gathers from this fact that America must be, by and large, a land of "low-brows." Whether this large deduction is authentic or not, the Russian has certainly stumbled upon a common American type, and handles him without gloves. As the presumably cultured and observant Slav tells the story:

Two years ago, in Japan, at the Hôtel Impérial, a few Russian

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Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing. The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. Very durable; requires no painting. Nails and cement in each roll.

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ladies of my acquaintance gathered for a social chat after dinner. I introduced to them my new young American friend, who spoke some Russian, wore his evening clothes easily, gracefully knocked the ashes off his cigar, and whistled a few popular and common American tunes.

In our little circle he deported himself freely, even familiarly, with the ladies, and talked much nonsensical stuff; but when the conversation turned to art and literature my American friend listened with great wonder, in silence, altho the talk was about English and American writers. He did not know them, and everything seemed new to him.

The ladies soon became animated, and imperceptibly the interest turned to themes of love and success in life. One of the ladies proposed that each should tell an entertaining story of some beautiful daring in which the narrator was the hero. We cast lots.

I told of a lively affair which pleased the ladies very much. The ladies modestly and adroitly got away with some facetious, witty nonsense. The turn came to the American who related the following: He lived once in a house where a beautiful young girl was staying. He became greatly infatuated with her, but she paid no attention to him. Once, when no one besides them was at home, he entered her room without knocking and seizing her began to kiss her. "And what did the girl do?" asked one of the ladies. "She could do nothing," he answered complacently. "I held her fast by the hands." This free confession aroused a long outburst of laughter, but he did not understand that the merriment was due to his utter stupidity. He remained convinced that we admired his "beautiful daring."

When the ladies took their leave, and we remained alone, he said thoughtfully: "How lucky you Russians are!" "Why?" "Among you one may enjoy the company of women and girls, pay court to them, appear with them in society, at theaters . . ." "Do you not enjoy these pleasures at home?" "No!" he declared emphatically. "If one pays too much attention to a girl at home, it is likely to end badly; she will either demand that you marry her or begin to blackmail you." "Blackmail!" I almost rose from my chair. "Very simple. She will demand handsome payment because she spent her time with you, was seen with you, because she expected a proposal, in a word, because you were attentive." "But suppose nothing really happened between you?" "No matter. If you don't pay her, she will sue you in court, and she will win because the law is on her side."

It opprest me as a nightmare; the lady: blackmail, the curious lawsuit, and justice on the side of a blackmailer.

I greatly pitied my handsome young American, drest so showily, making dollars so fast, but without the slightest interest in or understanding of art, literature, music, which open beautiful worlds of exalting, soul-ennobling emotions. But my American friend, lying back in the deep easy-chair, his feet thrown far out, lazily moved the points of his shining patent-leather shoes up and down, whistling the while a popular air. In the commonplaceness of this stupid little air one felt the true reflection of American life—noisy, deafening, showy, but without depth and content, and so foreign to Russian culture.

Of course, it is a trifle—that stupid, commonplace air. One might overlook it, if its place were only the backyard and the alley. But if noisy coarseness has occupied the central position in American song, it then offers condemning testimony. Music is the most free and sublime of the arts. It reached its apogee only at the uttermost limits of Jewish culture. It is the utterance of the most mysterious emotions of our souls, for which language is poor, color pale, and poetry incomplete. As no other art, music is the blamelessly exquisite image of man's spiritual life. Music does not repeat or imitate as do other arts. Music is a going out into the world of hopes and dreams, into the immeasurable empire of sound, a yearning for perfection.

And what do the Americans give us? Noisy, rude, saucy little airs, galloping, trotting airs, such as circus horses like.

My childhood was passed in Little Russia. I learned to love songs woven of beautiful words, harmonious and rapturous as a prayer. When, for the first time, I overheard a stone-cutter singing, "Never was my love for thee so cruel, old hag—" I was seized with deep consternation. Such mockery seemed like the vulgar hiccuping of a beast. Never could I bring myself to compromise with the coarseness of the factory-worker who assimilated only the negative side of city life, the underside of culture.

In American songs I feel this "old hag" tune pervading all, a spiritual emptiness, cynicism, and pertness, and I can not compromise with it, for to me, a Slav, a song is a thing of beauty, as prayer and music are—the image of a bright hope.

American literature, too, is infected with "Pinkertonism." Characteristic is the work of Jack London, a brilliant, gifted, and original author, but discoursing of brutal strength, of cruel despotic, conquering, coarse men—and little else. The animal in man shut off from his vision the deep, noble, compassionate soul of man a thousand centuries old.

American architecture has given us sky-scrapers, vast, grandiose barracks, and the bungalow; the latter, however, has a charm and originality of its own. I know no American sculpture and painting, but apparently they are undeveloped and inferior; otherwise American multimillionaires would not roam over Europe greedily buying up, without thought of worth or price, all objects of art. Have they really awakened to spiritual things, or are they buying rich and famous decorations for their palaces? I hesitate to pronounce judgment. But it seems to me they are moneyed men with enormous stomachs buying luscious viands. One may buy pictures for dollars, but one can not buy understanding of beauty which belongs to the soul that hath glory in it.

Universal, insolent, lying advertising; monstrous industry; enormous sky-scrapers; feverish chasing after the dollar; these have crowded out all spiritual values.

I once watched, on a screen, an exhibition of American industrial development. I was at first filled with wonderment at their genius, their progress, but soon this vastness transfixt me with dread. I felt that these giants with their yawning traps and terrible antennæ had overtopped man himself, had seized him in the flying wheel with steel paws, and had long enslaved the inventor. These black monsters with their infernal roar have smothered the spirit of man, killed the sense of beauty and sublimity.

Great strength is too often paralleled by weak intellectual development. Nature, so wasteful in the world of vegetating things, is frugal with man; endowing him with great physical strength, she limits and curtails his intellect. Whom she endows with strength she deprives of an additional weapon for the struggle of life.

And American culture—is it not like the low-browed athlete of great muscular powers developed at the expense of mind?

A "RED" OUTBURST, IN A GRAND-OPERA SETTING, AT RIBERA, SICILY

IN THE VOLCANIC and picturesque island of Sicily, even such an every-day matter as a "Red" uprising was bound to have a flavor all its own. Bolshevism, in its brief or protracted outbreaks from Moscow to Seattle, may have become so familiar as to be something of a bore, but when it came time for those super-Italians, the Sicilians, to show that they weren't behind the Bolshevik times, the little town of Ribera staged a performance in an original style. There was a death-defying Duke who outfaced the murderous mob of enraged peasantry besieging his ancient castle, there were alarums and excursions of soldiers and mobs, there was a forced signature of important papers, there were demands for cash in large sums on general principles, there were political complications, the sacking of a castle, and numerous other grand-opera attractions, right down to the final tragedy. When it came time for the tragedy, however, the Spanish Duke who seemed cast for the part of the corpse succeeded in getting away to Spain, leaving behind a document which conveyed his large estates, gratis, to the people of Ribera. They repaid him by decking his train with flowers and sending a guard of honor to accompany him on the first stage of his journey. By way of diversion, they sacked the castle, robbed a safe containing 50,000 lire and other valuables, carried away some 300 gallons of wine, all the furniture, all the windows and doors, the floors, and nearly everything else that could be pried loose. This happy ending, with no lives lost in spite of the really strenuous plot, is a little marred by a hint to the effect that the Spanish Duke may want his castle back. It was, no doubt, natural for him to feel less liberal after he had got beyond the reach of the vivacious Sicilians. The Spanish Government, it is reported, has already protested to the Italian Government, thus introducing international complications.

"The gravity of the outbreak at Ribera is so great," gravely remarks *L'Ora*, a daily newspaper published at Palermo, across the island from the scene of the disturbance, "that, before describing what actually happened, we have felt it our duty to make a thorough inquiry into the matter." Accordingly, a special representative was sent to Ribera, with orders to get to the roots of the late proceedings. Mr. Edward Beard forwards to us from Palermo a translation of the report made by this investigator, as presented by *L'Ora*. "We will tell the story just as it happened, and leave comment to our readers," states the Italian journal, and thus begins:

> While the election campaign was in progress at Girgenti the most extravagant promises were made in order to gain the good will of the inhabitants, and the responsibility for subsequent events rests, not on an electorate made drunk by the heady verbiage of the candidates, but on the candidates themselves.
>
> The Duke of Bivona, a Spanish peer and Vice-President of the Spanish Senate, owns much property in Ribera. During the week of the elections the local Union of Discharged Soldiers had been so greatly inflamed by promises of the free distribution of the Duke's estates that they made hostile demonstrations in front of his palace. The Duke, advised of this by his agent, Commissioner Vincenzo Cascio, returned to Italy from Spain.
>
> On presenting himself at the head office of the Union of Discharged Soldiers at Rome he made it clear that two of his estates, called Gulfa Guimarella and Gulfa Panetteria, both of which were highly rated by the Society of St. John, a kindred association to the Union of Discharged Soldiers, could not, by reason of the decree of Visocchi, be forcibly taken from him, but that in order to satisfy the Union of Discharged Soldiers he would sell them two other estates on the same terms that the Society of St. John were offering. He declared that these other estates were just as near the village and were equally good, and that both parties would thus be satisfied. The price of the first two estates was to be 3,000,000 lire, a sum far below the actual value, but one which had been agreed upon by the Society of St. John and confirmed by the local representative of the Union of Discharged Soldiers. Such was the gist of the interview between the Duke and the Union of Discharged Soldiers regarding the sale.
>
> On leaving Rome the Duke met Commissioner Cascio at Ribera in order to arrange matters, and Sunday, January 25, was fixt upon as the date for receiving a deputation from the Society of St. John, which deputation would also bring up the matter of the sale of the two other estates, called Belmonte and Castellana, a matter which had been left in suspense pending an inquiry into the rental values.
>
> At mid-day on the 25th a deputation of the Union of Discharged Soldiers presented themselves at the Duke's castle, and declared that the two Gulfa estates must be handed over to the Union of Discharged Soldiers and not to the Society of St. John. The Duke pointed out that he had obtained the consent of the head office of the Union of Discharged Soldiers to arrange a sale with the Society of St. John, and that in any case the other two estates were equally good.
>
> The deputation continued to display their eagerness for the two Gulfa estates and no others, and with a final threat that they would not permit the sale to the Society of St. John, they left the castle.
>
> At five o'clock on the same day, while a deputation from the Society of St. John was closeted with the Duke, with a view to fixing up the sale of the four estates, they heard an ominous bugle call summoning the whole population of Ribera to revolt.
>
> In an instant a regular fusillade of stones was directed against the windows of the castle, and every pane was shattered. The deputation from the Society of St. John was terrified and put themselves under the protection of the Duke, who let them out by a door at the back of the castle which led to open country.
>
> As soon as the rioters learned that the deputation was no longer in the castle they became quiet, but when the Duke made preparations to leave, he found that they had posted armed pickets to prevent anyone entering or leaving the village, and, further, that they had surrounded the castle with a similar purpose. So watchful were these pickets that they even opened a coffin to see if the Duke was trying to escape by feigning death!
>
> About ten o'clock in the morning on the second day of the siege a meeting was held of the Union of Discharged Soldiers and the other inhabitants of the village, at which it was decided that it was not fair for them to pay for the estates, since the people were the rightful owners of the land. Accordingly a procession was formed, headed by bands and waving flags, and having advised their arrival by a shower of stones, they surrounded the castle, and proceeded to make a riotous demonstration.

The agent, Commissioner Cascio, speaking from a balcony, pointed out that it was impossible to treat with the whole village, but said that he was willing to receive a deputation chosen by popular vote. Amid a tumult of groans and threats, a deputation was chosen. When these men were brought before the Duke they announced to him that the people did not propose to pay for the land, but would rent it at 10 lire (about $1.50) per acre. The Duke said he would consider the matter, which he did, while the crowd remained surrounding the castle. The account continues:

> The deputation came back in the evening and were told that altho the Duke was willing to agree to their proposal a certain amount of time must be granted in order to draw up the necessary deeds. In the meantime a feeling had sprung up in the village that it was not just that the farmers only should have a share in the land to the exclusion of the workpeople, and so some shoemakers accompanied the deputation and insisted that they had an equal right to the land.
>
> A long discussion ensued concerning the amount of land to be allotted to each individual. Eventually the Duke adjourned the meeting until such time as they could agree among themselves and lay an agreed scheme before him.
>
> The Duke hoped that this delay would enable help, already summoned by telegraph, to reach him.
>
> The Commissary of Police, however, informed him that it was useless to hope to escape, even if a special force of police were sent to his assistance, and that under the circumstances the only means of saving his life was for him to accede to whatever the people wanted. He pointed out to the Duke that even if the people knew what they wanted they would be unable to present their demands in suitable form, and that the Duke could not therefore sign.
>
> On the next day—the third of the siege—the Duke received Cavaliere Liborio Friscia, the president of the Union of Discharged Soldiers. While the interview was in progress the people started the usual stone-throwing, and insisted that the president should come back, since he might not formulate their demands properly if unaccompanied by the deputation. The president accordingly went down to them and returned after a while with the deputation, who, wishing to show that they had no desire to curry favor with the Duke, required him to fix rents for the land forthwith, without any discussion concerning the rental value.
>
> The Duke demanded time to reflect and they gave him until five o'clock. A document was prepared which should come into force at that hour, saying that the Duke must accept any counter-proposals or must agree without further discussion to whatever the people should arrange among themselves. The document went on to say that at ten o'clock the next day the castle would be sacked and the inmates butchered, and that reenforcements of Favoroti, who were experts in such matters, had been sent for.
>
> Those inside the castle endeavored to communicate this unpleasant news to the Commissary of Police by sending to him one of the six castle guards, but the Commissary showed no signs of having received the message. They then telegraphed to the Cabinet and to the Chiefs of Police at Girgenti and Sciacca, begging aid from all three.
>
> At ten o'clock on the fourth day of the siege, instead of the deputation coming to receive their answer, the whole populace—entirely out of hand—rushed to the castle, and again began to throw huge stones, torn up from the pavement. In a short time all the windows were smashed in and the defenders, driven back into the rooms, were only able to escape by fleeing into the interior of the castle. All hope of resistance was useless, and it was equally hopeless to attempt to gain time, since a party of the attackers had already scaled a low wall in another part of the building and had found their way into the central courtyard. The Duke, seeing that all would be lost if the mob found their way into his private apartments, and being desirous of saving the women, decided to go out and face them alone, in the hope that by surrendering himself to them he might save the women from certain death. He opened the door and walked out into the midst of a crowd that had already lost all semblance of humanity.

For a moment the mob was struck dumb with astonishment, and the Duke's life hung in the balance. The case seems to have had points in common with that celebrated occasion when Gabriele d'Annunzio, captor of Fiume, stood forth before the rifles of the Italian government soldiers sent to capture him, and offered his breast to their bullets. Now, as then, the Italian temperament rose to the occasion. A voice shouted "*Viva il Duca!*" and the cry was taken up by everybody. The Duke and Cascio were seized and borne shoulder high at the head of an extempore triumphal procession to the committee-rooms of the Union of Discharged Soldiers. There, as the narrative tells:

> A man drest in the uniform of an army officer appeared, and, instead of taking steps to check and calm the angry crowd, began a long and rambling speech, from which emerged a demand that the Duke should hand over 200,000 lire. The Duke

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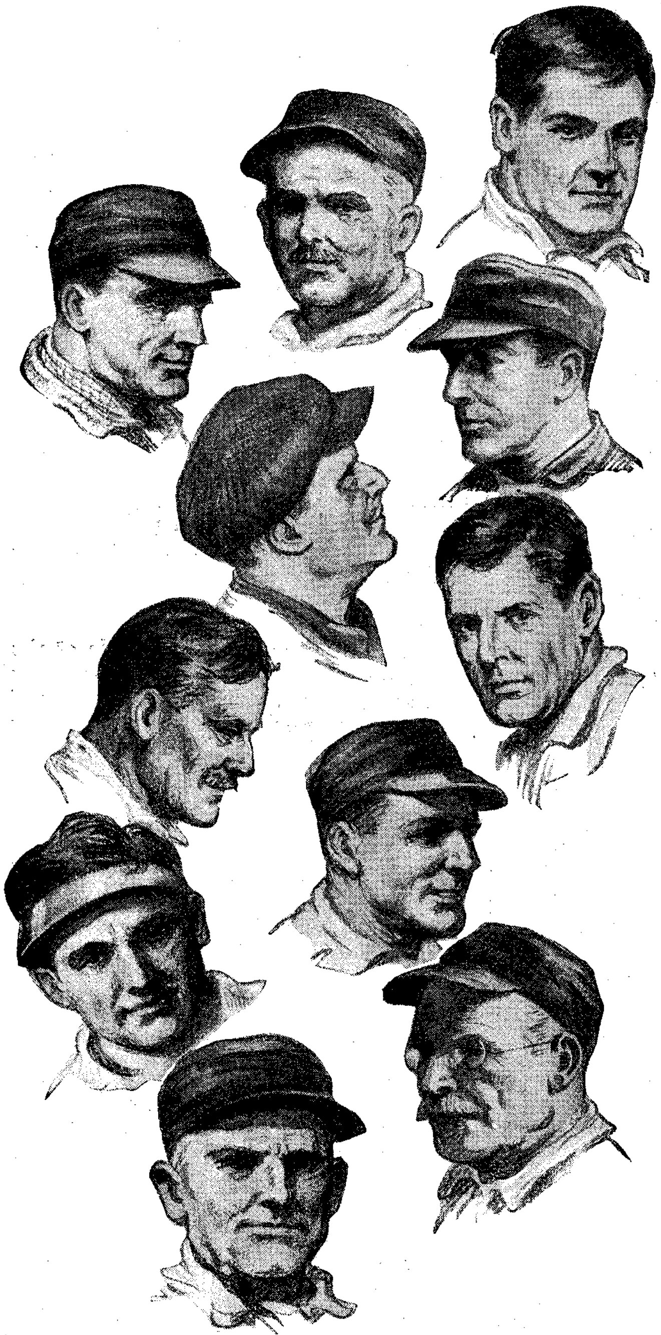

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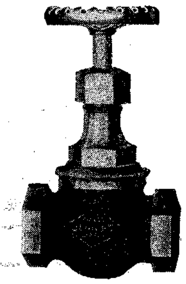

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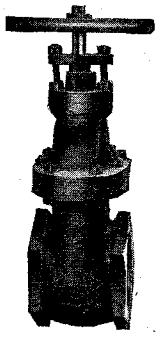

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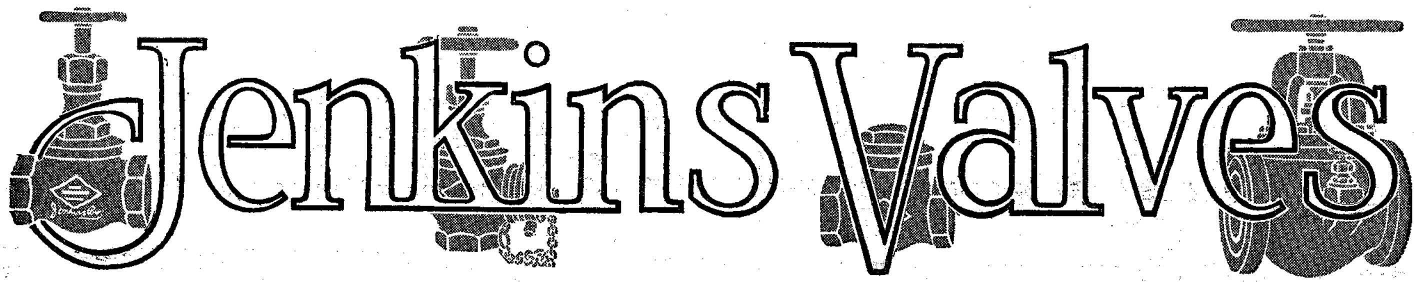
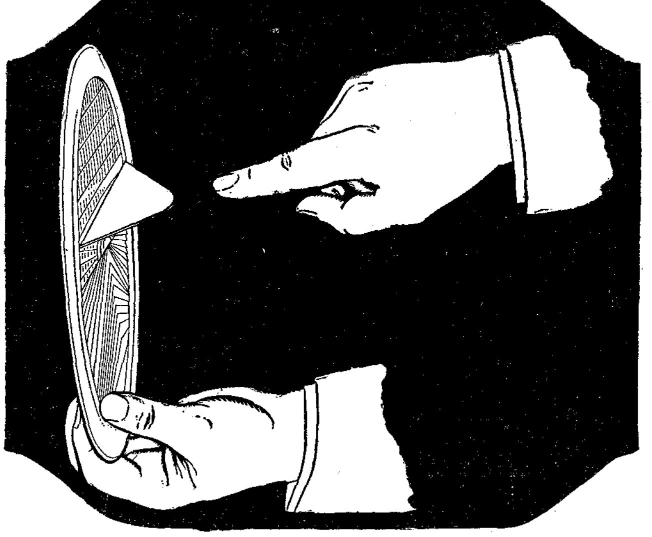


HOLOPHANE LENS



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

declared that he had not got such a sum. Outside the crowd was in a ferment, since they did not understand the delay in signing the deed. Cascio managed to make the officer understand how great a responsibility he was incurring by his double-dealing, and then drew up a document by which the Duke of Bivona made a free gift of all his property to the people of Ribera. This act was hailed with enthusiasm.

Having made this sacrifice, the Duke hoped he would be set at liberty, but found that his castle had been locked up and that the customary armed picket was stationed outside. Later on Cavaliere Friscia took the Duke to his own house, and told him it was impossible to go back to the castle because it had been sacked and entirely destroyed, but that the housekeeper had escaped with his life, thanks to his wife, who had armed herself with a dagger and a revolver and had held back the crowd from her husband. The crowd had broken open and robbed a safe containing some 50,000 lire and had carried away about 300 gallons of wine and all the furniture. They had further smashed all the doors and windows off their hinges, and had broken up the floors and carried away the material.

On the following day, the fifth since his troubles began, the Duke at last obtained permission to depart, and by true irony of fate he and Cascio were accompanied to the station by the whole population of the village with bands playing and flags flying—even the train was decorated with flowers and palms. Not yet, however, were they able to breathe freely because the deputation insisted on accompanying them to the next station.

The above facts are an example of the great responsibility that is incurred by political parties who inflame the minds of the people by promising them a paradise that they have no chance whatever of possessing.

It only remains to add that the Spanish Government have officially protested to the Italian Government concerning such disgraceful treatment of a Spanish subject, and there for the moment the matter rests.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN AT HOME IN CITIES AND IN THE "BUSH"

THE Australian woman is not an Amazon; she knows when and how to use the powder-puff, and she can discard the feathery fan for a broom, a boudoir cushion for a hard-riding horse, and a romance for a frying-pan. Her education is broad, we are informed in an article by Freda Sternburg in the New York *Evening Post's* second "Australian Number"; and she can make herself at home in Melbourne, or in that wild, weird land called the "Bush." For Australia is a land of spaces, of wide plains and far mountains, where nature still broods in lonely contemplation over her hills and mountains; it is still a pioneer land beckoning to those hardy of spirit, strong of heart, courageous and ambitious. Tho it is beneath the Southern Cross, in a different clime, and distant from friendly shores, this island continent is not considered out of the way. Its women may be seen in London, Paris, and New York. They travel as part of their general education, and appear to like Australia none the less for what they have seen beneath other skies. Like their American sisters, the Australian women are keen and alert, with an appreciation of things practical and things beautiful. Their general scheme of education has helped to foster both. The writer says:

> There is nothing dull and academic about the education of the girl living in Australia. She is well grounded in mathematics, science, history, geography, languages, and literature. She has her gymnasium within doors. She can jump, fence, wrestle, climb, as well as she can dance, skate, and ride. She has her out-of-door school sports even as the boys. Tennis, hockey, and cricket matches are held between rival schools, and the boys come along as enthusiastic spectators. In some of the larger cities, as well as in the "out-back" state schools, coeducation is in force. Girls and boys study and play together. This system, perhaps, has something to do with the good comradeship of later years.
>
> While the Australian schoolgirl is no highbrow, it is quite safe to say that by the time she reaches maturity she has far more book knowledge and practical knowledge than her English sister. The teaching that play is as important as work gives her a good life perspective, too.
>
> In the earlier days the Australian women were rather imbued with the Early Victorian idea that to earn a living was "not quite the thing." In 1893 there was a big financial crash in the country. It brought to the ground with one fell swoop the fortunes of many families.
>
> But out of that crash came many a woman's first chance. Many who had hitherto led a dull, pampered existence were forced out into the commercial world. They set the fashion which still holds good. Nowadays, even tho the financial standing of a family makes work unnecessary, girls are invariably brought up with the capacity to earn their living even tho they may never use that capacity as a means of livelihood.
>
> At the various universities lectures are open to women as well as men. When the women have their degree they have the right to public office. Already in proportion to the number of women who have entered the professional and commercial world exceptional results have accrued. Women doctors, dentists, chemists, bacteriologists are in all the big cities. In medicine they have done particularly well. Altho Australia, unlike America, can boast no woman judge, she has women police.
>
> Study and sport have not made the Australian girl an Amazon or a feminist. Somehow or other she seems to have struck the happy medium. Even the university student understands the value of the powder-puff, and the average woman has not been called well drest by every traveler without well deserving her reputation.

The H. C. L. includes Australia in its itinerary, and the women there have as much to think about as those in the United States who now are forced to cut their cloth according to the length of their purses. But she of the Southern Cross, never an extravagant dresser, can make her frock herself, trim her hat, or, if necessary,

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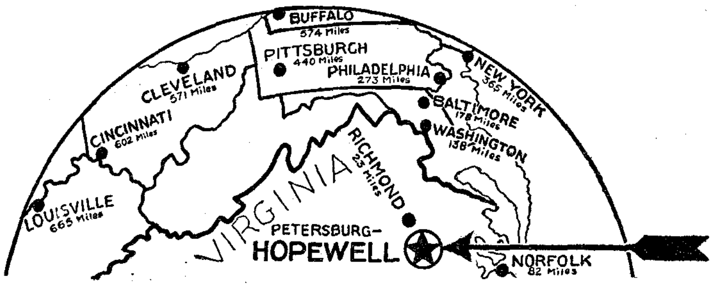


HOPEWELL

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

remodel last year's apparel to suit the change in style. And this perhaps too rare trait of domesticity appears in other form, for the Australians are lovers of hearth and home. As we read further:

Throughout the land there are luxurious homes filled with treasures culled in different parts of the globe, delightful bungalows, clean, airy cottages, station homesteads in the back country, often the last note in comfort. The Australian home is generally built for comfort rather than style. Hospitality is the slogan of the country. Snobbishness does not exist. Attractive personality and warm-heartedness count more with the women of Australia than social position, bank accounts, and long pedigrees. Any stranger will soon discover that he has only to conform to the required standard along these lines and he will see for himself just how good the home life of the country can be.

Despite the idea that Australia is an ultra-modern land, home life is still there in full sway. In all the bigger cities—Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart—apartments are to be had. But even tho the domestic problem is unsolved as elsewhere, it has not as yet daunted the woman or forced her to close up the home which she knows means so much to her men and children.

There are up-to-date hotels throughout the country, but they are mostly filled with visitors to the land. Even at holiday time families go to the seashore or the mountains, to their own homes. Summer shacks and seaside bungalows are among the most prized possession of the people. Many women who work hard put their first savings into one or the other, and in many instances they are their own architects and builders.

When it comes to trying to solve the domestic problem the Australian woman perhaps has more difficulty than women of other parts. The white Australian policy prevents the obtaining of Chinese or Japanese servants. Local factories have attracted hundreds of hitherto satisfied domestics, and even tho high wages are offered help is often difficult to obtain. This is where the adaptability of the Australian woman comes in. She does not force her family to restaurant life; neither does she grumble about enforced housework and cooking. Both may be distasteful to her, but if she has to accomplish them she does so, as part and parcel of the bargain she thinks it her right to keep.

Open house is the order of the day, and often means many visitors at all sorts of odd times. The more visitors the Australian woman has in her home the happier she is. She has a philosophy that it is as easy to cook for twenty as two.

But it is "out back" where the qualities of strong womanhood are developed, where home and happiness mean work and good temper, and, as we read:

Stories are told of city girls born in luxurious homes who have married and gone to equally attractive station homes. Here they will probably have found a charming homestead with big, airy rooms, all sorts of cunning nooks and crannies, and great wide verandas overlooking glorious landscapes. There will surely come a time tho—perhaps just when hundreds of men have tramped to that station to help with the shearing or harvesting—when domestic help is as rare as snow in summer. Invariably the city girl rises to the occasion. She does not sit down and mope for the things she had in her premarital days or for the life she had known in Paris or London. While her husband directs shearing operations out of doors she runs the kitchen, even providing meals for burly shearers who bring with them appetites that might well strike fear to the feminine soul.

Station women declare that they would not live in the city that provided the most willing of cooks. It might seem to some people when they discover how far away is the nearest neighbor that the loneliness of the Bush would kill the spirit of any woman. Far from it. The Bush is not lonely to the woman who understands it. It has adventure, mystery, a something all its own that makes for individuality in those who live in its midst.

In her knowledge and use of the practical the Australian woman does not lose her eye for the beautiful. Flowers grow in every garden, and they adorn the window-ledges of the humble as well as those of the wealthy. Gardening is a hobby and an occupation, and every Australian home boasts a flower plot of some sort, where grow roses, stocks, daffodils, violets, mignonettes, wallflowers, carnations, sweet-peas, geraniums—all having a stronger scent and a deeper perfume than in any other part of the world. There is another characteristic which would fall beneath the traveler's notice. Nearly every woman in Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania can sing, and, we read:

Once some misinformed traveler came back to his country with the information that in Australia birds did not sing. No one could ever say this of the women. Music plays a big part in their lives. A deep, true appreciation of music they have, too. Melba is responsible for the best to be found in her native land—the conservatories. Here and at schools and in the homes girls study singing and music as tho they were a necessity for every-day life. Poor music makes no appeal to the woman of Australia. She likes jazz and ragtime; she can dance to both with a will, but if she can hear grand opera or classical music, jazz and ragtime take a second place. The aspiring feminine artist knows that she has to attain a high standard before she will be accepted; also that if she once gains popular approval she will ever keep it. Loyalty is an outstanding characteristic of the country.

An American looking at the map of Australia and seeing the immense stretches of back country might well wonder how the girl of these parts fares for schooling, dressing, entertaining. It is a pity she can not hear for herself the stories of early childhood of hundreds of city women now born and bred "out back." They may have known some hardships, but against them are a hundred and one joys unknown to the city child. The "out-back" girl is practically born in the saddle. She rides as soon as, and often before, she can walk. She understands dogs, cattle, horses before she knows the ways of men and women. What she learns from them and from big open spaces is often more valuable than what she is taught in the little schoolhouse to which she rides every day on her pony.

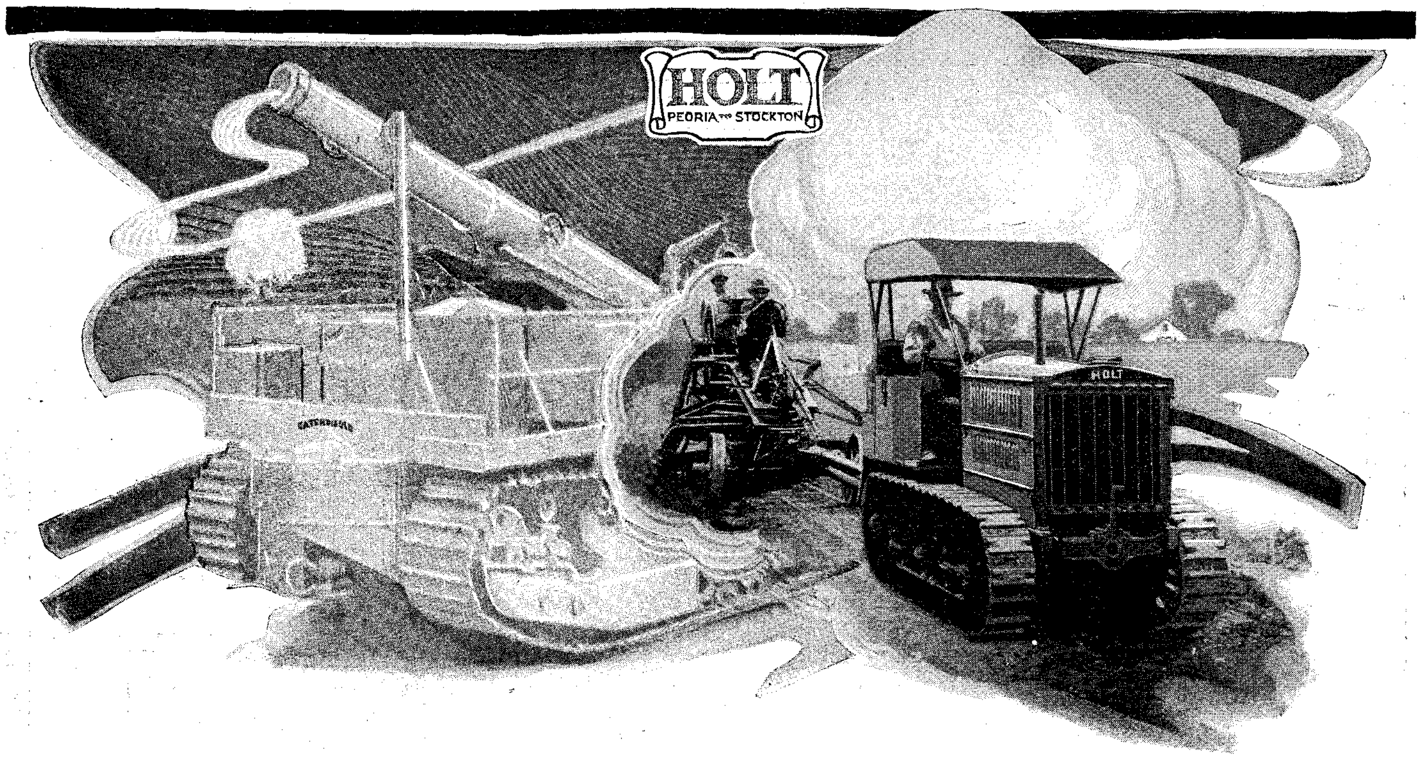
There is a pioneer spirit in the "out-back" schoolmistress as there is in the Bush nurse who rides through all sorts and conditions of country to help in homes of sickness, to inspect the school children, to give advice to mothers and their daughters. Among Australia's fine women these are two of the finest types.

Both in the cities and "out back" the Australian woman has an abundance of that much-to-be-desired sense of humor. She can see humor even in the darkest hour. This, perhaps, is the real secret of her success and her popularity.

GLIMPSES OF ROOSEVELT, WILSON, LLOYD GEORGE, AND PERSHING, AS AN INTERVIEWER SAW THEM

WHEN a worth-while or near-worth-while person comes to town, it is the habit of city editors to call in one of their bright young men and address him thusly: "So-and-so is at this or that place. Go get an interview." Thereupon the bright young man hastens to the place indicated, and comes back and writes a story which often contains most of what the worth-while or near-worth-while person said, and sometimes, for good measure, a few things he or she did not say. This happy-go-lucky sort of interviewing is the average or routine variety which comes as a part of the regular grist to a daily paper, along with accounts of ructions in Washington, captures of Villa, or the prize-winner at the dog-show. Sometimes a young fellow in the newspaper game shows marked ability in getting people to say things that look interesting in print, and presently he lands a job on the staff of some prosperous magazine that handles interviewing in a more solemn and substantial manner. Journals of this kind send their interviewers out on the trail of important personages such as Presidential possibilities, writers of best sellers, movie stars, and others, with instructions to hesitate at neither distance nor expense to get a good story. Such interviewing is a great game, and one who sticks to it industriously soon learns so many things he can easily write a quite large and readable book. This was what Isaac F. Marcosson did after he had interviewed a number of the most noted men and women in the world as a representative of the *Saturday Evening Post*, the resulting volume being entitled "Adventures in Interviewing" (John Lane Company, New York). From the glimpses of famous men furnished by Mr. Marcosson in this volume, we quote the following, beginning with what he has to say about Theodore Roosevelt, from the point of view of the interviewer:

No American President ever talked with writing-men with the same degree of freedom as Roosevelt. When men came to interview him, as was my experience more than once, he did all the interviewing. Behind this avalanche of speech there was a definite idea, which is well worth explaining. Sometimes the interviewer had a



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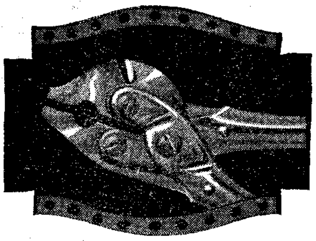
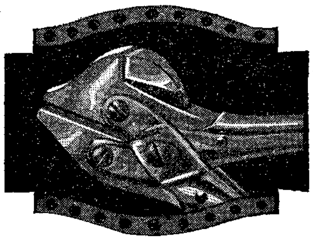
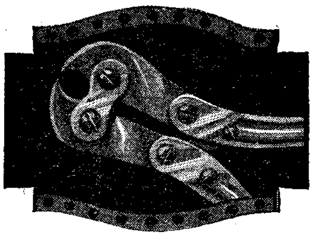


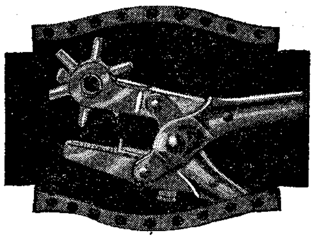
No. 128. Bernard Universal Plier
Size 6" only



No. 122. Bernard Cutting Plier and Nipper
Size 5", 6"



No. 125. Bernard End Cutting Nipper
Size 4", 5", 6", 7", 8"



No. 186. Bernard Revolving Belt Punch
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

definite conviction about a certain Roosevelt policy which was not in harmony with the President's. Before the reporter could get under way Roosevelt had inundated him with his own point of view and the interviewer, in most cases, was left speechless. The net result was that he departed with Roosevelt's impressions and not his own.

Few could stand up against the Roosevelt barrage of words. When he talked no one could get in a word edgewise. In this connection I am reminded of a story once told me by Sir James M. Barrie. These two men of widely different personalities and temperaments were close personal friends. It was typical of the extraordinary range of Roosevelt's interest and affection that he should love "Peter Pan" and his creator. When Barrie made his last visit to the United States, in 1913, to visit Charles Frohman, he spent a day at Oyster Bay.

"What did you talk about?" I asked him.

Barrie, who is a shy little man, smaller even in stature than Lloyd George, replied with a humorous twinkle in his eye: "Roosevelt talked the whole time. All that I was able to interject into the conversation was, 'Colonel, you and your four sons seem to constitute the whole United States Army.'"

Mr. Marcosson has interviewed Woodrow Wilson a number of times, the first interview taking place while Wilson was Governor of New Jersey. In his account of that occasion we read:

One distinctive feature about Governor Wilson's office at Trenton was typical of the man. The door was wide open. I saw him at a distance as I waited for my appointment in the long conference-room hung with portraits of former Governors of New Jersey. Afterward Mr. Wilson told me that his office door was never closed. It was this same attitude that won for frank publicity at the Peace Conference.

I walked with the Governor down State Street to a modest hotel, where we had luncheon. In the restaurant he took a side table and throughout the meal any special attention almost embarrassed him. His attitude on this occasion made me think of another luncheon that I once had with a Governor of Kansas. He also took me down the Main Street of his capital city to a restaurant much frequented by the general public. Instead of seeking a quiet table as Governor Wilson did he chose one near the street where he kept up a running fire of conversation and greeting with passers-by. In short, he capitalized his democracy.

The smooth-faced, gray-eyed, gray-haired man (his hair is almost white now), who sat opposite me at Trenton was apparently the most unassuming human being in the room. He ate sparingly, as is still his habit, and talked much. He told me among other things that from his earliest recollection he had aspired to a public life. He said:

"From my boyhood I have aimed at political life. The reason I studied law was because, when I was a boy in the South, the law furnished the shortest path to public life. I gave it up later because I found I could not be an honest lawyer and a politician at the same time. At least, I did not know how to then. I tried the next best thing, which was studying politics. I went back to school, where I undertook to learn something of the facts of government. People think I was born a scholar; as a matter of fact, I was born a man of affairs."

When he was in England, Marcosson made an appointment for an interview with Lloyd George in London. Before the hour arrived, the latter found he had to start for Bristol. To the interviewer's suggestion that he be permitted to accompany the great man and interview him on the train, Lloyd George's secretary responded with a shocked, "That sort of thing isn't done over here." It was finally arranged, however, that Mr. Marcosson was to travel with the English statesman:

We made the trip to Bristol on the regular train. What the British call a saloon carriage was placed at Lloyd George's disposal. It was one large compartment, fitted with divans and easy chairs and with a table in the center.

On this trip I got my first glimpse into the method by which Lloyd George has been able to master so many technical tasks. When he got on the train he had not written his Bristol speech which was one of the most important that he had been called upon to deliver up to that time for the reason that he was to deal with a whole organization of the Ministry of Munitions and its relations to labor. This meant that he had to marshal an immense mass of highly complicated data in a short time. He did then what he has always done. He took four experts with him. Like an animated human sponge he absorbed the very well-springs of their knowledge and experience on the way down. One was an efficiency engineer, another a trained organizer, the third one of the best-known munitions authorities in the world, and the fourth was a machinery wizard. Throughout the two-hour journey, Lloyd George bristled with questions. Occasionally he made a note.

In the town-hall of the historic city he spoke with an ease, authority, and fluency that gave his hearers the impression that he had been engaged in munitions all his life and never expected to do anything else. It was just one other evidence of the man's genius of assimilation. Only Roosevelt approached him in this highly useful talent.

Everybody knows that General Pershing is a great soldier, and Mr. Marcosson, from his contact with the American Commander-in-Chief in France came to the conclusion that he is also a great business man. He says:

The more you study Pershing the business man the more you realize the striking kinship between his army scheme and business. Pershing insisted upon a complete authority vested in himself. He has the same attitude toward an army that Northcliffe has toward his newspapers and that Harriman had toward his railways. Some one must be in responsible control and that control must be undisputed. It is the only way. In war, as in peace, the beneficent despot accomplishes more than the temporizing chief, afraid to decide.

In an army recruited from a democracy such as ours this procedure sometimes grated. There was a time when Pershing's inflexible stewardship was not received with unanimous favor at home. The moment, however, that the objectors saw the army that he had reared and maintained with a single-headed control, they were the first to acquiesce to a continuous flow of authority from him.

The instinct of organization shown by General Pershing proves that genius, developed in one activity, is invariably appliable to another. If Pershing, for example, had entered finance or trade, he never would have been a lay figure. He would have led. In the same way, if the late J. P. Morgan or E. H. Harriman had gone in for soldiering they would have developed a field-marshal's caliber.

General Pershing showed his appreciation of business tactics in another and little-known fashion. It grew out of the immense area covered by the American Expeditionary Force. The combat and supply wings of the British Army, for example, were confined to a comparatively small zone. We, on the other hand, practically ranged the whole country from Marseilles in the south up to the German border. Pershing made it a point to keep in personal touch with his forces at the front and behind the lines.

He had a characteristic way of showing up unexpectedly at corps and divisional headquarters. In the same way I have seen him wandering through the "G. H. Q." buildings at Chaumont. He was just like the general manager of an industry with many branches, who "popped in" as the English say, without warning. This performance in the business of production as well as in the trade of killing tends to keep establishments ready for inspection all the time.

He could not do all this darting about in an automobile, so he used a special train, which was a headquarters on wheels. In this he emulated Harriman and James J. Hill. Their railway systems covered thousands of miles. Both of these magnates believed in knowing what was going on up and down the lines. When they went out on tours of inspection they took their offices with them. Marshal Foch had a special train, but General Pershing was the pioneer.

Among Mr. Marcosson's literary acquaintances was Mark Twain, of whom he furnishes a diverting glimpse or two:

One day Mr. Clemens called me up and asked me to come around to see him. He was then living at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street in New York City. I found him smoking a stogie in bed, where he spent most of the day. In his mussy night-shirt and with his long white hair tousled up, he was a strange sight. On the writing-board propped up before him were four or five sheets of manuscript.

With his customary drawl he said: "I'm going to read you something." He then read an incident of Henry H. Rogers' boyhood life at Fairhaven, Mass. When he had finished he said:

"How would you like to incorporate this into your article about Henry?" Mark Twain always called his friend by his first name.

While I listened to his reading I had framed up another plan, for I said:

"Why can't I print your story as a signed article by you?"

The old man smiled—my enthusiasm had appealed to him, I think—but he answered:

"It is impossible. I am owned body and soul by a publishing house and everything that I write over my name must go to them." It was fitted into my article. One of the pages of that manuscript hangs on the wall before me as I write this chapter.

Referring to the famous author's habit

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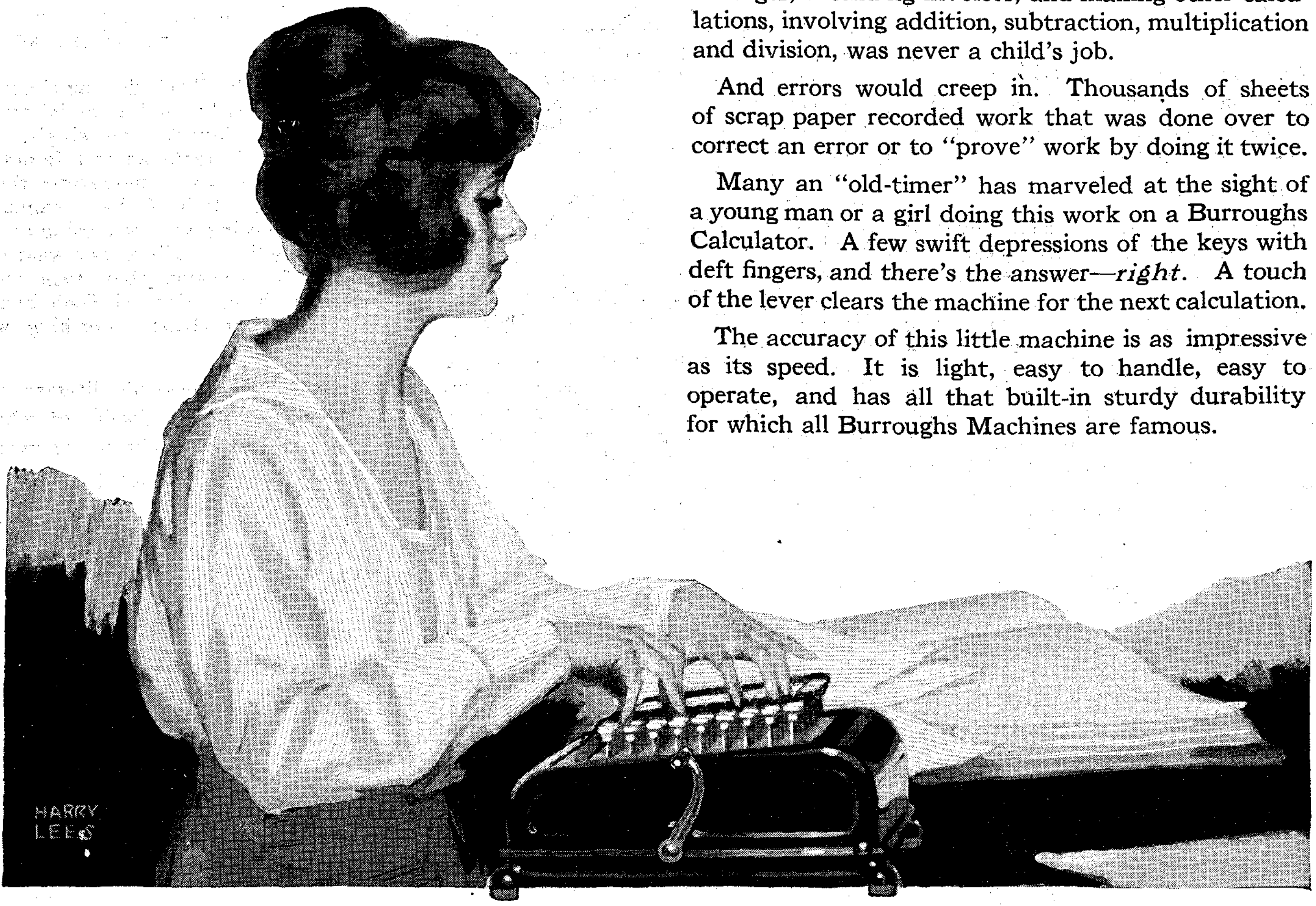

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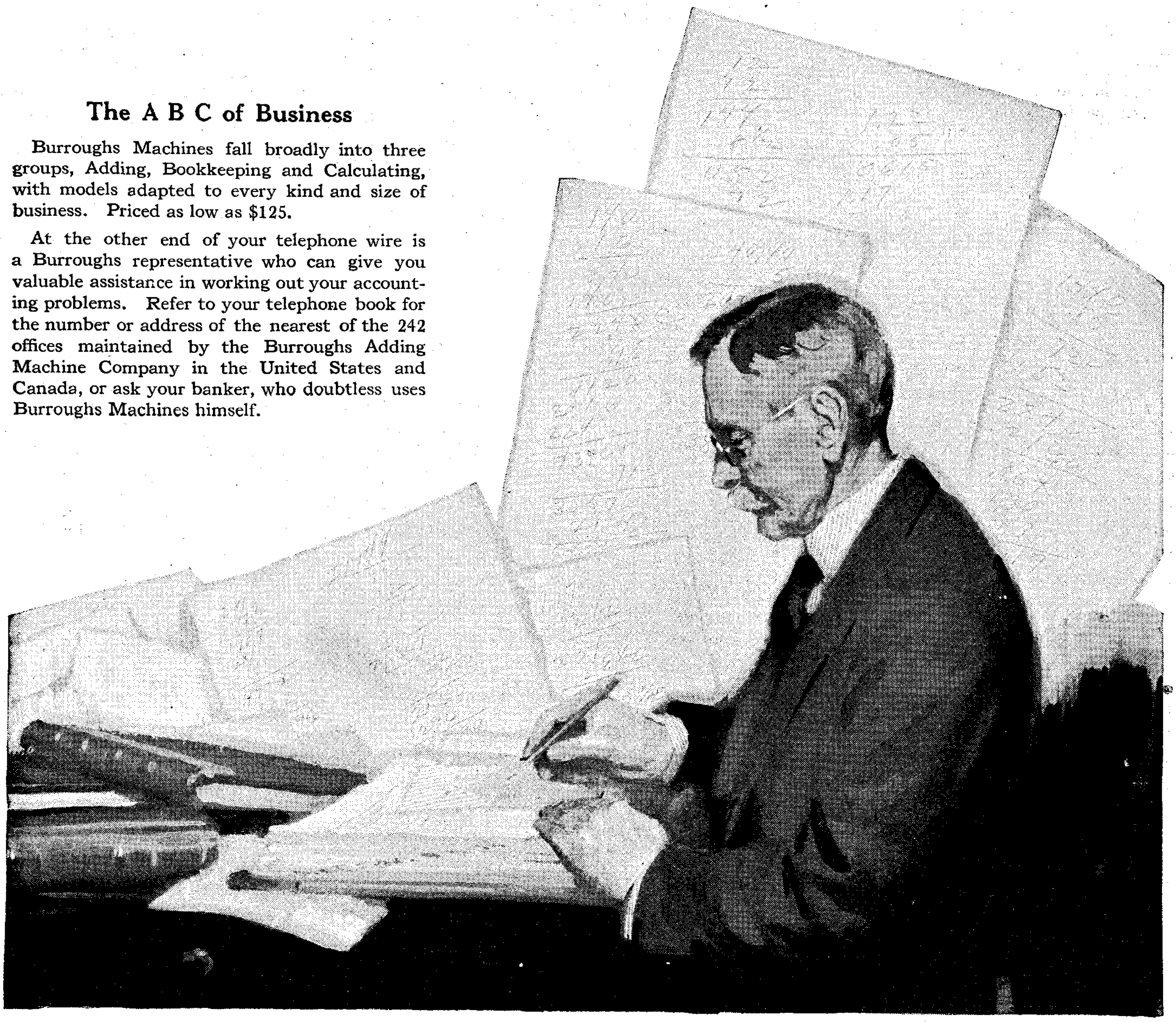


Burroughs

MACHINES FOR EVERY BUSINESS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

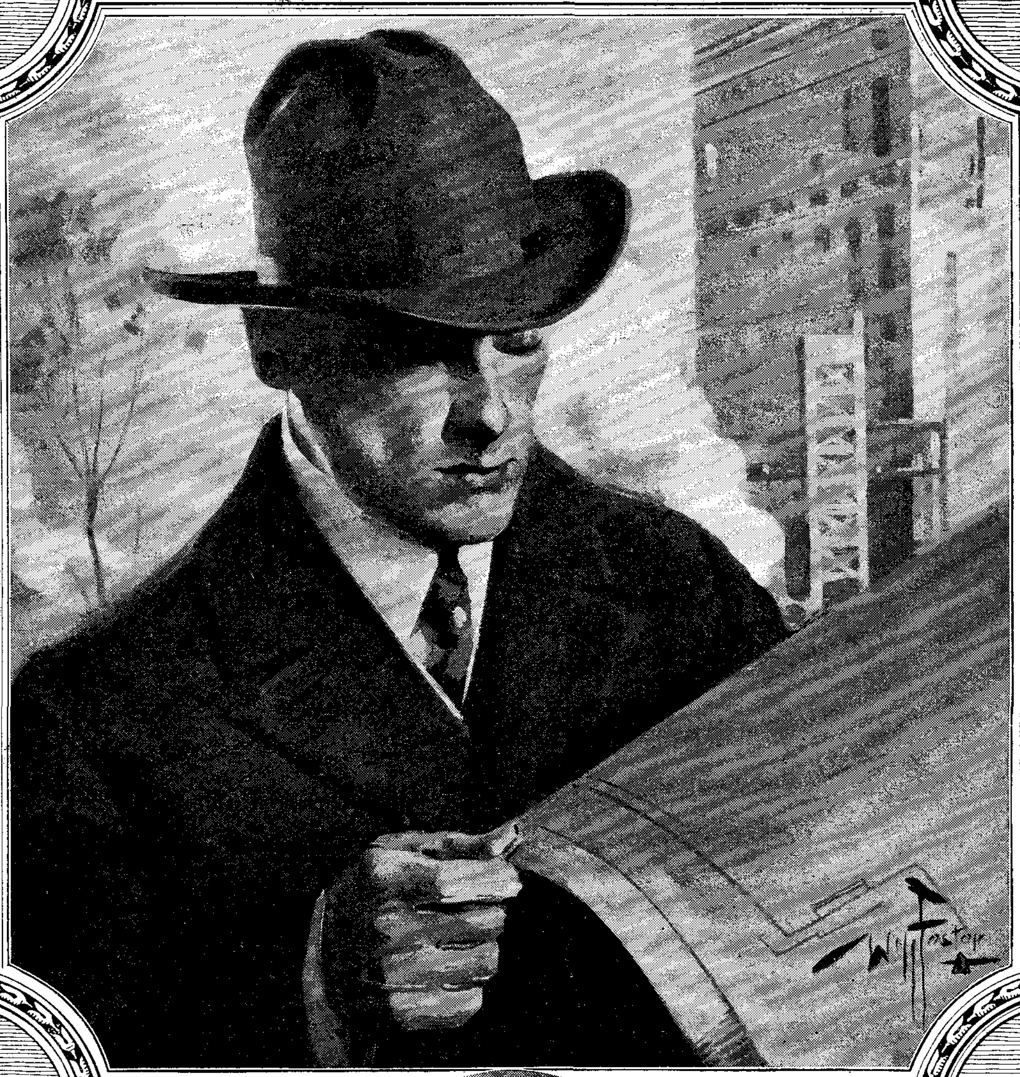
of spending much of his time in bed, Marcosson relates that this came from his aversion to physical exercise, to emphasize which he once cabled a two-hundred-word article to a friend in England about an athlete who expired while playing tennis. Further:

> He once said to me: "Nearly everybody dies in bed. Why shouldn't nearly everybody live in bed?" He practised what he preached, for he not only spent the greater part of the day in bed, but did nearly all of his writing there.
>
> An acquaintance of mine in Louisville once asked me to get her an autograph of Mark Twain, to paste in her copy of "Innocents Abroad." He was always most obliging in such matters. After I made the request, he pulled away at his stogie and then wrote:
>
> "Always remember that the lack of money is the root of all evil. Yours by experience, Mark Twain." He brought an old maxim strictly up to date.
>
> Mr. Clemens, like Henry Watterson, never acquired the dictation habit. He wrote out everything with a pen. He did not think that genius is necessarily exprest by illegible writing. To the last he wrote a clear, strong hand.

HOW FIVE YANKEE "BURGLARS" SEIZED BERNSTORFF'S SECRET PAPERS

VOLUMINOUS red, white, and black tape, strong ropes, secure locks, and sundry impressive seals with the official German eagle emblazoned two-headedly and aggressively thereon, all failed to deter a bunch of adventurous Yanks from getting away with a ton of important German papers left in the Swiss Consul's office, in New York, by the esteemed Ambassador von Bernstorff when he departed from these shores, in the spring of 1917. The removal of the papers, according to an account which has recently become public, occupied the adventurous Americans for two months in the spring and summer of 1918. The affair amounted to burglary, "a masterpiece of honest burglary," somebody calls it, but the motives of the "burglars" were purely patriotic, and when the papers eventually fell into the hands of the Government, they proved of inestimable value in the big job of locating German agents within our gates and tracing their nefarious doings. Bearing in mind, further, the venerable principle that "everything is fair in love and war," it doesn't look as if the burglarizing gentlemen in question are going to come in for any harsh criticism from anybody unless it be the Germans. In fact, news dispatches say that when the story of the seizure first appeared, the Honorable Bernstorff took occasion to state that there must be some fake about it, for he had left no documents in America. The former Ambassador's statement is somewhat discounted, however, by the presence of the documents themselves in the hands of the authorities and by the records in the Federal court of cases that have been tried as a result of the evidence secured through them. The job of getting these papers appears to have been beautifully done. It is said the safes and filing cases from which they were removed show no signs of having been disturbed. The Swiss Consul in whose keeping Bernstorff had left the documents knew nothing of their having been spirited away, and "registered" vast amazement when he read the story. The papers in question include files from the German Embassy at Washington, with hundreds of letters between Ambassador von Bernstorff and officials in Berlin, and also the official and personal files from the office of Dr. Heinrich Albert, the German financial agent. There were official ledgers, account-books, check-books, and canceled vouchers showing the amounts of money disbursed to German agents, the dates of payment and to whom paid. There were also secret codes and a list of false names under which each agent was to operate. One set of papers related to the purchase of a New York newspaper, which matter, however, was deemed of such importance that an attempt had been made to conceal it from such members of the Embassy staff as might have access to the account-books by designating it as "Account X." The presence of these files in the Swiss Consul's office in New York is explained by the statement that they were placed there after a hurried and excited effort had been made to find a safe storage place for them, when the Swiss Minister, as a neutral envoy, assumed charge of German diplomatic affairs in this country. The story of how they came into the hands of the Americans is thus told by Fred C. Kelly, in the New York *Tribune:*

> At the time the German papers were stored in the Swiss Consulate there were at least two Germans connected with the embassy in Washington who felt that they had personal grievances against their chiefs and against the German Government. One of these is said to have been in love with an American girl, and this, if true, may have had something to do with his attitude toward his own Government.
>
> It is well known that much friction and jealousy had existed between von Bernstorff and Dr. Albert. Similar jealousies had arisen among minor officials. The German official group in this country, so it appears now, was far from being a harmonious unit.
>
> At any rate, one of these Germans talked rather freely about the nature of the papers that were being left in the Swiss Consulate. There had, of course, been no particular secret about the fact that the Swiss Consul, as a neutral official, would act as custodian for a lot of German correspondence. But nobody had suspected that papers of such noteworthy importance, containing a mass of incriminating evidence, would be left behind in this country by the Germans. That knowledge first came from one of the disgruntled employees of the German Embassy. The information was passed along until it chanced to reach the ears of two red-corpuscled Americans, adventurous spirits, who saw an opportunity to perform a service for their Government that the Government could not perform for itself. Even if it had been aware of the existence and startling nature of the papers, the United States Government could not have obtained them. There was no international law or precedent whatsoever by which the Swiss Consul or the Swiss Government, being neutral, could be forced into giving up such papers.
>
> But the two American citizens, able-bodied, two-fisted persons, having picked up the valuable bit of information regarding the importance of the papers and their resting-place, determined to let themselves in on a real adventure. They took into their project three friends, one of whom was familiar with locks and safe-opening devices. It was this group of five who finally obtained the German papers.
>
> Their plan from the beginning was to act on their own initiative and undergo whatever risk was involved as a matter of patriotic duty. If successful, they would turn over a real prize to the Government as a personal contribution toward winning the war. If unsuccessful, they were prepared to stand the consequences, even tho these might include capture and arrest. Their task involved working by stealth, in the night-time, practically as burglars—but if burglars they were obliged to be, they became, indeed, glorious, exalted burglars. Except for what these five men accomplished their country would have been far less successful in coping with German attacks from within. Because of the important knowledge it gained from these records the Government was able to reach out and put its finger on German agents theretofore unsuspected.
>
> As a preliminary to the big task they had cut out for themselves the five men obtained the use of an office in the same building, at 11 Broadway, where the Swiss Consulate is located. Fortunately, one of the five was well acquainted with a man who had a suite of offices in the building. They needed an office for a base of operations, for a place in which they might deposit temporarily any papers they captured. They also needed an excuse to be in the building night after night, that they might learn the hours of the night-watchman, and thus contrive to avoid him.
>
> First, they had their lock expert fashion a key to the outer door of the consular offices, and one night they went there to look the layout over. To all appearances the German papers were stored in two large safes, several sections of metal filing-cases, and a steel trunk.
>
> Each safe and each filing-case was bound around with rope and with red-white-and-black tape—in much the same manner that a shoe-box is tied with a piece of string at a store. The knots in the tape or rope were invariably covered with sealing-wax of a special kind not easily imitated, and the wax was stamped with the official German seal.
>
> Particular care had been given, apparently, to the sealing up of the larger safe. Pieces of sealing-wax, bearing the official stamp, had been stuck at intervals all along the cracks at the edges of the safe doors. Official tape had been wound back and forth between the handles of the double doors of the safe, and the knots were sealed and stamped. The tape was also fastened against the flat surface of the safe doors with sealing-wax, and this, too, bore the official stamp.
>
> Because the larger safe was the most carefully sealed up, the visitors assumed



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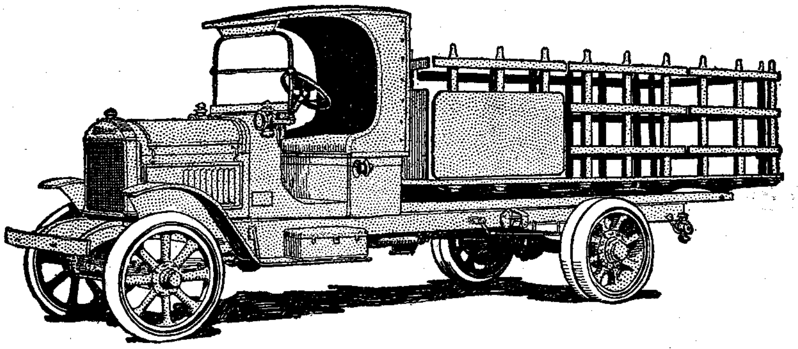

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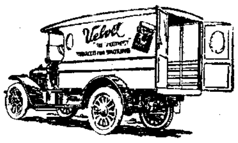
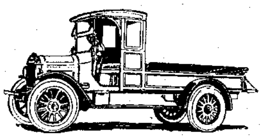
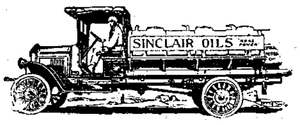


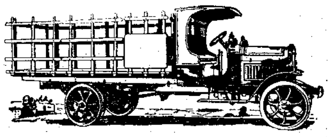
¾-Ton Panel Body



1-Ton Express Body



1½-Ton Tank Body



2-Ton Stake Body

Stewart Motor Corporation, Buffalo

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

that it must contain the most valuable papers. They determined, therefore, to try to open that safe first of all. But even aside from the problem of working the combination, it looked like an impossibility to open the doors without disturbing the tape and seals.

In addition to being daring, the men who got away with these papers exhibited monumental patience and an astonishing capacity for overlooking no details. They worked nights for over two months, all the time running the risk of detection by night-watchman or others. They found it necessary to invent some highly ingenious tools, the most noteworthy of which was an electrical contrivance with which to remove the officious official German seals. We read:

> The working part of this consisted of a Y-shaped instrument, between the two prongs of which was stretched a fine wire. This wire, when heated by the electrical current, could be passed underneath the seals where they adhered to the flat surface of the safe. In this way the seals could be removed one at a time, without disturbing the impression of the official stamp. Later the seals could be glued back to the same places from which they had been removed.
>
> There was still the problem of getting the tape removed from the handles of the safe doors. But the "callers hit on a plan for doing this that made the job simple.
>
> Instead of trying to remove the seals and unwind the tape, they removed the little invisible cotter-pin which held the grip part of each handle in place. Then the whole mass of tape could be slipt right over the knob of the handle.
>
> The handles showed slight blemishes where the pins had been removed, but this was quickly remedied simply by polishing the abrasion in the nickel-plating and applying a little nickel-plating solution.
>
> The job of opening the safe, removing the contents, and restoring the safe to its previous condition occupied the five men from about eleven o'clock at night until toward daylight. It was many days before they dared return to continue their search. While the nature of the papers in this safe was disappointing, the Germans, with typical German inefficiency, had left in the safe a great quantity of paper seals of exactly the same kind that they had used in sealing up the drawers of the metal filing-cases. The possession of these seals greatly simplified the job of opening those drawers later on.
>
> On a certain night while the Americans were at work on these files, a man, now supposed to have been the night-watchman, came along and nearly stumbled upon them. One of the five men had established himself as a lookout in a public wash-room down the corridor, a few paces from the outer door of the consulate.
>
> It was arranged that if danger should threaten he would walk down the corridor and give two quick taps on the door. On the night mentioned he did hear some one coming up a stairway. Quickly he gave the alarm and then hastened back to his secret post in the lavatory. The men who had been operating on the filing-cases flicked off their electric light, which was a specially arranged one that illuminated only a limited area. They gained hiding-places under tables and behind desks barely in time to be out of sight when the watchman, if such it was, opened the door and peered inside. But he was there evidently just as a matter of routine, in the course of his regular rounds, and did not chance to notice anything unusual about the office—tho one of the searchers was lying within four feet of him. After a moment or two he continued on his way.
>
> Every detail of the plan of restoring the safes and filing-cases to their usual condition was carefully thought out. One man was even assigned to the job of seeing to it that the dust on the filing-cases was about as it had been. He swept up dust from the floor and placed it where finger-marks might have showed.
>
> The visits of the five men continued, beginning probably late in April, until the early part of July, and it is believed that in the early morning of the Fourth of July, by way of patriotic coincidence, the last of the German documents were removed from the consulate.

According to Mr. Kelly, the United States Government never knew how, when, or by whom these papers were captured. When the last document had been removed from the Consul's office by the "burglars," the mass of material, weighing more than two thousand pounds, was placed in pine boxes, which an honest teamster was employed to haul to the office of a government department. Further:

> Having once obtained the papers, the Government set translators to work on them. The variety of information then acquired was really astounding, for the seized correspondence showed how intricately Germany had allied its industrial with its espionage system.
>
> For example, there was a German-owned concern the chief business of which was the manufacture and installation of what is known as "inside transportation"—railroad dump-cars, traveling cranes, and machinery of a similar sort, used in large industrial plants. This was the American branch of a great German house whose tentacles reached into all the great countries of the world. For twenty years they had put in bids for equipment for various plants in this country, and throughout these twenty years the specifications, floor plans, and elevations were regularly placed on file in the offices of one of the military departments in Berlin.
>
> The Albert letters show that there were in this country eighteen branches of German insurance companies which collected for their own use detailed plans of all property insured by them with special reference to the hazard from fire, explosions, and other causes. Duplicates of these plans and drawings were invariably dispatched to the Berlin office. And we wondered at the accuracy of our factory fires and explosions!
>
> From some of the voluminous correspondence of Dr. Albert and his associates the Government learned that through certain German-owned companies in this country the files of the central office at Berlin were kept up to date with all plans and improvements in military trucks, gasoline-boats, and airplanes.

Here is the translation of a letter sent to Dr. Albert from the manager of one of these companies:

WAGNER
ELEVATOR DOOR
EQUIPMENT

NOISELESS

Unusual smoothness of action, strength and safety characterize

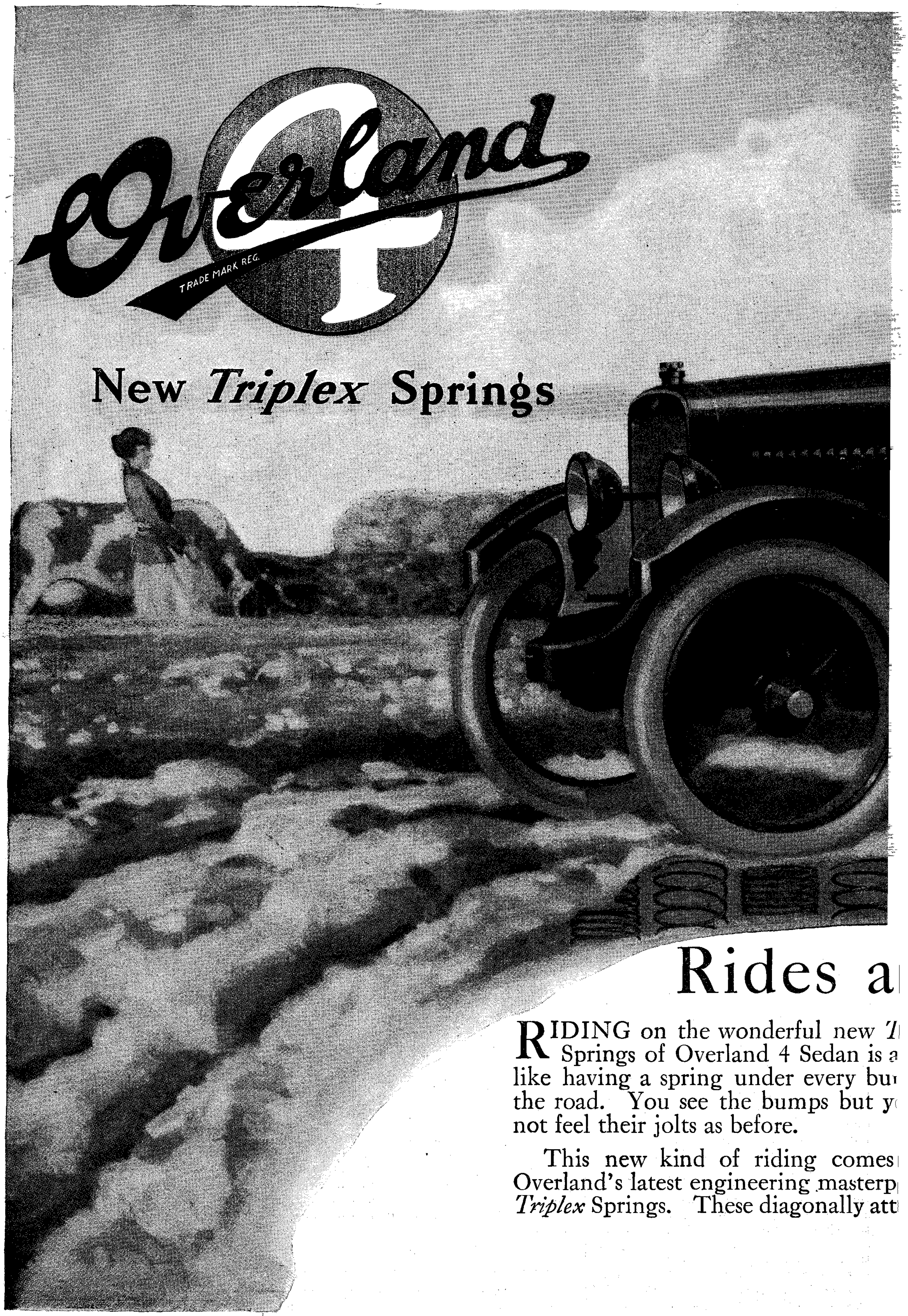
Wagner Star Elevator Door Hangers

Hotels, Office Buildings, Apartment Houses, Stores —every structure requiring superior elevator service will enjoy the distinction of perfect appointment if fitted with Wagner Equipment.

WAGNER MFG. CO.,
CEDAR FALLS, IOWA, U. S. A.

Catalog 17 will be of interest to both Architects and Building Owners.

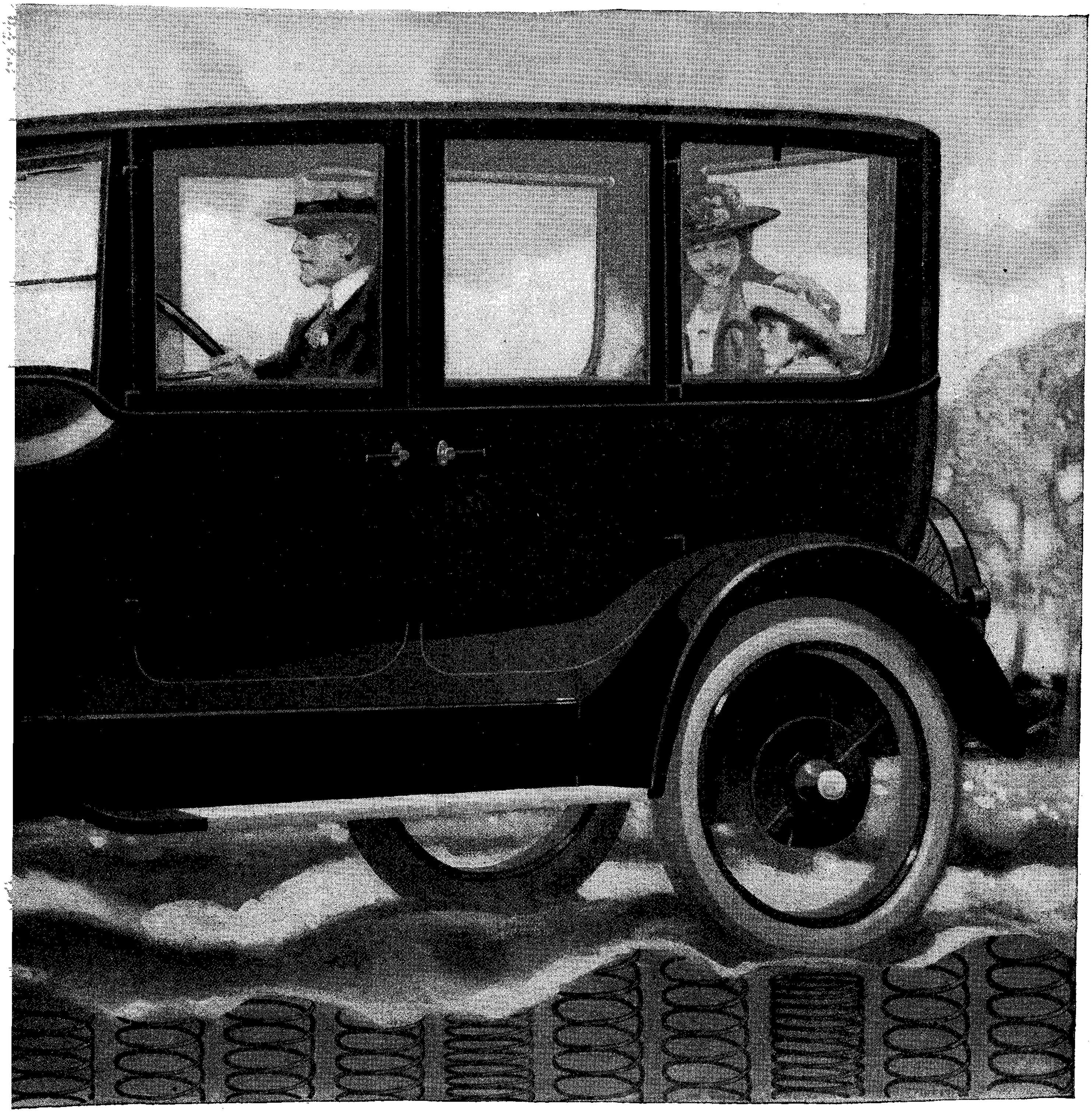
57


Overland 4
TRADE MARK REG.
New *Triplex* Springs

Rides a

RIDING on the wonderful new *T* Springs of Overland 4 Sedan is a like having a spring under every bu the road. You see the bumps but y not feel their jolts as before.

This new kind of riding comes Overland's latest engineering masterp *Triplex* Springs. These diagonally att



Every Bump Had Springs

ings cushion the shocks of rough roads. ıey give the light Overland 4 Sedan the ooth riding steadiness formerly found ly in large, heavy cars.

Triplex Springs make possible a com- ıation of 100-inch wheelbase lightness d economy with the riding ease usually ɔciated with long wheelbase. They protect car and motor from wearing shocks, thus reducing upkeep costs.

This Four-Door Sedan is equipped with every convenience from Auto-Lite starting and lighting to electric horn. It is a quality car throughout—beautifully finished and luxuriously upholstered; as attractive in appearance as in performance.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
Sedans, Coupes, Touring Cars and Roadsters
Willys-Overland, Limited, Toronto, Canada
The John N. Willys Export Corporation, New York

"Say it with Flowers"

And Your Easter Message Will LIVE!

EASTER and flowers—how inseparable! Through countless ages, the unfolding of bud and blossom has symbolized the life re-born.

Lilies of immaculate loveliness—roses in the glory of their beauty—flowering plants that perpetuate their joyous message—all are most appropriate tokens for Easter-tide.

Let flowers convey your Easter greetings. Nothing more sweetly significant—more subtly welcome—more universally convenient than flowers.

Whose Birthday comes in

1920 APRIL 1920
Say it with Flowers

The florists displaying the "Say it with Flowers" emblem are members of the Society of American Florists, and can serve you best in your purchase of flowers.

Your local "Say it with Flowers" florist, within a few hours time, can deliver flowers to any part of the United States and Canada through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.

2004

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

"Honored Mr. Albert:

"In connection with the obstruction policy upon which we agreed at the beginning of the war in matters concerning deliveries of our products, especially the special magneto apparatus, I should like in the following to make statements from which one will see clearly that the accomplished obstruction policy has in every way been successful.

"In short, we had great difficulty at the beginning of the war in withholding the much-needed airplane apparatus from the Allies, and in preventing the Allies, especially the English, from immediately attempting to manufacture them for themselves. Special apparatus are involved in flying-machines, air-ships, and speed-boats. These apparatus are very different from the normal apparatus used on automobiles and motor-cycles. We have freely supplied them with ordinary apparatus; but, in accordance with our agreement, we have entered into apparent negotiations with the representatives of the Allies, creating in their minds the impression that they would receive also the special apparatus at the present time. These negotiations began immediately after the first declaration of war, and it was possible, on account of their technical character, to extend them many months into the war. Our policy lulled them into the certainty that they would receive the special apparatus, and only now have they realized our duplicity."

Other letters indicated that the real permanent head of the German espionage system in the United States had been the late Dr. Hugo Schweitzer. He is believed to have led the espionage work here down to the day of his sudden death, in November, 1917.

It was Schweitzer, so various of the stolen letters indicated, who originated the idea of the purchase of the New York *Evening Mail* for purposes of German propaganda. When Dr. Albert was about to return to Germany in 1917, he turned over to Schweitzer the sum of $1,178,882.08, and a trifle later an additional $300,000, all to be spent by Schweitzer for work of espionage and propaganda.

Among the more pretentious plans of Germany in the United States, as revealed in these papers, was the organization of a mammoth marine insurance combine, which, while German-owned and organized with money furnished through Dr. Albert by the German Government itself, was to be cleverly disguised as an American company. All the stock was to be held by directors bearing American names. Among those mentioned in the correspondence as persons who could be dealt with in such a project in perfect safety was the name of a former high government official.

The purpose of this German marine insurance combine was far-reaching. In the first place, they would underbid all British and other companies and try to gain a monopoly on the marine insurance business in the United States. How, one may ask, could they afford to underbid all other companies?

Simply because the German Government could well afford to pay large premiums for the information it would thus get regarding sailing schedules, cargoes, and manifests of all shipments to the Allies from the United States. This vastly important knowledge was to be promptly

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

passed to the commanders of submarines. Then they could be told not only which cargoes it would be particularly desirable to sink, but also which ones it would be for German interests to spare.

A report of the proposed operations of this combine was submitted some time ago to the Senate investigating committee known as the Overman committee by Charles F. de Woody, then division superintendent of the New York office of the Bureau of Investigation.

In that report we find a letter from Dr. Albert to one of the heads of the German insurance pool, which shows how Albert was striving to use the insurance companies as a means of obtaining the information needed by German submarine officers. The letter follows:

"Dear Sir: Inasmuch as the pool arrangement specifies that risks shall be underwritten only with my approval, it is essential that I be acquainted with the risks to be underwritten and that I authorize the underwriting of same before the business is concluded.

"I have no desire to create any hardship for you in the handling of the insurance business for the pool. My approval, however, is a part of the pool arrangement, and a way should be found which will enable me to dispose of my duties in connection with the pool satisfactory to the German interests and to myself.

"I would, therefore, request that when a steamer to Scandinavia starts loading a request be sent to me from your office for my authorization for an open insurance line for the steamer in question. I presume you will find a way to present to me the details for approval before risks are actually undertaken, and not after."

Of the personal letters that were found, the following are submitted as typical examples:

Many of Dr. Albert's personal letters revealed much of the treacherous streak that was found to exist in various Germans living in this country. For example, there was the case of Mr. H., a prosperous business man, having offices in lower Broadway. H. had come, years previous, from a part of Germany near the home of Dr. Albert. Having prospered here and gained much wealth, his personal vanity led him to hope that Albert might go back to the home town and tell about how well he was doing.

As Albert was looked upon as an intellectual, and he himself, on the other hand, was of comparatively humble origin, he thought it would make a great impression upon his relatives in the old country to have Albert say that they had become acquainted here in the United States. So he began to pursue Albert with dinner invitations. Albert, being a snob, seemingly paid little attention to these, and so H. felt obliged to adopt more drastic measures for ingratiating himself with Albert. He began to write letters in which he volunteered the information that, tho he had been living in the United States for nearly a quarter of a century and had been naturalized for most of that time, he had only profound contempt for all Americans.

In other letters he spoke at length of his views on the *Lusitania* disaster and declared that the Americans whose lives

Two-Minute Oat Food
A Hot, Instant Oatmeal *Already 3-Hour Cooked*

Six Breakfasts
By the Postman—Free

Let us mail you—and at once—a six-dish package of Two-Minute Oat Food.

Simply mail the coupon.

We have solved the problem of a ready-cooked oatmeal. It means instant oat breakfasts, hot and super-cooked. And the most delightful oatmeal that you ever tasted.

Please find it out.

No Waiting

We cook the oats for you—cook them three hours by live steam under pressure.

We cook them so they easily digest—cook them as you cannot cook at home.

Then we evaporate the oats. In this dry, condensed form the cooked oats keep fresh.

* * * * * * * *

You stir them in boiling water. Within two minutes they absorb the water. The volume is multiplied fivefold. One cup makes eight big dishes.

A New Flavor

This Two-Minute Oat Food also brings you a new, delightful flavor. This comes from the high-heat cooking.

It will give you a new conception of how good oats can be.

* * * * * * * *

Think what it means.

Hot, super-cooked oats in two minutes. The supreme food made doubly enticing.

Oats that easily digest.

The food that everyone needs made ever-ready for them.

Millions of mothers have wanted this dish. Now that we have it, write for it.

Two-Minute Oat Food is entirely new in form and flavor. The product is controlled by patent exclusively by The Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.

The Quaker Oats Company

3319

Lest You Forget

Cut out this Coupon now. Mail it and see how much this new-day oatmeal means. Grocers have the full-sized packages.

6-Dish Package Free

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
1741 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Mail me a 6-Dish Package of Two-Minute Oat Food free.

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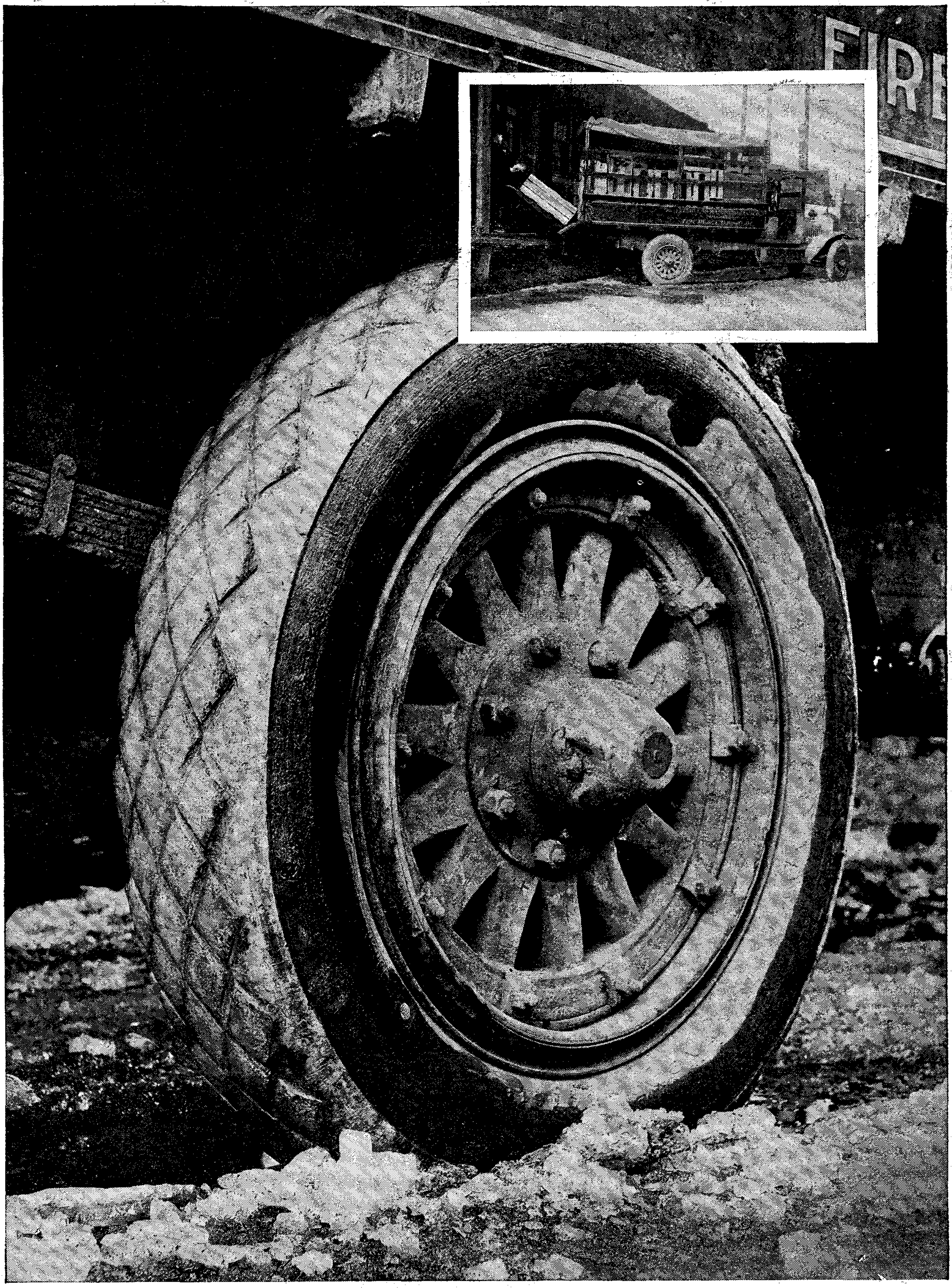


Un-retouched photographs showing Goodyear Cord Tires after 15,000 miles of constant motor-trucking service for Peerless Manufacturing Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

What the Country Has to Say About Pneumatics

"THE adoption of Goodyear Cord Tires in our trucking has proved a great economy because, while increasing our hauling ability tremendously, it minimizes repairs, depreciation and load breakage. In addition, the Goodyear Cords serve at moderate tire-mile cost. After 15,000 miles, they look good for much more hard work."—Paul F. Semonin, Vice-President and General Manager, Peerless Mfg. Company, Louisville, Kentucky

THE experience related above expresses the same kind of all-round success with pneumatic truck tires that is reported by users everywhere throughout the country.

The diversified improvements and savings effected with Goodyear Cord Tires, in many different branches of hauling, reflect the immensely increased fitness and ability of motor trucks shod with these tires.

In place of the slower and otherwise restricted action of the solid tire, their owners now take advantage of the traction, cushioning and spryness of the perfected pneumatic truck tire.

These obvious superiorities have been rendered entirely practical by the development of Goodyear Cord construction, as has been demonstrated by millions of miles of heavy duty.

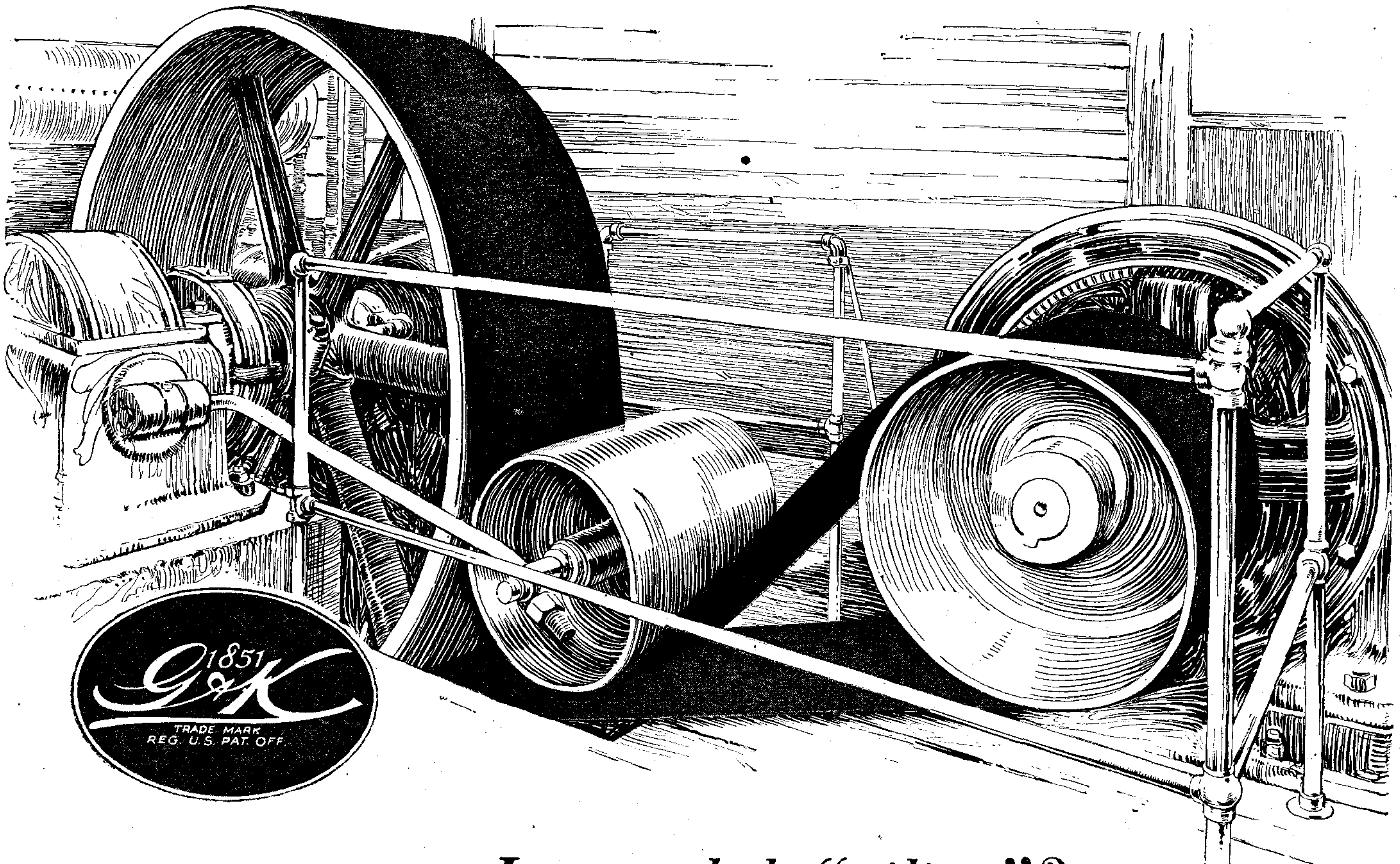
It is this construction which has been the basis of Goodyear's pioneering of the employment of pneumatic truck tires, just as it is today the basis of many betterments in hauling methods.

For years Goodyear's fleets, shod with Goodyear Cord Tires, have been freighting over long and arduous routes and carrying passengers through all such weather conditions as seriously hinder solid tires.

The operating and cost records of these fleets and of others, owned in varied lines of business, afford direct comparisons of pneumatic vs. solid truck tires and can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

SAVE DRIVERS-LOADS-TRUCKS-ROADS
Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES



Is your belt "ailing"?

28" Graton and Knight Spartan Double on Compressor Drive of the Utah-Apex Mining Company, Bingman Canyon, Utah. This belt stands up under punishment that would kill ordinary belting in a short time. Writing of this particular belt the Utah-Apex Mining Company says: "This belt has proven a great saving to us in power transmission, as its extreme pliability and gripping qualities enable it to transmit power with greater efficiency than any other belting we have ever used."

"I COULD cure him if I only knew what ails him," said the old country doctor of his patient. Many belting users are of the same mind. They know there's something wrong but can't tell exactly what it is. Prevention would have been easier than cure.

There's one certain way of avoiding belting troubles—buy the right size and kind of leather belting. The selection of the proper belt for specific work is a matter of exact engineering knowledge. Graton and Knight Service, covering the various phases of belting engineering, has standardized belting practice to the end that losses in power transmission are now avoidable.

The Graton and Knight Standardized Series of Leather Belting is composed of brands and grades manufactured by standard specifications in sizes to meet known requirements. The series is so graded that the one right belt for each class of drive is easily selected when the power transmission problem has been stated on an engineering basis.

Because Graton and Knight Standardization is based on both manufacture and application of belting, it replaces guesswork and "ordinarily good results" with exact knowledge and superior transmission efficiency.

You will incur no obligation by calling us in for counsel on belting problems. Any improvement in power transmission practice works to our advantage.

Write for Booklet on Standardization of Leather Belting

THE GRATON AND KNIGHT MFG. CO., Worcester, Mass., U.S.A.

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting and Leather Products

Branches and Distributors in All Principal Cities

Graton & Knight

Standardized Series
Leather Belting

Tanned by us for belting use

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

were lost got no more than their just deserts. After this letter had been translated H. was sent for by Government agents and asked casually about his acquaintance and relations with Albert. He, of course, denied ever having written to Albert. Then a letter in his handwriting and bearing his signature was shown to him and it was suggested that, inasmuch as he had profound contempt for Americans, he probably held his citizenship rather lightly, in which case he would not object to having his papers taken from him. It was further pointed out that if he were no longer a citizen he could be interned, and, when interned, his property could be sold and later he might be deported from these shores. This whole prospect, particularly the danger of losing his property, so stirred his emotions that he began to wail and scream like a mad man. He was ready to betray anybody if only by so doing he could save what he termed his "family honor." He was regarded as one of the most loathsome characters that the Albert letter brought to light.

SNOW-BLINDED NATURALIST ESCAPES FROM WILDERNESS BY "CREATIVE THINKING"

ALONE and suddenly blind, amid the wild crags of the Rocky Mountain Continental Divide, twelve thousand feet above sea-level and many miles from the nearest human habitation was the predicament in which Enos A. Mills, the well-known naturalist, found himself one brilliant winter day. The heights were snow-clad and reflected glaringly the sunlight which poured with burning intensity through the clear air. Mr. Mills had lost his snow-glasses, and tho he was aware of the danger of snow-blindness, the attractions of the lofty wilderness caused him to forget all about this menace until warned by scorching pains in his eyes. There was no shadow to relieve the dazzling light, and his eyes became more and more painful. He sat down and closed them for a few minutes to relieve the pain, and then discovered that the lids adhered to the eyeballs and would not open. He was totally blind. He confesses to mild excitement, but no panic. He says he has been more terrified by narrow escapes from street-automobiles. It was up to him to get away, however, as quickly as possible, and the account of how he did it, told in his book, "The Adventures of a Nature Guide" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), forms a narrative of unusual interest. Had he not been an experienced woodsman, well versed in the lore of the wilds, it seems likely that his career would have ended then and there. He had no provisions, and was equipped only with a hatchet and matches. He stood still for a few minutes to plan what to do and then started out. With his staff he felt his way so as not to step off a cliff or tumble into a cañon. He had been some distance above the timber-line when blindness overtook him, and his first step was to clamber down to where he knew a trail to be, indicated by blazed trees. After stumbling along for some time he finally struck a tree with his staff, and in a little while found another tree that was blazed. He searched for other blazed trees but found none, and at last came to the conclusion that the trail had eluded him. He writes:

> I tried to figure out the course I had taken. Had I, in descending from the heights, gone too far to the right or to the left? Tho fairly well acquainted with the country along this timber-line, I was unable to recall a rocky cliff at this point. My staff found no bottom and warned me that I was at a jumping-off place.
>
> Increasing coolness indicated that night was upon me. But darkness did not matter, my light had failed at noon. Going back along my trail a short distance, I avoided the cliff and started on through the night down a rocky, forested, and snow-covered slope. I planned to get into the bottom of a cañon and follow down-stream. Every few steps I shouted, hoping to attract the attention of a possible prospector, miner, or wood-chopper. No voice answered. The many echoes, however, gave me an idea of the topography—of the mountain ridges and cañons before me. I listened intently after each shout and noticed the direction from which the reply came, its intensity, and the cross echoes, and concluded that I was going down into the head of a deep, forest-walled cañon, and, I hoped, traveling eastward.
>
> For points of the compass I appealed to the trees, hoping through my knowledge of woodcraft to orient myself. In the study of tree-distribution I had learned that the altitude might often be approximated and the points of the compass determined by noting the characteristic kinds of trees.
>
> Cañons of east and west trend in this locality carried mostly limber pines on the wall south and mostly Engelmann spruces on the wall that faces north. Believing that I was traveling eastward, I turned to my right, climbed out of the cañon, and examined a number of trees along the slope. Most of these were Engelmann spruces. The slope probably faced north. Turning about I descended this slope and ascended the opposite one. The trees on this were mostly limber pines. Hurrah! Limber pines are abundant only on southern slopes. With limber pines on my left and Engelmann spruces on my right, I was now satisfied that I was traveling eastward and must be on the eastern side of the range.
>
> To put a final check upon this—for a blind or lost man sometimes manages to do exactly the opposite of what he thinks he is doing—I examined lichen growths on the rocks and moss growths on the trees. In the deep cañon I dug down into the snow and examined the faces of low-lying boulders. With the greatest care I felt the lichen growth on the rocks. These verified the information that I had from the trees—but none too well. Then I felt over the moss growth, both long and short, on the trunks and lower limbs of trees, but this testimony was not absolutely convincing. The moss growth was so nearly even all the way around the trunk that I concluded the surrounding topography must be such as to admit the light freely from all quarters, and also that the wall or slope on my right must be either a gentle one or else a low one and somewhat broken. I climbed to make sure. In a few minutes I was on a terrace—as I expected. Possibly back on the right lay a basin that might be tributary to this cañon. The reports made by the echoes of my shoutings said that this was true. A few minutes of travel down the cañon and I came to the expected incoming stream, which made its swift presence heard beneath its cover of ice and snow.
>
> A short distance farther down the cañon I examined a number of trees that stood in thick growth on the lower part of what I thought was the southern slope. Here the character of the moss and lichens and their abundant growth on the northerly sides of the trees verified the testimony of the tree distribution and of previous moss and lichen growths. I was satisfied as to the points of the compass. I was on the eastern side of the Continental Divide traveling eastward.

After three or four hours of slow traveling he reached the bottom of the cañon. Continuing his wanderings here, he walked out on a ledge where the snow gave way and he fell off. He landed in the snow on another ledge. Here he let himself down the limbless trunk of a dead tree leaning against the ledge, and then resumed his journey, as he relates:

> In time the cañon widened a little and traveling became easier. I had just paused to give a shout when a rumbling and crashing high up the right-hand slope told me that a snowslide was plunging down. Whether it would land in the cañon before me or behind me or on top of me could not be guessed. The awful smashing and crashing and roar proclaimed it of enormous size and indicated that trees and rocky débris were being swept onward with it. During a few seconds that I stood waiting my fate thought after thought raced through my brain as I recorded the ever-varying crashes and thunders of the wild, irresistible slide.
>
> With terrific crash and roar the snow-slide swept into the cañon a short distance in front of me. I was knocked down by the outrush or concussion of air and for several minutes was nearly smothered with the whirling, settling snow-dust and rock powder which fell thickly all around. The air cleared and I went on.
>
> I had gone only a dozen steps when I came upon the enormous wreckage brought down by the slide. Snow, earthy matter, rocks, and splintered trees were flung in fierce confusion together. For three or four hundred feet this accumulation filled the cañon from wall to wall and was fifty or sixty feet high. The slide wreckage smashed the ice and dammed the stream. As I started to climb across this snowy débris a shattered place in the ice beneath gave way and dropt me into the water, but my long staff caught and by clinging to it I saved myself from going in above my hips. My snow-shoes caught in the shattered ice and while I tried to get my feet free a mass of snow fell upon me and nearly broke my hold. Shaking off the snow I put forth all my strength and finally pulled my feet free of the ice and crawled out upon the débris. This was a close call and at last I was thoroughly, briefly, frightened.
>
> As the wreckage was a mixture of broken trees, stones, and compacted snow I could not use my snow-shoes, so I took them off to carry them till over the débris. Once across I planned to pause and build a fire to dry my icy clothes.
>
> With difficulty I worked my way up

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

> and across. Much of the snow was comprest almost to ice by the force of contact, and in this icy cement many kinds of wreckage were set in wild disorder. While descending a steep place in this mass, carrying snow-shoes under one arm, the footing gave way and I fell. I suffered no injury, but lost one of the snow-shoes. For an hour or longer I searched, without finding it.
>
> The night was intensely cold and in the search my feet became almost frozen. In order to rub them, I was about to take off my shoes when I came upon something warm. It proved to be a dead mountain-sheep with one horn smashed off. As I sat with my feet beneath its warm carcass and my hands upon it, I thought how but a few minutes before the animal had been alive on the heights with all its ever wide-awake senses vigilant for its preservation; yet I, wandering blindly, had escaped with my life when the snowslide swept into the cañon. The night was calm, but of zero temperature or lower. It probably was crystal clear. As I sat warming my hands and feet on the proud master of the crags, I imagined the bright, clear sky crowded thick with stars. I pictured to myself the dark slope down which the slide had come. It appeared to reach up close to the frosty stars.
>
> But the lost snow-shoe must be found; wallowing through the deep mountain snow with only one snow-shoe would be almost hopeless. I had vainly searched the surface and lower wreckage projections, but made one more search. This proved successful. The shoe had slid for a short distance, struck an obstacle, bounced upward over smashed logs, and lay about four feet above the general surface. A few moments more and I was beyond the snowslide wreckage. Again on snow-shoes, staff in hand, I continued feeling my way down the mountain.

After a time he paused to build a fire to dry his clothing, but found that the heat increased the pain in his eyes. So he resumed his journey, traveling through the night. At last he felt the morning sun in his face, and paused to rest on the snow. While lying there he detected the smell of burning aspen. Knowing that this was much used for wood by the mountain people, he started out to find it. While on his quest for the source of the smoke, he had occasion to observe how the loss of sight stimulates the imagination and sharpens the other senses:

> My eyes, always keen and swift, had ever supplied me with almost an excess of information. But with them suddenly closed, my imagination became the guiding faculty. I did creative thinking. With pleasure I restored the views and scenes of the morning before. Any one seeking to develop the imagination would find a little excursion afield, with eyes voluntarily blindfolded, a most telling experience.
>
> Down the mountainside I went, hour after hour. My ears caught the chirp of birds and the fall of icicles which ordinarily I would hardly have heard. My nose was constantly and keenly analyzing the air. With touch and clasp I kept in contact with the trees. Again my nostrils picked up aspen smoke. This time it was much stronger. Perhaps I was near a house! But the whirling air-currents gave me no clue as to the direction from which the smoke came, and only echoes responded to my call.
>
> All my senses worked willingly in seeking wireless news to substitute for the eyes. My nose readily detected odors and smoke. My ears were more vigilant and more sensitive than usual. My fingers, too, were responsive from the instant that my eyes failed. Delightfully eager they were, as I felt the snow-buried trees, hoping with touch to discover possible trail blazes. My feet also were quickly, steadily alert to translate the topography.
>
> Occasionally a cloud shadow passed over. In imagination I often pictured the appearance of these clouds against the blue sky and tried to estimate the size of each by the number of seconds its shadow took to drift across me.

In the middle of the afternoon he detected the odor of an ancient corral. Thinking this indicated the presence of civilization he shouted, but received no response. Presently he came to a cabin, but found a board nailed over the door, showing that the place was deserted. He broke in and built a fire in the stove. Finally he fell asleep and after several hours awoke, nearly frozen. Kindling the fire once more, he steamed his eyes to relieve the pain in them, and then began to think about food. He had had nothing to eat for sixty hours. He found a few raisins in his pocket and with these broke his fast. About noon of the day after he reached the cabin he started out once more. His narrative proceeds:

> Going to the door, I stood and listened. A camp-bird only a few feet away spoke gently and confidingly. Then a crested jay called impatiently. The camp-bird alighted on my shoulder. I tried to explain to the birds that there was nothing to eat. The prospector who had lived in this cabin evidently had been friendly with the bird neighbors. I wished that I might know him.
>
> Again I could smell the smoke of aspen wood. Several shouts evoked echoes—nothing more. I stood listening and wondering whether to stay in the cabin or to venture forth and try to follow the snow-filled roadway that must lead down through the woods from the cabin. Wherever this open way led I could follow. But, of course, I must take care not to lose it.
>
> In the nature of things I felt that I must be three or four miles to the south of the trail which I had planned to follow down the mountain. I wished I might see my long and crooked line of footmarks in the snow from the summit to timber-line.
>
> Hearing the open water in rapids close to the cabin, I went out to try for a drink. I advanced slowly, blind-man fashion, feeling the way with my long staff. As I neared the rapids a water-ouzel, which probably had lunched in the open water, sang with all his might. I stood still as he repeated his liquid, hopeful song. On the spot I shook off procrastination and decided to try to find a place where some one lived.
>
> After writing a note explaining why I had smashed in the door and used so much wood, I readjusted my snow-shoes and started down through the woods. I suppose it must have been late afternoon.
>
> I found an open way that had been made into a road. The woods were thick and the open roadway readily guided me. Feeling and thrusting with my staff, I walked for some time at normal pace. Then I missed the way. I searched carefully, right, left, and before me for the utterly lost road. It had forked, and I had continued on the short stretch that came to an end in the woods by an abandoned prospect hole. As I approached close to this the snow caved in, nearly carrying me along with it. Confused by blinded eyes and the thought of oncoming night, perhaps, I had not used my wits. When at last I stopt to think I figured out the situation. Then I followed my snow-shoe tracks back to the main road and turned into it.
>
> For a short distance the road ran through dense woods. Several times I paused to touch the trees each side with my hands. When I emerged from the woods, the pungent aspen smoke said that I must at last be near a human habitation. In fear of passing it I stopt to use my ears. As I stood listening, a little girl gently, curiously, asked:
>
> "Are you going to stay here to-night?"

BERLIN, ONCE THE SLUMLESS CITY, BUILDS MUD HUTS, REVELS, AND STARVES

REVERSION to the primitive types of dress and habitation in vogue during the Dark Ages is taking place in Berlin. No new dwelling-houses, except mud and board shanties, have been built there since the war broke out, we are told. Yet the population has increased to such an extent that four million people are now jammed together in the city where there is not room enough for three million. As a result, communities of ill-clad and sandal-shod folk are said to be living on the edges of the city in thatched-roofed houses of uncooked clay like the adobe huts in uncivilized parts of Mexico and Central America. So great has the demand for these mud habitations become that technical instruction as to how they should be built has been made available throughout Germany. Accompanying this retrogressive movement in housing conditions, it is said, there are signs of social disintegration as well. The most marked of these is the violent contrast between the lavish indulgence of the rich and the grinding poverty of the poor. "While the rich of Berlin have plunged into a debauch of the maddest revelry, the poor are suffering the direst extremes of want. The rich are retrograding in consequence of their excesses, while the poor are being forced along the backward path by the stinging lashes of privation." Outlawry, political chaos, rudeness, and disregard for personal appearance, and even a return to the chase as a means of livelihood, are other indications that the Germans are drifting back into the Dark Ages. The inclination to spend all their time in an endless round of mad pleasures seems to have robbed them of all desire to engage in productive industry. "About the only new enterprises opening up in Berlin are wine-houses, dance-palaces, and five o'clock tea-

Fine Metals Have Given Maxwell Its Rank

THE very substance of which a car is made denotes its quality; and the use of fine and strong metals in the Maxwell has won it many, many friends. It was necessary to make the Maxwell chassis of the very best materials. For its great mission was to transport—*in an extremely economical way*—as great a passenger load over the same road and at the same speed as the larger and heavier cars.

Thus it was obvious that the Maxwell had to be light. And to make it light the quality metals were used. Metallurgists, the men who have made the study of metals a science, say that it compares favorably pound for pound with the highest priced cars the world has produced.

But you need not be a metallurgist to discover this "inner goodness" in a Maxwell. Three months will tell; six months will tell you more. Otherwise Maxwell in five short years would never have grown from a production of 5,000 a year to 100,000 a year.

Nearly 400,000 Maxwells on the highways of the world today answer most any question you can ask about this great car.

More miles per gallon
More miles on tires

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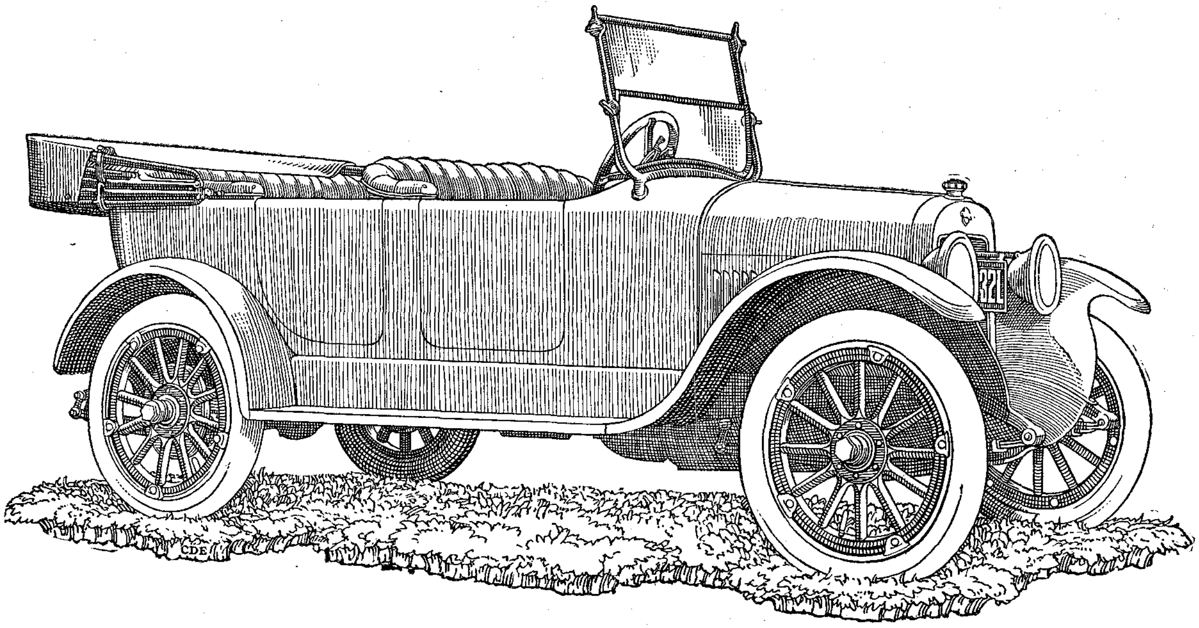
MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO
MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, EXPORT DIVISION, 1808 B'WAY, NEW YORK



rooms," we are informed by a special correspondent of *The Sun and New York Herald*, who is now in the German capital. He continues, describing conditions there:

> All these—the new and the old—are thronged every night with the gay revelers, whose main endeavor is seemingly to wear the raciest of the *risqué* Vienna modes and excel in the display of diamonds and the execution of obscene dances. The ribald revels of Rome were never more excessive perhaps than these bawdy bacchanalia of fated Berlin. Wine was never so expensive, but never before in this city's history was so much of it consumed.
>
> The revelers seem to place no value on money. "Scraps of paper" they call it as they give it in eager exchange for the foaming "sext." Orgies are of nightly occurrence. Often the feature is exhibition dances by stage favorites and sometimes by the drink-emboldened onlookers. Who can execute the most shameless terpsichorean feats is applauded loudest.
>
> Utter demoralization of social life seems to have set in. Divorces are tenfold more in number than ever before, but one would think them quite unnecessary. Marriages are falling off as alarmingly as divorces are increasing. They, too, seem unnecessary. People are beginning to look upon them as a lingering relic of the "old fogy forms of *antebellum* days."
>
> Room is so scarce that in changing one's address it is necessary to make application at official government bureaus. Here the applicants must give their correct names, former residence, age, place of birth, and many other personal details. The same kind of information was required in the census recently taken in Berlin. All this would have caused considerable annoyance and humiliation to the multitudes clandestinely living together had the government clerks and census enumerators not come to their rescue with the assurance that the information would be kept secret.
>
> Such conditions, needless to say, tend to penalize morality and place a premium on immorality. And this appears to be just what the state desires. Its aim, seemingly, is the extermination of the marriage bond as a hindrance to the "complete freedom" the Socialist-Democratic Government wishes to assure to this and succeeding generations. The inhabitants are being trained and prepared for the change, so that when it finally takes place it may be said that it came from the demands of the people themselves.
>
> The antewar houses of uncooked clay are no further removed in grade from the prewar flats than are the present social conditions from those of prewar times. Indeed, it seems as if the primordial form of communal or tribal marriage which prevailed in the Stone Age may outrace the Stone Age mud-house as a generally established institution of future Germany.

The writer next takes up the crime-wave now sweeping Berlin. Lawlessness reigns supreme, he says. The Germans, who once were among the world's religious leaders, appear to have forgotten all about religion and their churches stand empty, while the former church members are going their devious ways in the pursuit of pleasure or crime. It is intimated that this situation is the result of the German resolve, made during the war, that if Germany lost, her people would abandon belief in God. As we read:

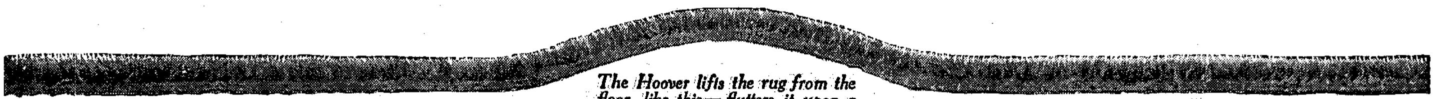
> Berlin, once the most orderly of cities, is now the most disorderly. Thievery, highway robbery, and murder run rampant. Gambling flourishes in all parts of the city. From the rich *Schieber* (profiteer) to the lowly street-faker, every device that cunning brain can conceive to fleece the public has sprung into use. All classes seem to take a fiendish delight in joining in the mad carnival of dissipation and crime.
>
> Failing to find work in their regular callings, many of the city's army of unemployed have turned to robbery in its hundredfold phases. Let any one take a walk in and around Alexander Platz and see the army of bunco-steerers who ply their calling openly, and he will wonder if it really be civilized Berlin or a newly opened American mining-camp. Muenzstrasse, Rosenthalerstrasse, and Schoenhauser Allee seem to have been converted into rendezvous for all sorts of underhanded operations. Many of the outlaws live in these quarters, and here they meet and openly plan their escapades. From here they sally forth into all parts of the city to break into houses, hold up pedestrians, and steal and rob generally.
>
> Even the stranger in Berlin can see plenty of evidence of the prevailing outlawry. He can not go far without observing doors and windows that have been smashed the night before. There are many marks showing where mechanical glass-cutters have been employed. Skeleton keys and instruments for breaking into doors and windows are made and sold freely.
>
> Germany, which gave birth to Martin Luther, was once of a very religious turn of mind. In the late war the soldiers' belt-buckles bore the inscription "*Gott mit Uns*," and most of the war-songs, official stamps, insignia, and proclamations recognized and invoked the power of divine dispensation. But when the tide of war began to turn the people were often heard to say that if Germany lost they would no longer believe in God. All things indicate that they are making good their threat. And the Divinity, it would seem, has not been slow in deserting those who deserted him.
>
> More gloomy and uninviting places than the majority of German churches to-day would be hard to find. Because of the coal famine they are unheated and dimly lighted, and the lack of religious fervor among the few shivering worshipers compares favorably with the frigid temperature therein. The church bells do not ring their summonses in the loud, clear tones of former times. Most of the bells were melted for cannon during the war, and the brass and bronze fixtures of the interiors were depleted for like purposes. Pastors find that their salaries remain the same while prices have increased eightfold. Most of them are in distress, and many who have not abandoned their calling have become objects of charity.

The rudeness in the homes and in public is referred to as an indication of the retrogression of the people of Germany. The guiding principle seems to be the well-known "every fellow for himself and the devil for all of us." It is the rule everywhere, we are told. Says the correspondent:

> Boarding trains and trams often presents a mass play in a football match. I have seen women and children trampled under foot and dragged on the ground in efforts to hold on to the railing in the pressing throngs. Even during the hours when traffic is lightest people rush and push by one another without the slightest compunction, and in this respect the women are worse than the men. He who holds back out of any consideration for frailty or age instantly finds the throng pushing past him, and he is liable to be left to wait for the next car or train. And if he continues to show such consideration he can wait for a week. A young woman in my *pension* has been to the station three days in succession trying to get a seat on a train for Lübeck and has finally abandoned the effort and returned her ticket.
>
> Rudeness in the home is a direct war-product. The extended period of hunger that prevailed during the war and armistice caused people to lay aside all vestige of table-manners. He who has not experienced the cravings of long-drawn-out hunger has no conception of what it means, of how sillily superfluous seem all forms of etiquette that might impede in any way the readiest possible consumption of the food in the most accessible manner in the largest possible quantities.
>
> The Germans, by nature big eaters, became almost ravenous in their greed. The knife and fork were often laid aside for the fingers, or perhaps for the spoon, as a more serviceable instrument for cleaning the plates, and at times in private homes the tongue was brought into play in the latter stages. When any one from indisposition was unable to eat all his scanty portion, some one sitting by was more than delighted with permission to finish it.
>
> At the *pension* where I boarded in Hamburg during the armistice I often saw women rise from their seats, walk to other parts of the long table, pick up particles of food left by a departing guest, and stick them away in a sack or basket they had brought along especially for the purpose. There was no "left-over problem."

There is also a decline of regard for personal appearance. Owing to the lack of soap during the war, the Germans, once a cleanly people, have become so accustomed to dirt they don't mind it. As for the shabbiness of their clothing, that is due, primarily, to the high cost of wearing-apparel. We read:

> Most of the homes have been stript bare of cloth materials, which have been made into clothing that is fast wearing out. What the poor people are going to do when this happens is hard to tell, for the future holds forth little promise of a downward trend in prices. The department-stores and other shops that were emptied during the war are now well filled and are putting on their former more or less elegant displays, but their wares are only for the rich. Clothing now costs more than in the worst days of the war. There was little to be had then, it is true, but such as was obtainable was rationed on the cards and sold at reasonable prices.
>
> The cheapest tailor-made suit to be had now costs 1,300 marks (normally about $330). Dresses for women, medium grade, cost from 1,000 to 3,000 marks. Shirts cost from 60 to 100 marks (normally the mark is worth nearly twenty-five cents); suits of underclothes about the same price; women's blouses, 80 to 3,000 marks; cotton stockings, 10 to 20 marks; socks, 8 to 20 marks.
>
> As cloth early gave way to paper on the



The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

In the soft shadings and delicate tracings of a fine rug lies its call for admiration. The maintenance of these charms is an important function of The Hoover. Rapidly its electric sweeping reveals anew the colorings dimmed by soot, and brushes straight any nap disarranged by heels. At the same time it beats out all destructive embedded grit, collects stubborn, clinging litter and thoroughly suction cleans. Only The Hoover does all this. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

The HOOVER

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THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The oldest makers of electric cleaners
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OWEN CORD
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OWEN TIRES OWN THE ROAD

OW

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IN spite of frequent expansion, Owen production in the past has always been inadequate to satisfy the demand for Owen Tires.

Now, for the first time, greatly increased factory facilities permit us to consider inquiries from new distributors and dealers.

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The Owen line of tires and tubes is complete—Cord, Fabric and Solid Truck Tires.

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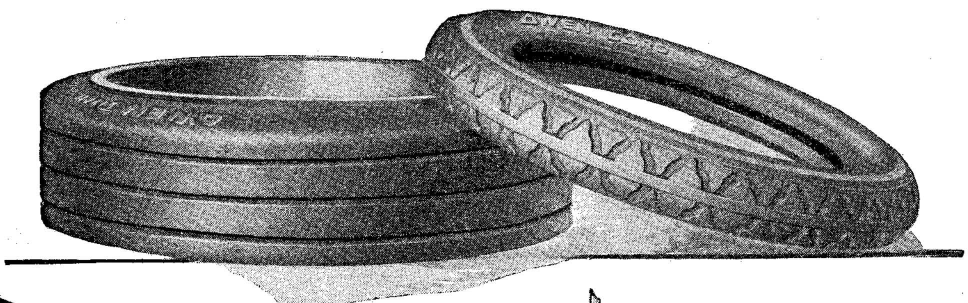
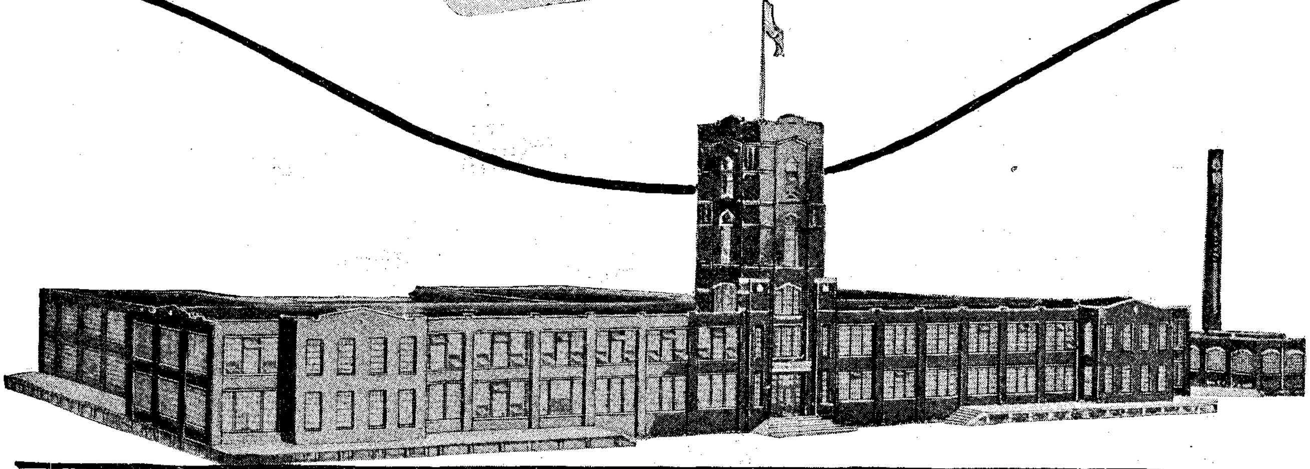
FABRIC TIRES—6,000 Miles
FORD SIZES — 7,500 Miles





OWEN TIRES OWN THE ROAD

EN

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

tables, so an effort was made during the war to substitute paper for wearing-apparel. Paper underclothes, paper shirts, and even paper dresses for women and suits for men were tried, but, with the exception of the shirts and underwear, were soon discarded. A washable paper underwear that has been invented is fairly satisfactory, as are the paper shirts, but they wear out so quickly that they are found nearly as expensive as cloth. The result is that most of the common people have stopt wearing shirts and underclothes. In the country boys and girls up to fourteen and fifteen years of age go barefoot in warm weather and without underclothes of any description.

Long ago shoes reached prices utterly beyond the reach of the poor, and they are constantly growing more expensive. Hence the wearing of wooden sandals, as in the days of ancient Rome, has become very prevalent in Germany, especially in the small towns and rural districts. Many children and women and men workers in the fields never have anything else in the way of footwear. But the sandals come off easily and in many ways are uncomfortable and inconvenient. The result is that when weather permits a continually growing population of Germany is going barefoot. In the country I have seen many barefoot people even in the coldest weather, and in the cities many women who appear quite chic on the streets never wear shoes or stockings indoors at home.

CAPTAIN MARSHALL FIELD, MULTIMILLIONAIRE, RETURNS TO WORK

MARSHALL FIELD, 3d, grandson of the famous Chicago merchant, inheritor of millions and perhaps the richest young man in the United States to-day, discarded the opportunity of obtaining the sinecure which his money could have afforded, enlisted as a buck private during the war, was promoted to a captaincy, was mentioned several times in dispatches, and is now back at work in his shirt-sleeves. Captain Field has been soldier, newspaper reporter, and bond-salesman, and he is now at his own desk in an ordinary-looking office helping to manage the tremendous estate left him by his grandfather. Between whiles he takes time to help his fellow man, and is now the head of a neighborhood society which is organizing community centers in Chicago for the young men who are bereft of their saloons and questionable athletic clubs. Fortune has bestowed on him more than money: he possesses good looks, an athletic physique, and an amiable disposition. He was educated in English schools, and is a Cambridge graduate, but that has not served to lessen his love of country or given him an air foreign to his native heath. A writer for *The Sun and New York Herald* recently had an interview with the young multimillionaire, and he tells us:

> He was among the first to enlist when the war broke out. He joined the crack cavalry regiment that went from Chicago and made history—the old First, which during the war was the 127th Artillery. While lesser young millionaires of Chicago and men with influence were looking for commissions and safety-first positions, young Field thought that being a private was better than not fighting at all.
>
> That he is a real specimen of American manhood is well set forth by his statements in an interview the day he became the rawest rookie in the old First.
>
> "I decided to enlist in the old First," said he, "because I think there is a greater chance for immediate active service there. There is certainly no reason why I should not be willing to fight for my country, just as every other young man should do. From now on I am just plain Private Field, and I shall feel very uncomfortable if it is suggested that I be treated as anything but an ordinary private in Headquarters Troop.
>
> "I am enlisting because I believe it is my duty to serve the United States in this war. That is my personal conviction regarding myself, and myself solely. I am not moralizing over what other people should do. I felt I ought to do my bit. My wife, after some reflection, agreed to my enlistment. Because I didn't know enough about military matters to be an officer, I enlisted as a private. I chose the cavalry because I believed this organization was more likely than others to see service and because I considered it the most distinguished of the Illinois organizations. The fact that I like horseback riding and have done a great deal of riding also may have had something to do with my enlisting in the cavalry."
>
> And when he returned to America after the armistice was signed he was Capt. Marshall Field, the most popular man in the regiment. It is needless to ask why. He worked hard and his promotion was rapid and honorably earned.

Since his return Captain Field has earned the title of "The Soldier's Friend," for he was an associate-director of Chicago's "bureau of justice," and has devoted much time and energy in procuring jobs for ex-service men. When the bureau completed its work, he looked out for a job for himself, and landed one with the bond and brokerage house of Lee, Higginson & Co., who apprenticed him to the head bookkeeper, who, in turn, put the multimillionaire to work as an ordinary beginner. He went out as salesman, made good, and, after thus having sharpened his wits, turned to the management of the Field estate. The story continues:

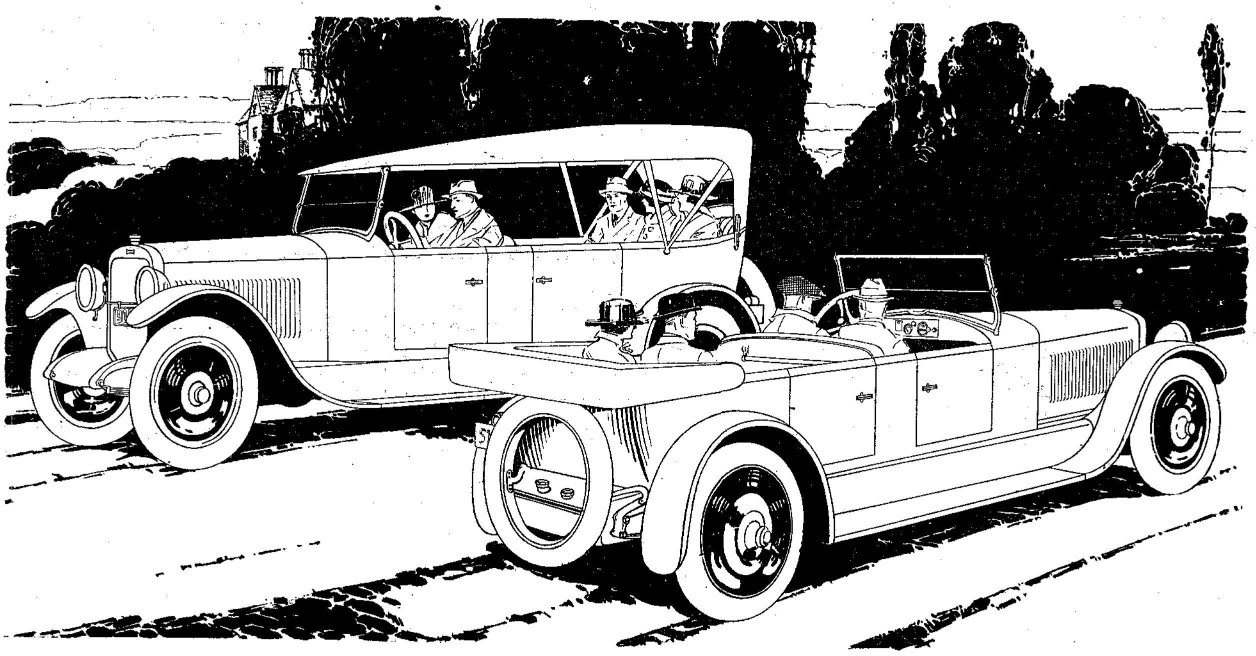
> His office is a plain, every-day business office on the sixteenth floor of the Merchants Loan and Trust Building, at Clark and Adams streets. The writer dropt in on him on a Saturday. He was busily engaged in checking up a list of leases. His coat was off and his shirt-sleeves were rolled elbow length.
>
> Let it be said right here and now that Captain Field's office is a real American office. It is as democratic as young Field is himself. There are no brass railing, no mahogany fence, no secretaries, no sub-secretaries. Not a buffer in the office. It is the office of Marshall Field, plain, every-day American business man, and nobody who has business to transact with him meets any artificial barriers. His example, no doubt, will be an effective lesson to many always busy individuals. Mr. Field has a lot of ideas along this line that may eliminate red tape and camouflage from Chicago business offices.
>
> It was a real smile of welcome that greeted the writer of this article on entering Mr. Field's office. He sang out cheerily: "Come right in; I am a real business man now," and he shook hands.
>
> "What do you think of my office?" he continued with the enthusiasm of a boy with a new bike.
>
> "I'm here so I can be seen—and heard. And one can talk with me if he has business to transact. The day is past when it takes a year to see a man for a minute.
>
> "What do you think made my grandfather a wealthy man? Courtesy; yes sir, courtesy. That is the first rule of every successful business house, and without it you are doomed to fail. My grandfather was a wonderful man, and it was his ability to make and hold friends that made him wealthy.
>
> "Look at the big men that the house of Field has given to the business world—and I may say millionaires: A. G. Selfridge, John G. Shedd, the late Harlow N. Higginbotham, James Simpson, and you will find upon close analysis that their entire business careers had for their foundation-stone—the stone of courtesy."
>
> "Are you going to run the estate all by yourself, or are you—"
>
> "Why, certainly I'm not going to run anything," the Captain broke in. "There are four trustees. I'm one of them, another is the bank, and the other two are getting old. I'm just going to help them. I have no title, no official station. I've just got a job to help them."
>
> An elderly man approached at this stage of the interview, holding a memorandum bearing a row of figures. Captain Field excused himself for a moment while he listened to the clerk. In a moment Mr. Field, perched on a high stool, was going over a ledger with the clerk comparing the figures, and in a few minutes was back again to resume the interview.
>
> "On the street it is said you are America's richest young man. Is that so?"
>
> "That I can not answer," said Mr. Field. "You know I won't come into the bulk of my fortune until I am fifty years old—if I live that long—but please don't discuss my financial affairs."

In common with most who have tried the game, Marshall Field found that newspaper work is "the last word in fascination." But he yearned for the commercial life, and, after parting men from their conversation, became a bond salesman to part them from their money, which task he found a little more difficult. The interviewer asked the ex-salesman if he would advise a young man with a good education to take up the career of a bond salesman, and quotes his answer:

> "If he is a natural-born salesman, yes. If he has the knack of making friends, and holding them, by all means. Get with a good house by all means. It isn't so much what you say in salesmanship as what you are selling. The law of average is the keynote of the selling game. The more calls you make the bigger the results. Dress neatly. People always like to do business with a young man who looks every inch a success.
>
> "Always talk to a man about his business, not about yours. Show him how he can make some money, and he is interested. A good, sound, bond-issue needs no flowery arguments. A handful of facts is sufficient. Never commercialize your friends to satisfy your own ends."

CHANDLER SIX

Famous For Its Marvelous Motor



Two Great Chandlers
Right Out In Front

HERE are two Chandler Six models which the big and constantly expanding Chandler factory production has never been able to build in volume that could supply the demand of discriminating motor car purchasers. They are the Chandler Six Touring Car and Dispatch Car, the former a big, handsome, roomy, comfortable, real seven-passenger car; and the latter a trim, smaller car, suggestive in its appearance of all the good things of outdoor life. The Dispatch Car has a touch of snappy style in its clean lines, and is strikingly finished in the beautiful Chandler Rainbow Blue. It seats four persons in restful comfort.

Both the Chandler Six Touring and Dispatch Cars are mounted on the same standard Chandler chassis, developed, through seven years of manufacture, to a surpassing point of excellence and famous for its really marvelous motor. The Chandler Car is priced much lower than other cars which may, perhaps, compare with it.

If you want your new Chandler this Spring, place your order now

SIX SPLENDID BODY TYPES

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $1895
Four-Passenger Roadster, $1895
Four-Passenger Dispatch Car, $1975
Seven-Passenger Sedan, $2895
Four-Passenger Coupe, $2795
Limousine, $3395
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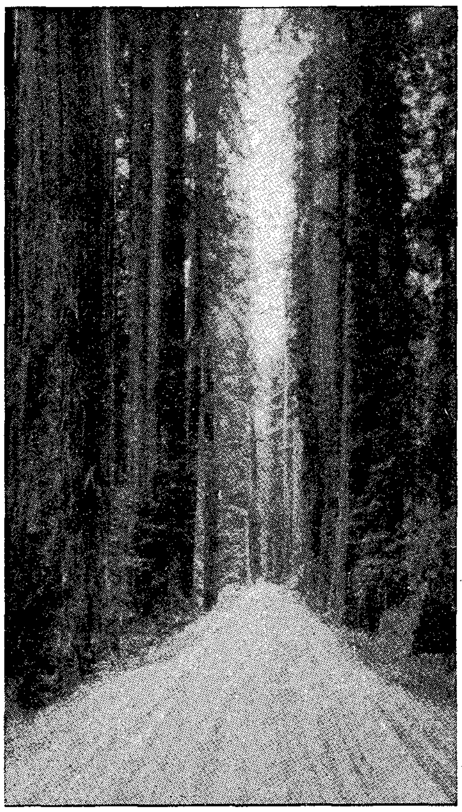
BIRDS-BEASTS-AND-TREES

ANCIENT REDWOODS BUTCHERED FOR GRAPE-STAKES

WHAT is happening to that Methuselah of living things, the giant trees, beneath whose shade the brontosaurus may have gamboled and the diplodocus dined?



REDWOODS IN THEIR ANCIENT STATE.

A bit of one of the oldest forests in the world, untouched by lumberers, as it appeared in Humboldt County, California, in 1917.

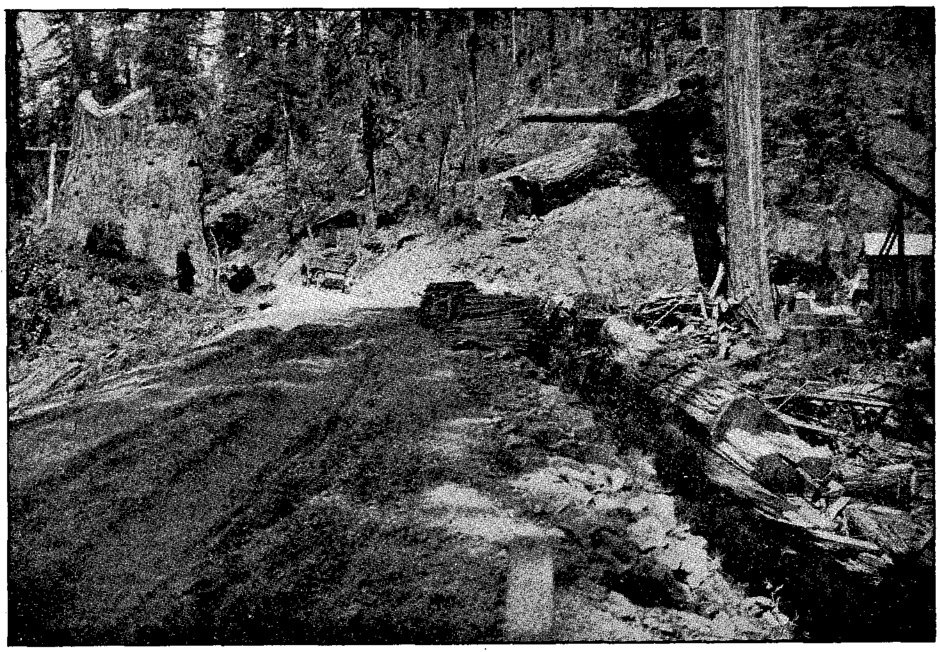
Of all the monstrous growths of prehistoric geologic periods, the Sequoia, a genus chiefly represented to-day by the giant redwoods of California, is the one survivor left to tell the tale. Little by little it has been driven from the earth which it once inherited, until in comparatively recent years it has taken its last stand on the Sierras and the Pacific coast ranges. And now this tree, which we are told is not only of the most ancient and noble lineage but also "a beautiful, cheerful, and very brave tree," is being butchered to make grape-stakes, fence-posts, and railroad-ties. Friends of the forests are rallying to save it, however, and a movement bearing banners of the "Save the Redwoods League" is mobilizing volunteers from the whole country to bring relief to the tremendous groves, and make the world safe for the Sequoia.

In *The Zoological Society Bulletin* (New York) Madison Grant indulges in some family gossip concerning these Titans:

> The genus *Sequoia*, to which the two surviving species of the great trees of California belong, is a member of the *Taxodiaceæ* and stands widely separated from other living trees. This genus together with closely related groups once spread over the entire northern hemisphere, and fossil remains of Sequoia and kindred genera have been found in Europe, Spitzbergen, Siberia, Alaska, Canada, and Greenland. Changes in climate and other causes have led to their gradual extinction until the sole survivors of the genus are confined to California, one to high altitudes in the Sierra Mountains, and the other to the western slope of the coast range.
>
> These trees, virtually in their present form, flourished in California before the mammals developed from their humble, insectivorous ancestors of the Mesozoic, and while the dinosaurs were the most advanced form of land animals. The mountains upon which these trees now stand contain fossil records of early Sequoia like trees, proving that this group abounded before the rocks that constitute the present Sierras and coast ranges were laid down in the shallow seas, to be upheaved later and eroded into their present shapes. In the base of Mount Shasta and under its lava flows, the ancient rocks are marked with imprints of their leaves and cones. Such antiquity is to be measured not by hundreds or thousands, but by millions of years.
>
> While the duration of the family, of the genus, and even the existing species, or species so closely allied as to be almost indistinguishable, extends, through such an immense portion of the earth's history, the life of the living trees is correspondingly great.
>
> The Sequoia is not only the oldest living thing on earth, but it is the tallest tree on earth, and we have no reason, so far as our paleobotanical studies have gone, to believe that there ever existed on earth either individual trees or forests that surpassed in size, in girth, in height, or in grandeur, the Sequoias of California. And these are the trees that modern commercialism is cutting for grape-stakes, for railroad-ties, and for shingles.

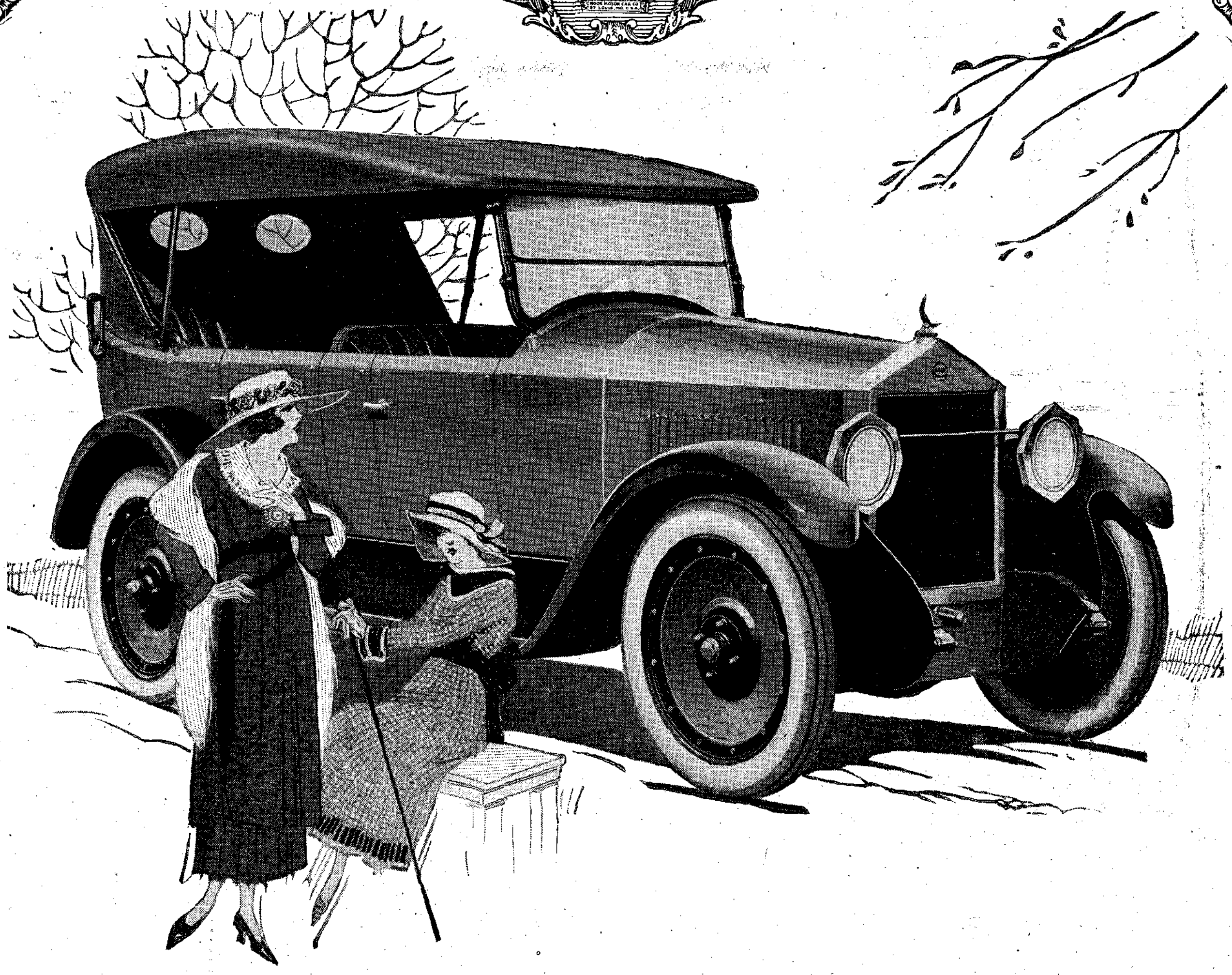
Mr. Grant's article concerns itself chiefly with that branch of the family that settled on the coast, because it is they, more than the *Sequoia gigantea* or Big Tree of the Sierras, that are in imminent peril. He says:

> The Redwood of the coast, *Sequoia sempervirens*—the immortal Sequoia—well deserves its name. Far from being a battered remnant like its cousin of the Sierras, whose shattered ranks remind one of ponderous Roman ruins, the Redwood is a beautiful, cheerful, and very brave tree. Burned and hacked and butchered, it sprouts up again with a vitality truly amazing. It is this marvelous capacity for new growth from trunk or from root saplings which is perhaps the most interesting character of the Redwood in contrast with the Big Tree, which has no such means of regeneration and must depend on its cones for reproduction.
>
> All the Redwood forests have been more or less injured by fire, often deliberately started by the lumbermen to clear away the slash, and it is a wonderful sight to see a charred trunk throw out a spray of new growth twenty or thirty feet above the ground, or a new tree standing on top of an ancient bole and sending its roots like tentacles down into the ground around the mother stump. Other trees stand athwart the fallen bodies of their parents and continually readjust their root system to the decaying trunk beneath it.
>
> The vitality of the second growth throws up a circular ring of new and beautiful redwoods around the parent stump, and these little trees come up again and again if cut. If, however, they are burned several times in succession, this capacity of shoot-reproduction appears to be lost



DEVASTATION SPREAD BY LUMBERERS.

The mammoth redwood stump on the left and the piled grape-stakes on the right tell their own story. This picture was taken on the south fork of Eel River in 1919.



MOON

MODERN MOTOR CARS

IN jams of congested traffic and around sharp curves on the open road, the Moon establishes driving confidence. The new models, like all Moons of the past, are noted for their short turning radius.

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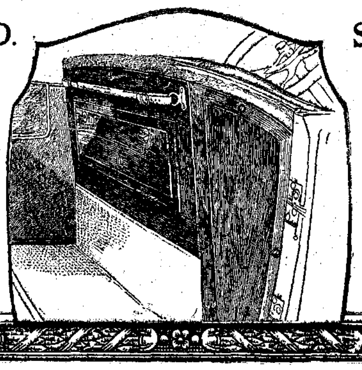
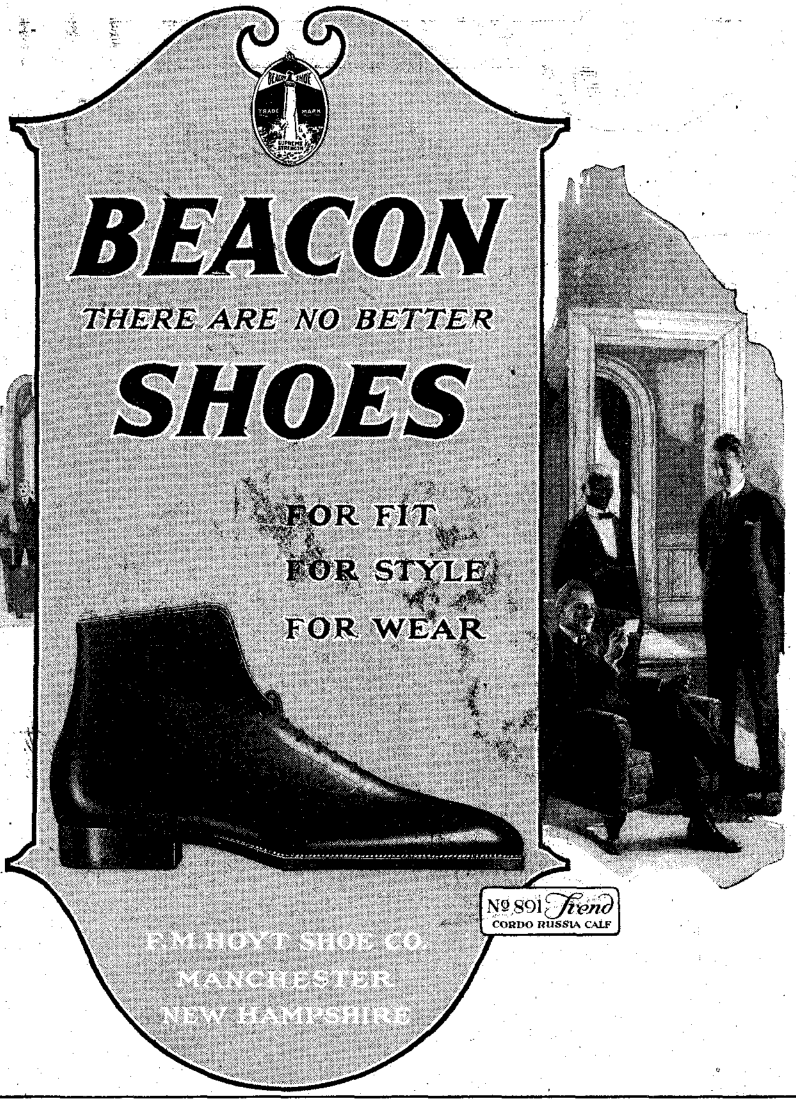


Moon consideration for details is evidenced in the back of the front seat. Built of piano-finished wood, it contains a cabinet for curtains and parcels.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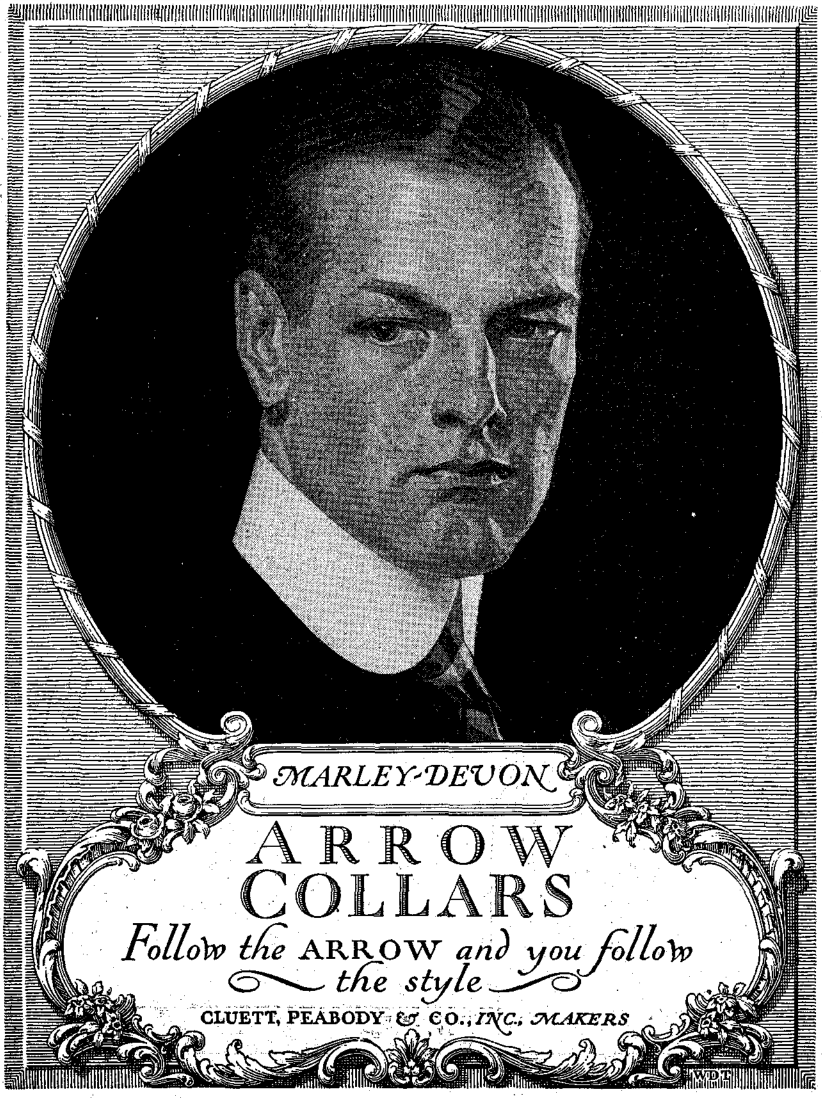
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

and there are cases, notably about fifteen miles north of Arcata, in Humboldt County, where the highway passes through three or four miles of very large and thickly set burned stumps that show little or no signs of reforestation, proving that there are conditions where human greed and human carelessness make it impossible for even the redwood to survive.

The age of the redwood is about half that of the Sierra Big Tree, and the life of a mature redwood runs from 500 to 1,300 years, in many cases probably rather more.

The diameter of the larger redwoods is sixteen feet and over, and the height runs from 100 to 340 feet. Thus, while the diameter is less, the height is far greater than its cousin, the Big Tree, with the result and effect of a graceful beauty rather than vast solidity. It is probable that trees will be found which will exceed this maximum altitude, and it is quite possible that an ultimate height of 350 feet may be recorded. One would anticipate the discovery of this tallest tree on earth either in Bull Creek Flat or along Redwood Creek.

Of the devastation being wrought in Humboldt and Del Norte counties of California, Mr. Grant writes:

> Four great forests stand out prominently: They are the groves along the south fork of the Eel River and the west bank of the main Eel, culminating in the Bull Creek Flat and the Dyerville Flat; the immense Redwood Creek grove; the Klamath River groves, and the Smith River groves in Del Norte County. Each has its peculiar beauty and it is difficult to choose among them, but it is the trees of Humboldt which at the present moment are most in peril.
>
> The groves along the south fork of the Eel River are traversed by the State highway now in the process of construction. The route of this highway made the timber accessible and the immediate result was the establishment of small lumber-camps that are destroying the trees along its edge. Not only are the trees along the road cut down, but the highway itself in many cases has been injured. It is hard to find more disastrous bungling even in road-construction.
>
> One logging company, having thoroughly devastated large areas of its home State in the East, has recently purchased great tracts of redwoods. These have been farmed out in small plots of forty acres each to various individuals, who purchased on what was virtually a stumpage basis, and the cutting was in full swing in July, 1919. The writer drove through these same groves two years ago, in August, 1917, and the change was sickening. This example of human greed and waste can scarcely be described.
>
> These great trees with their hundreds of feet of clear timber have among other valuable qualities the unfortunate characteristic of easy cleavage or splitting, and so they are doomed to the ignoble fate of being riven for railroad-ties, for shakes or shingles, and perhaps, worst of all, for grape-stakes. These superb trees are sacrificed to supply the stakes to carry vines, because of the practically indestructible character of their wood, which will stand in the ground almost indefinitely without rotting.
>
> Below the junction of the South Fork,

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

the timber on the right bank of the main Eel River has been entirely destroyed and the landscape presents a scene comparable only to the devastated regions of France. Few redwoods are left, but a magnificent example has been provided to show how the whole country will appear when lumbering operations are extended to the west bank. Reforestation is very slight and many places show no signs of regeneration. The stumps have been charred and burned, and the land lies worthless.

The fundamental tragedy of the whole edwood situation lies in the fact that these great trees are nearly all in the hands of private owners who can not reasonably be expected to sacrifice their holdings or public benefit. The State and nation, however foolish they may have been in giving away these lands, must now buy back at least a large portion of them.

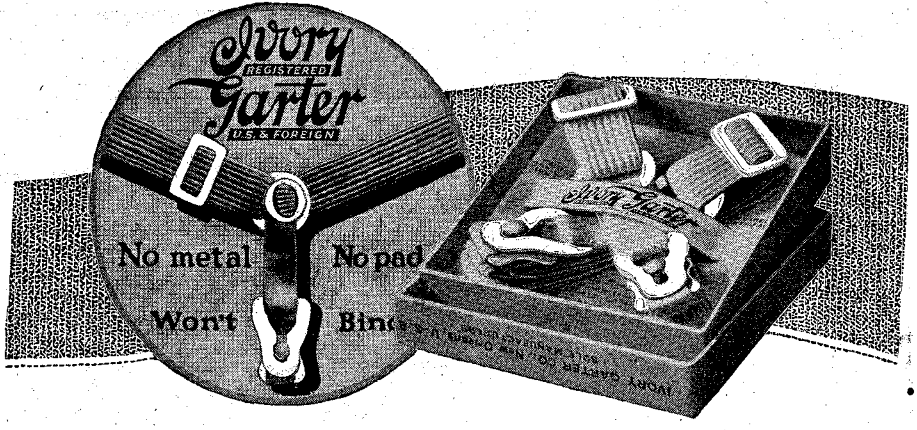
It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the crime involved in the destruction of the oldest and tallest trees on earth. The cutting of a Sequoia for grape-stakes or ailroad-ties (and an eighteen-foot tree was cut this summer for that purpose along the new State highway) is like breaking up one's grandfather's clock for kindling to save the trouble of splitting logs at the woodpile, or lighting one's pipe with a Greek manuscript to save the trouble of eaching for the matches.

After the fall of the Roman Empire the priceless works of classic art were "needed" or lime, and statues by Phidias and Praxiteles were slacked down for this purpose, but the men who did it are to-day ightly dubbed "vandals and barbarians." What then will the next generation call us if we continue to destroy these priceless rees because lumber is "needed" for rape-stakes and railroad-ties?

It will cost money to preserve the redwoods—many millions; but California has no choice. Either the amount needed o save the groves must be supplied to-day, or else a far greater sum will be required en years hence to purchase a butchered nd isolated tenth part of the forests. Those are the only alternatives. If the roves are bought in their present condiion and at relatively small cost, it will be great innovation because heretofore Americans have followed the wasteful policy of recklessly exploiting wild life, orests, and streams, and then as soon as he destruction is complete, the policy is hanged, game is reintroduced, and attempts are made to reforest the mountains t vast cost. But redwoods never can be eplaced.

Such are the conditions which have led o the organization of the "Save the Redwoods League." Secretary Franklin K. Lane is president of the League, and the work is under the active direction of Dr. ohn C. Merriam, of the University of California, Berkeley. The purpose and lans of the organization are thus set forth n a folder issued by the League:

> The Save the Redwoods League was rganized to assist in bringing about a etter and more general understanding if he value of the primeval redwood forests f America as natural objects of extraorinary interest as well as of economic mportance, and for the purpose of bringing nto unity of action all interests concerned



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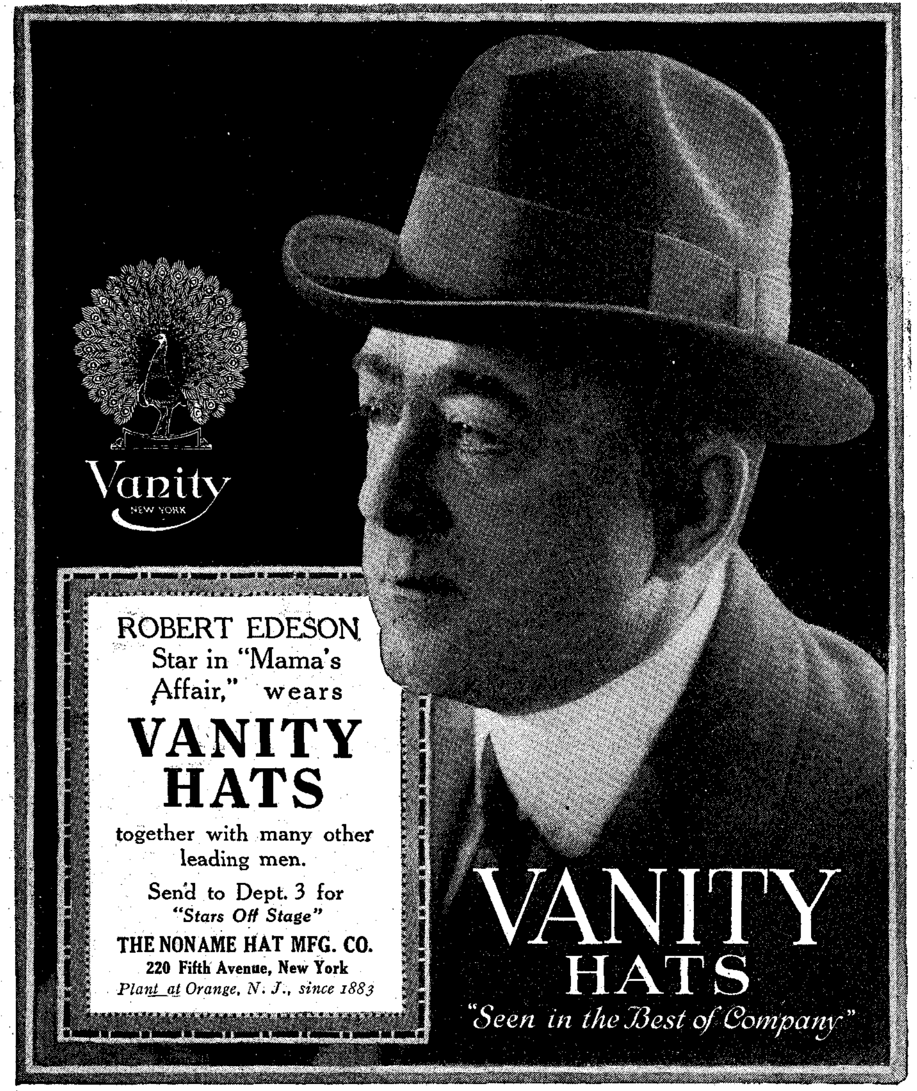

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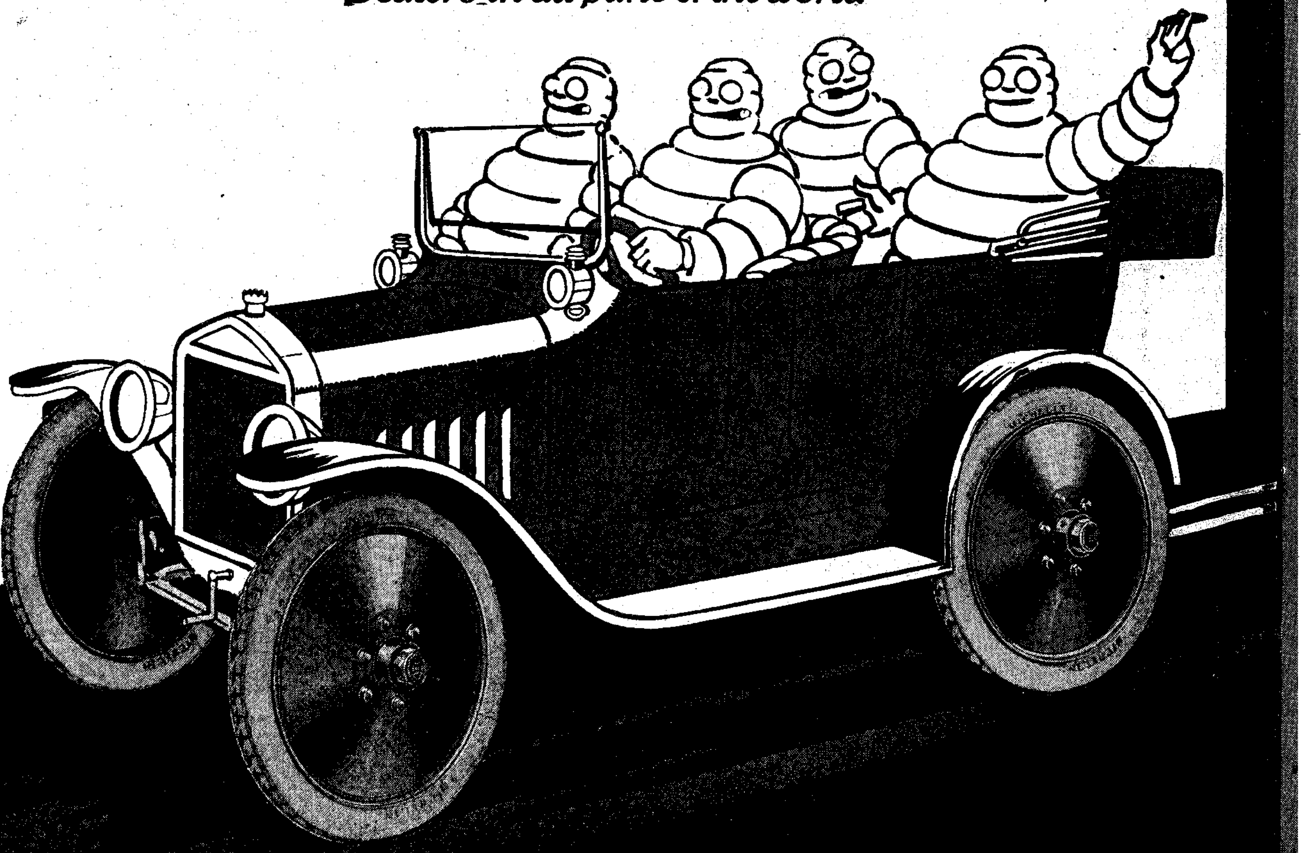


BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

with the movement to preserve such portions of these forests as should be saved to represent their fullest beauty and grandeur.

The plans of the League involve: (1) The securing of a belt of the finest redwood timber bordering the northern highway, in the hope that this area may become a State park. (2) The obtaining of a considerable body of the most typical primitive redwood forest known, for the purposes of a National Redwood Park.

Membership in the Save the Redwoods League is an expression of desire to support the plans proposed. It is hoped that through the cooperation of all organizations and individuals definitely giving their interest to this project the purposes of the movement may be realized while it is still possible to secure those ancient groves which now invite protection.

WILD ELEPHANTS AT HOME IN THE ADDO BUSH

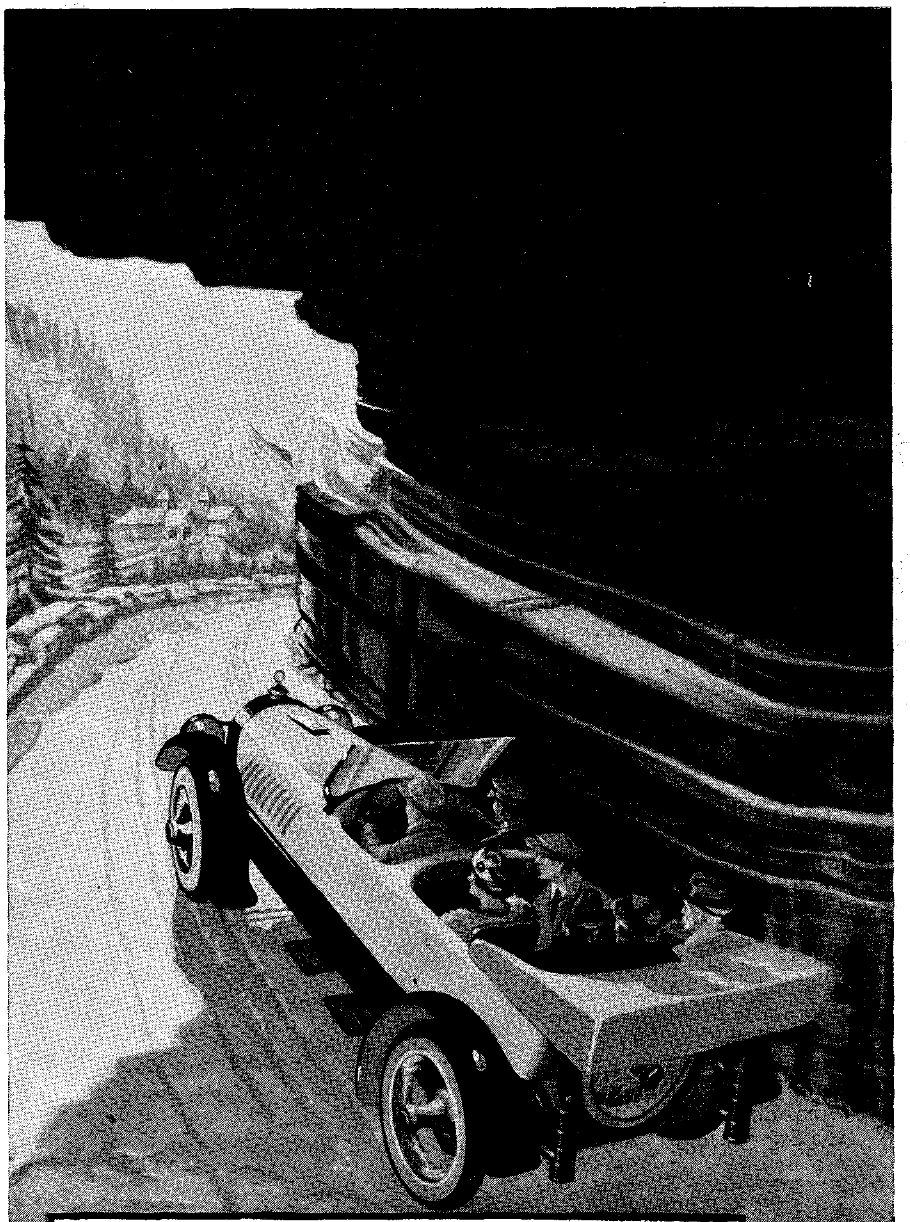
An elephant screamed furiously some distance ahead in the dense bush, a sign that the herd had suddenly got wind of the hunters. Major Pretorius, the leader of the party, lighted a piece of rag, put out the flame, and carefully noted the direction in which the smoke drifted. Then the hunters moved off in another direction so the wind would blow from the elephants toward them. It was nerve-trying business. The bush was thick, and the men carried guns and had dogs with them. They did not wish to make the least noise, and in the silence of the jungle a snapping twig sounded like the crack of a toy pistol. No creature is quicker in detecting the slightest movement or noise than an elephant. The men plodded on through the everlasting thorn bushes for some fifteen minutes, and then they judged they were close to their quarry. Major Pretorius describes the ensuing battle in *World's Work* (London):

> We peered to the right and left and in front of us, straining our eyes, but could see nothing. In fact, it was impossible to detect anything a few paces ahead. A yard ahead the bush looked as black as night, but what lurked therein no one could say. Presently, however, I discerned the elephants, standing in dense bush to our right. First I made out the huge bulk of one, then another, a third, and beyond the head of a fourth. There were undoubtedly many more, but it was impossible to say how many.
>
> Mr. Shaw was standing behind me, and I hoped he would keep his nerve. My gun-bearer handed me a rifle and I raised it to my shoulder. I was about to pull the trigger when I felt a hand touching my arm. I glanced round and it was my gun-bearer. He pointed to an elephant lying down fast asleep and almost behind us.
>
> We had in fact got right into the herd without being detected. But it would never do in that confined space to have the beasts in front and behind one, so I swung round and gave the elephant, a female, who was lying down, a shot, killing her instantaneously. Quickly turning, I was just in time to drive back the others, who were coming forward, by firing several shots.
>
> They stopt, but only for an instant, and then charged again. Our position was a very bad one, as we could not see the animals until they were within a few paces of us. Neither was it possible for us to dodge a charge.
>
> In the Addo Bush you can not step aside from a charging elephant, the undergrowth being too thick. You must stand your ground and trust to your rifle. I could hear the animals screaming and the bush being broken, quite large trees being pulled down. It was anything but a pleasant sensation. What made it so trying was the fact that we could not see our quarry altho we could hear them.
>
> At last I spotted an opening in the bush a foot or so from the ground. Quickly dropping on my knees, I watched through that opening with the rifle already cocked. I had hardly taken up that position when I detected a large bull coming toward us at full charge and screaming furiously. What with the breaking of the bushes and the trumpeting of the huge beast the noise was almost deafening.
>
> When he got to within six paces from me, I fired and hit him just below the eye, which dropt him on to his knees. He immediately got up to make another charge, so I gave him another shot which finished him off. I now looked back at Mr. Shaw, who was standing behind me. His clothing was hanging almost in ribbons and my leather suit was also badly torn.
>
> We stood there for some minutes, and hearing no more elephants charging, I gave instructions for the dogs to be released. My usual plan is to set the dogs free after the first shot, but in this case we had one elephant behind us and another charging us from the front the moment the first shot was fired. The work of the dogs is to harass the elephants and enable one to get in a shot before they bolt. I killed another elephant and badly wounded a fourth.
>
> Suddenly I heard the dogs barking some distance off. I knew they were fighting with some elephant, for all the dogs give a distinct bark for elephant different from that for any other animal. So I rushed to the spot, being guided by the barking.
>
> After running some distance I saw a small elephant, and dashing forward I managed to get hold of its tail. I was all by myself, and altho I knew the elephant would not hurt me, for there is nothing more harmless than a baby elephant, I called out to Mr. Shaw and the boys to come to my assistance.
>
> By the time they arrived, however, the little fellow and I had become quite friendly. The moment I let go of its tail he simply turned round, smelled me, and pushed himself right against me. He was not a bit afraid of me, but was very nervous of the dogs. He followed us all the way back to the camp without a halter or anything being placed on him.
>
> The news of the capture of the baby elephant spread far and wide, and people came long distances to see it. One morning several farmers and the local clergyman left their carts on the veldt and walked over to inspect "Jumbo," as he had been named, when the latter took it into his head to stroll in the direction of the carts. The horses took fright and several of them bolted. The sky pilot's Cape cart was upset, but was fortunately brought to a standstill before much damage was done.
>
> On another occasion a particularly stout old lady got down from the cart and was walking toward the camp when she spotted "Jumbo" about a hundred yards away trotting in her direction. She also took fright and made a dash for her cart, which she reached in a breathless condition. Meanwhile the elephant, who was quite innocent of any evil designs toward her, had turned round and gone back to camp.

The occasion of Major Pretorius's hunt was a recent decision by the Government of the Cape Province to exterminate the elephants in the Addo Bush. As he describes the general situation:

> The Addo Bush, which lies a little to the east of the Sundays River, is, roughly, about forty miles long by twenty miles wide. In some parts the thorn bush is fairly scattered, so that it is easy to move about, but great areas of it are composed of dense growth of mimosa and prickly pear, inextricably bound together by strong creepers. To force one's way through it the assistance of an ax is needed.
>
> The bush grows from eight to fifteen feet in height, with the result that while the man laboriously forcing his way along, or threading tortuous pathways which end in a cul-de-sac, can see nothing beyond the limit of the bushes on either hand, the wily elephant, by reason of his superior height, can keep easy watch on his movements and bide his time for a rush if he is in a bellicose mood.
>
> The bush is unique in that it is a replica of the dense forests of tropical Africa, which one does not expect to find so far south as Cape Province. As it stands it is useless to anybody. You can not penetrate far into it because of the thick undergrowth, and to open it up by paths would be a costly and lengthy business. But the first task would be to render the bush safe by ridding it of its elephants. When that has been accomplished the question of the future preservation of this interesting patch of tropical forest can be considered.
>
> It is estimated that there are from 150 to 200 elephants living in the bush. They are the last survivors of the great herds which once roamed the forests of the Cape. When their brethren retreated north before the advance of the white man's civilization they alone of all the troops stood their ground, secure in the impenetrable extent of thorn country lying some thirty miles from Algoa Bay.
>
> Here they were able to defy the march of civilization, and here they remain to this day. Now and again white men enter the bush and lay one of the mammoths low at the risk of encountering a swift and terrible death. And now and again the elephants reverse the order and shocking tragedies are enacted in which the man figures as the victim. These latter events have made the Addo Bush notorious; so much so that few will enter it, notwithstanding the teeming game within its heart.

In addition to the terrors inflicted upon unwary hunters in the fastnesses of the bush, the writer says that the beasts do enormous damage on the surrounding farms. They cause damage in two ways. An elephant is above such trifles as a wire fence. His method is simple. He tears up the posts and flings the wire to one side. One farmer estimates that he has been obliged to replace 250 miles of destroyed fencing, and avers that lately the



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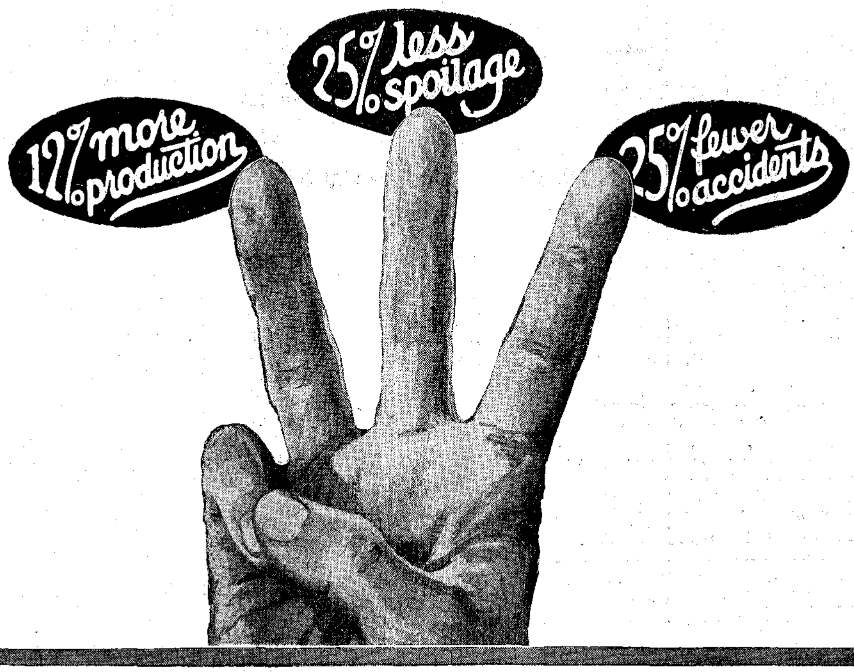
BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

animals have taken to digging his anchor posts up by the roots. Says the writer:

> The more serious source of damage occurs in the dry season, when the water-holes within the bush, which usually supply the elephants with drinking-water, fail. It is at this time that they wander at large in search of water. Long custom has given them a knowledge of every dam on every farm. Thus a herd numbering, perhaps, seventy animals will descend on a farm at night, wreck all the fencing *en route*, and completely empty the only dam on which the farmer's cattle can rely for drink to see them through the drought. The result is that his cattle die of thirst and he suffers grievous losses.
>
> The attitude of the cattle themselves toward the elephants is eminently respectful. When they hear the approach of the mammoths they amble off to a safe distance. Nevertheless, now and again a farmer will find that he has lost a valuable animal, generally a bull.
>
> On one occasion an Addo farmer had a specially imported bull grazing with his herd. A troop of elephants hove in sight, and all but the imported bull moved off. This fellow stood his ground. He had never seen an elephant, and he didn't care a hang for them. When the troop approached within such distance as he chose to consider constituted an insult to his aristocratic lineage, he lowered his head with a roar, and dashed straight for the flank of the nearest invader. The elephant was quick to accept the challenge, and, swinging around, met the bull with his tusks. The bull, when found the following morning, was horribly gored.

The writer considers that there is a great deal to be said from both a scientific and sentimental point of view in favor of preserving a portion of the elephants. The great difficulty is to confine the beasts within a restricted area. The Provincial Government could not afford to enclose the whole bush, and even were that possible the scarcity of water would militate against it. But a scheme is being worked out by which it is hoped to save at least some of the animals. A portion of the bush known as the Knysna Forest does contain water, and the erection of a dam or two there would insure a plentiful supply. The proposed plan is to convert this into a reserve and stock it with the younger elephants which may be captured. Major Pretorius has reconnoitered the bush and established two camps. Up to the time of writing he had killed twenty-two elephants and captured two baby elephants. In conclusion he says:

> After the elephants have been killed a gang of Kafirs are sent to skin the animals and bring in the meat and the skeletons. This is quite a task, on account of the thick bush. A track has often to be cut to the spot and the skeleton dragged out by oxen.
>
> Elephant meat tastes not unlike beef. It is cut up into biltong, long slices, and salted. At the camp we have a special enclosure where the hide is prepared and the skeleton cleaned and made ready for



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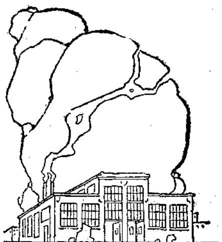

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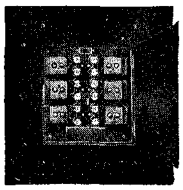

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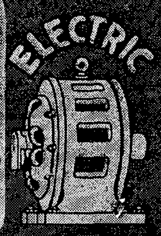

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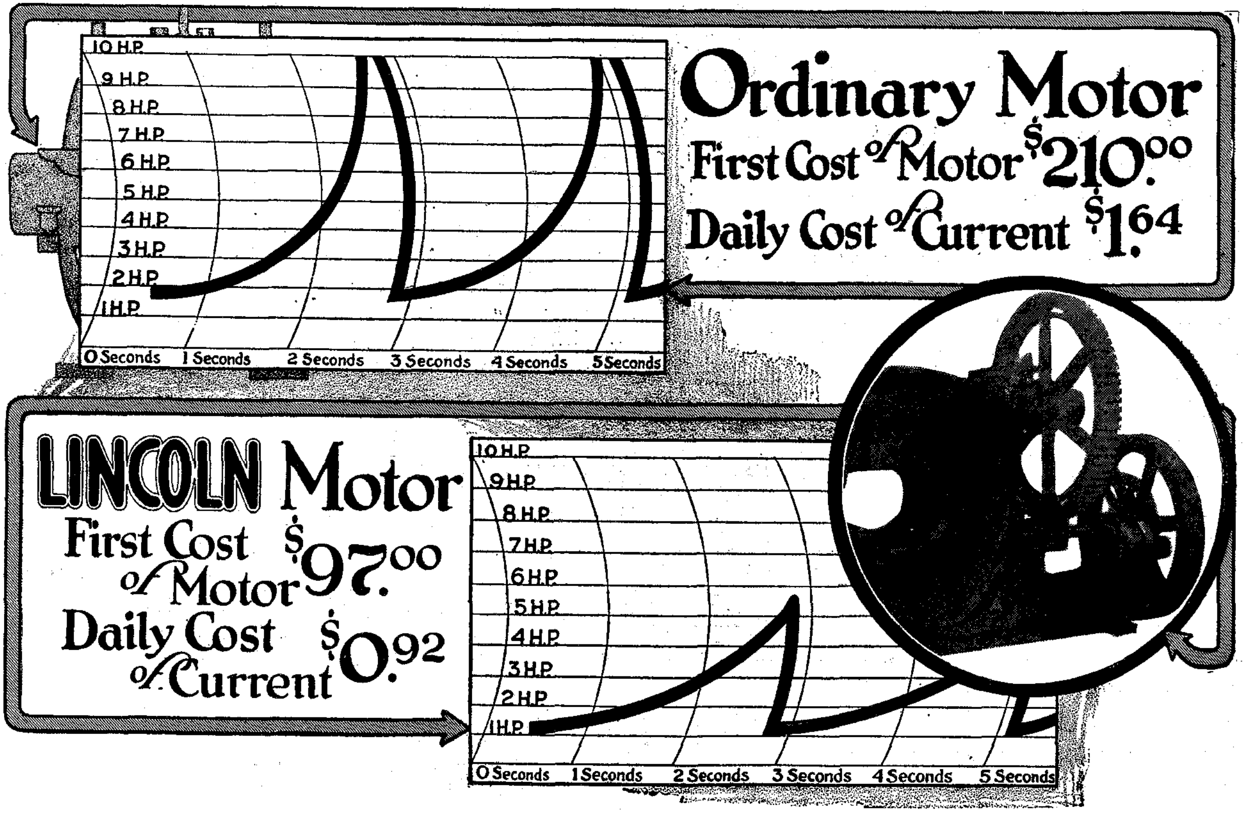

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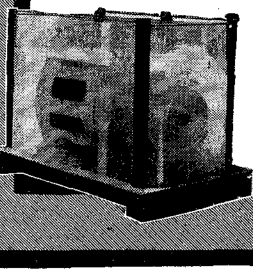

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mounting in museums. Several skeletons have already been sold to the Natural History museums.

In fact, from the ivory, skeletons, hides, and meat the Provincial Government should obtain a fair revenue. How long the job will take it is impossible to say; as the animals get scarcer they will probably become more cunning and retire into the recesses of the bush, where it will be difficult to reach them.

BIRD-LIFE DE LUXE IN THE AVIARIES OF AUSTRALIA

"MORE pork!" says the boobook owl, but that is a mere figure of speech. He means no criticism of the provisioning of the Melbourne aviaries, for we are assured that he has been a contented resident of the botanical gardens ever since the days when the metropolis of the antipodes was young and the gardens were still close neighbors of the bush. The pleasant gifts of the huge aviaries, where there are no cages, have never lacked appreciation from the wild birds. "Sloping lawns and shadows and silences, blossoms and glimmering leaves," need no advertising, and if the birds do not actually take a permanent apartment there, they come on frequent excursions and honeymooning trips. All are free to come and go as they like, and every season sees new arrivals. Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, except at Gizeh, in Egypt, we are told, is such a rich variety of bird-life to be found near the heart of a teeming city. A picture of the gardens is given by Charles Barrett, C.M.Z.S., in the Melbourne *Argus:*

> The gardens are sanctuary; a green retreat, sheltered, and out of the whirl, and full of trees, the "aviaries of God." That is the secret. The city throbs but a mile away. In the gardens nobody runs against time; the place is quiet and serene. You shed the burden of speed at the gates, and enter with Hazlitt's sun-dial motto:
>
> "Horas non numero nisi serenas."]
>
> Only the hours serene are worth counting. The dial has no concern with time when the sky is clouded. But the gardens are full of shadows. That is one of their charms on north-wind days, when St. Kilda road is misty with dust and the sun rides red in the blue. You may lie on the grass under spreading boughs, with a book of verses or not, as you please, and be contented. Thrushes come running close to your feet; sibilant notes of busy small birds ripple among the leaves. The block might be ten leagues away; the voice of the city, if heard at all, is only a musical murmur, a sound not more disturbing than the humming of drowsy bees.
>
> In the gardens wild birds are guarded, but free. Many are annual visitors, coming from rural haunts to spend a holiday in town. And some drop in occasionally—a day or two, no longer—between their hail and farewell. But numbers, like the wise thrushes, are year-long residents. For board and lodging they pay with a generous measure of song. Broods are reared in the gardens, in shrubs, and trees, in the fernery, and on islets of the lake. Boys may discover the nests and gaze with longing eyes; they may not rob them. Except when cormorants flock to the lake, no gun is fired in the gardens. The small birds have no enemies, excepting hawks and owls—perchance, also, a prowling cat.

The present head gardener, P. R. H. St. John, has kept since 1884 a record of birds observed in the gardens, and his total of species to date is 160. Even the white egret, the bearer of "osprey" plumes, came to the gardens once. In 1887, a wedge-tailed eagle was seen, but now, says the writer:

> If, in these bustling times, an eagle soared over Melbourne it might win more eyes than an airplane. Lesser birds of prey are frequently seen in the gardens. Only a few months ago a falcon fought there with another hawk, and, defeated, fell to the ground, close to the head gardener's house. Its wounds were drest, and later the bird was sent to the Zoo. Delicate owls, mentioned so often in "Nature Notes," as coming by death mysteriously, are rare visitors. They love the wilds too well to become domiciled in a city garden.
>
> Some of the water-loving birds are almost free of fear. They live on the lake, but come eagerly up the banks to take food from the hands of children. Black swans are tamest of all; a shade more friendly than coots and ducks. In the open season ducks seek sanctuary in the gardens, coming from perilous lakes and lagoons, where gunners are taking toll. They remain till nesting time. A day or so after arrival they shed fear like a moulted feather, and are perfectly at home. Swans stay all the year. Just now two of the white birds are guarding a nest on one of the islets. Dusky gray cygnets are cruising on the lake, for our native swans nest as early as August.
>
> There is no housing problem in Melbourne's aviary; neither "profiteering," rents, nor taxes can be made an excuse for celibacy. Marriage is almost compulsory, and large families are the rule. Every year hundreds of broods are reared. The food supply is abundant, and some birds nest two or three times in a season. Lawns are butchers' shops for the blackbirds and thrushes. The earliest customers doubtless secure the plumpest worms. But day long the birds are out hunting, and none of the broods goes hungry. Tits and wrens and other small deer go "shopping" in shrubs and trees. The chicks are all Oliver Twists. If food were scarce in Birdland parents would have no rest. Even in our gardens they are busy from sunrise till dusk.
>
> Melbourne's Gardens for bird-life are rivaled by those at Gizeh, on the west bank of the Nile, known to thousands of "diggers." Memories of Mena are mingled with those of the Cairo Zoo. Long after, Gallipoli light horsemen on leave from the desert rarely failed to spend one of their precious days at Gizeh—half-way house to the Pyramids. The gardens are smaller than ours on the Yarra—about fifty-three acres, compared with one hundred and two—but the Egyptian sanctuary has a greater variety of birds, two hundred kinds having been noted there. It is a haunt of poets' birds, birds whose pleasant voice ripple through old rimes. There I have seen the nightingale and heard it sing: the blackcap and many another warbler. The dusky bulbul—the nightingale of Hafiz and Omar—sings among shadows in the lebbek trees. Wagtails trip daintily over the lawns. The lake sometimes is covered with water-birds. We used to sit there in an

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were the first line using an inexpensive bare link for restoring a blown fuse to its original efficiency to be *Approved In All Capacities* by the Underwriters' Laboratories. This honor was not won on laboratory tests alone, but largely because for many years millions of Economy Fuses have been giving dependable protection, high efficiency and working marked economies.

When you order fuses insist on ECONOMY.

For sale by all leading electrical jobbers and dealers.

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Saves Your Motor
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QUAKER STATE MEDIUM, the certified oil, protects your engine from damaging wear in all emergencies, and enables it to maintain its full power. The ideal quality of the oil does more than provide perfect lubrication under normal conditions. It prevents breakdowns and costly repairs resulting from hard driving, heavy roads, overheating, and faulty engine adjustments.

The valuable service Quaker State Medium has done and can do for high grade and expensive motors is shown in extensive road tests made by the Franklin Automobile Company. For the sixth consecutive year, now, they are giving Quaker State Medium their foremost endorsement.

It is easy to see the wisdom of using only the best oil with a fine car. But it does not follow that cheap oils should be used in low priced motors. Quite the opposite. Bad or partial lubrication ruins an inexpensive engine more quickly than a costly motor. Correct lubrication, however, gives equal protection to all qualities and types of engine. Therefore it is as easy and profitable to run an inexpensive motor at its highest efficiency as one costing five times as much.

Quaker State Medium is refined on an ideal scientific formula which makes it the best and most economical oil for motors of all types and of any price. Its use reduces repairs to the minimum, and the smallest item saved pays the difference for a year's supply of it. A sample of every "run" of Quaker State Medium is sent to an independent chemist who certifies to the following uniform qualities of the oil:

(1) *The most correct body or viscosity:*
Maintained the most evenly throughout the wide range of working temperatures.

(2) *Greatest resistance to evaporation and burning:*
"Flash" and "Fire" points of 445° and 500° F. respectively.

(3) *Easy starting in cool weather:*
It flows at a low temperature.

(4) *Least carbon deposited in the cylinders:*
Has coke content of 30/100 of 1% (Conradson Test), and almost no carbon residue.

(5) *Slowest breaking down or "sedimentation":*
Absolute purity from acids or adulterations.

Send for 20-page booklet on "The Importance of Correct Lubrication."

PHINNY BROTHERS COMPANY
Oil City, Pa.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

arbor drinking iced Nile water and smoking Egyptian cigarets. Or we strolled along the Mosaic pathways, one of Cairo's wonders. Birds and beasts in the cages were minor attractions after the first visit. But not all of them. There are some distinguished Australian natives at Gizeh. On a farewell visit I paid my respects to a couple of fine kangaroos. Of old they were mascots of A. I. F. battalions, and had bounded on desert sand, maybe, about the Pyramids' camp. When the troops left for Gallipoli the mascots were "deposited" in the gardens. They are happy under an alien sky, and will never see Australia again.

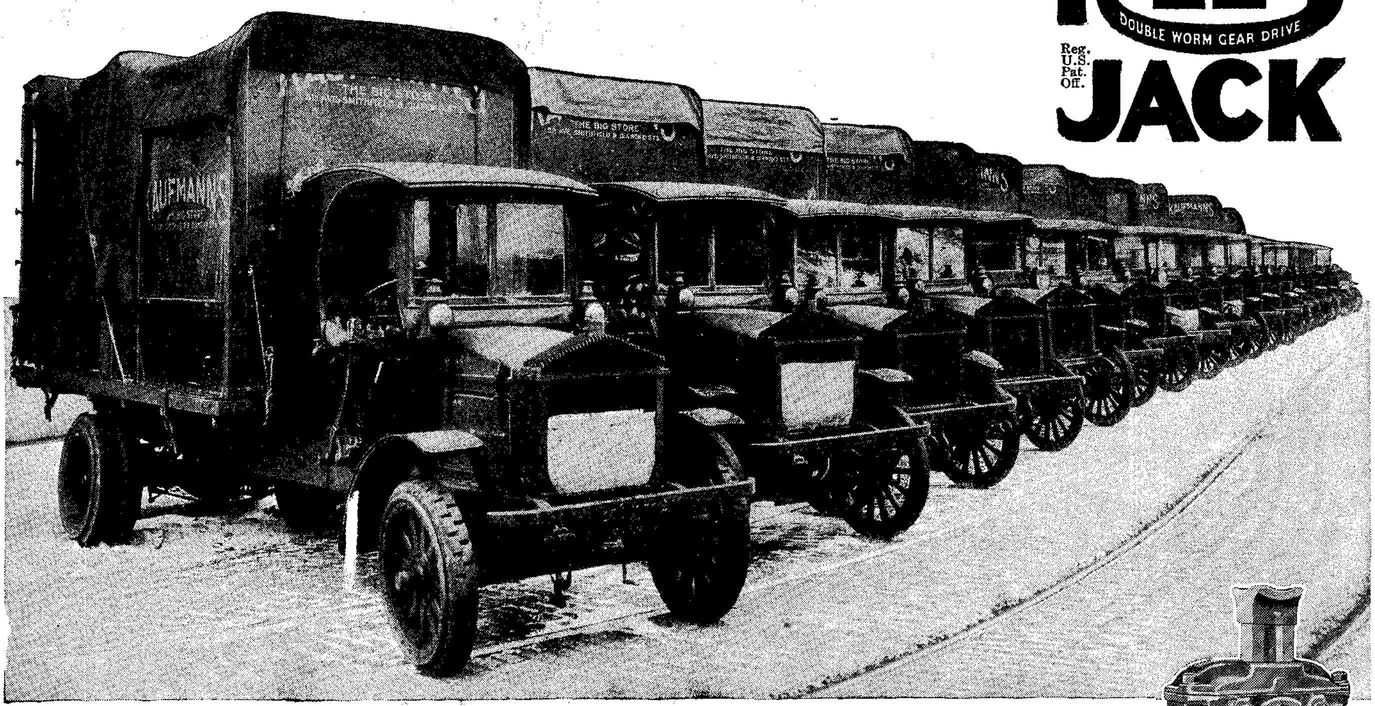
THE ZOOS, ALSO, SUFFERED BY THE WAR—AND WAR-APPETITES

RARE and high-priced zoological specimens formed a part of the fantastic bill of fare to which the Central Empires were reduced when the Allied blockade decreased the meat supply. The zoos were rapidly depopulated, with the double purpose of adding to the food rations and saving what the animals might eat. In Great Britain, altho the people were not driven to such unalluring diet, they were obliged to sacrifice the health or life of many specimens by feeding them on appropriate food. The reptiles wanted fresh eggs, and there were none for them; the tropical birds fancied oranges and bananas, and had to peck at disappointing substitutes; and many sea-lions perished, because instead of the fish to which they were accustomed they got only horseflesh dipt in oil. Even in the United States all the parks and municipal zoos suffered, says Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, because during the last three years very few foreign animals have been brought to this country. As he explains in the New York *Evening Post:*

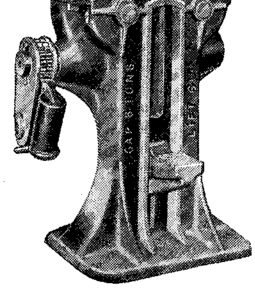
> In the early part of the war a certain number of animals were imported. Later the imports fell to almost nothing owing to the lack of shipping facilities and the fact that many former collectors had joined the armies. The chief need in America is for the foreign hoofed animals, especially the African antelopes, the wild goats, wild sheep, and deer from Asia.
>
> During the war we tried to open up a new channel of supply by sending an agent over to Africa, and thus we secured about the last hoofed animals which got through from that country. But when further shipments became impossible we arranged with a zoological concern to gather up what African animals were obtainable from time to time and keep them for us. So we have now a considerable collection at Pretoria, South Africa, from giraffes down—literally—which will come to us before long. Also we have a large lot of Australian animals in Sydney that will be forwarded as soon as shipping space can be obtained.
>
> The German dealers in wild animals are virtually out of the business that they formerly led. They have now no customers except in Germany and Austria. So far as we are concerned, we shall make

This fleet of Pierce trucks is operated by Kaufmann's, "The Big Store," Pittsburgh. Pierce trucks and passenger cars are REES JACK *equipped.*

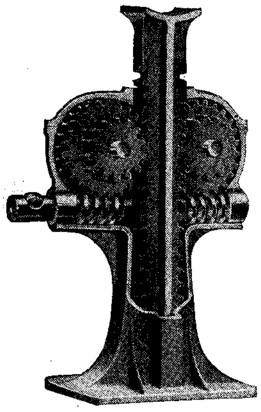
REES
DOUBLE WORM GEAR DRIVE
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
JACK



Why Leaders Lead



A Rees Truck Model



The Rees Passenger Car Jack

This cut-away view shows in general the simple design of only four working parts as embodied in all Rees Jacks. This model is easily operated from a standing position by its convenient folding handle. At your dealer's or sent prepaid. Price $9.00; west of the Rockies $9.50.

BACK of the leaders in every line will be found *good management.* The evidence of this good management is appreciation of a public need, and meeting it with a quality product which is equipped in a manner that will most serviceably fulfill that need.

When leading truck manufacturers such as Pierce-Arrow, White, Acme and others adopt Rees Jacks as standard lifting tool equipment the quality and leadership of the Rees among Jacks is clearly indicated. Significant also is their adoption by fleet owners such as Gulf Refining Company operating almost one thousand trucks.

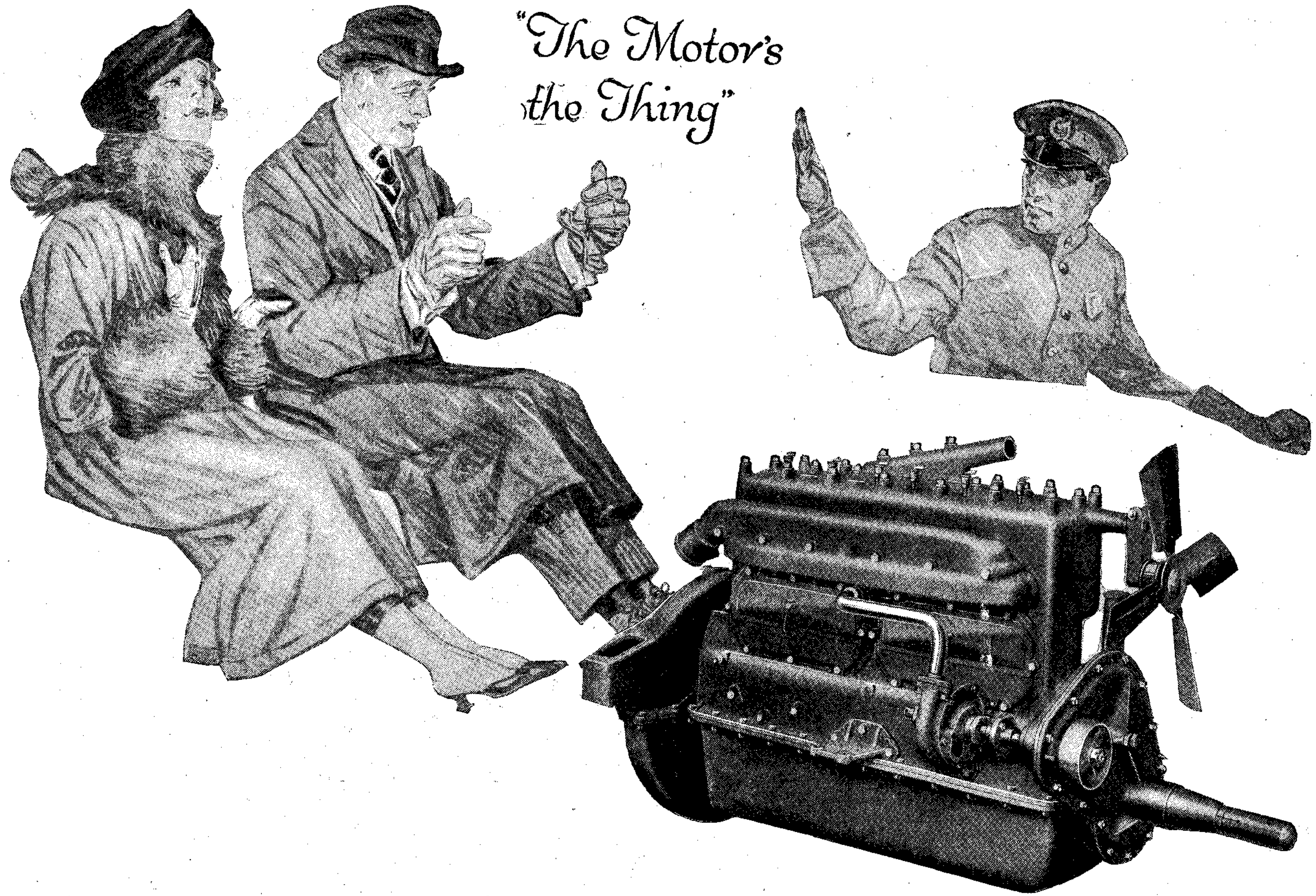
Dependable tool equipment is more and more becoming recognized as *essential.* The tool deserving first attention is the jack; it's as important as a spare tire or emergency brake. See that the powerful, dependable Rees *Double Worm Gear Drive* Jack is supplied when you buy a new car or truck.

Manufacturers, jobbers and dealers should profit by the growing demand for Rees Jacks. There's a big open market for them now. When production of motor vehicles catches up with demand, the Rees Jack with its simplicity, dependability, power and ease of operation will prove a strong selling feature. Write for full information.

Exclusive Manufacturers

Iron City Products Company
Department 16
7501 Thomas Boulevard Pittsburgh, Pa.

Manufacturers of Rees Double Worm Gear Drive Jacks for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Railway and Industrial Purposes.



Herschell-Spillman Motors

THE law limits the speed at which you *may* drive. But with a Herschell-Spillman Motor you *could* drive like a northwest gale. The knowledge of this reserve power gives satisfaction even though it is not used.

The makers of good cars who install the Herschell-Spillman Motor signify that they think well enough of their product to buy the best engine they can for it.

Builders of high grade motors since nineteen hundred

Four
3½" x 5"

Six
3¼" x 5"

HS MOTORS

"The Pick of the Field"

The HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN MOTOR CO.
North Tonawanda, N.Y.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

no more purchases from a German dealer. We shall get out first shipment from a new British concern, the World's Zoological Trading Company, Ltd., which has begun business on a large scale and has lately sent two expeditions into West Africa.

Our own zoo no doubt came through the war in better condition than did any of its rivals. We have been able to keep our collection of baboons and monkeys about equal to the best level, but our apes include no gorilla. We have as fine a collection of reptiles and of birds as ever; also of bears.

From our surplus stock we have even been able to sell "duplicate" animals to other American zoos and parks, and to send gifts to certain of the Allied countries where the zoological collections were specially depleted through the war.

A year ago the London zoo wanted some sea-lions such as live off Santa Barbara, Cal. We happened to have five fine lions that we could spare and we sent them over with our compliments. They arrived the day before the Easter bank holidays and just in time to gratify the holiday crowds.

Two years before the armistice I wrote the Royal Zoological Society of Antwerp that as soon as the war ended we should be glad to make the society a large gift of animals, sending our offer secretly by way of Amsterdam. In return came cordial thanks. At the close of the war we wrote again, but for lack of facilities and food the society could not just then accept the present. Later, when it had been decided that the Olympian games should be held at Antwerp this year, that city naturally became anxious to put its best foot foremost in entertaining visitors; so the Royal Society wrote us that it would be very glad to receive our gifts, especially as the city authorities of Antwerp had made a grant for the purpose of rehabilitating the collection.

Accordingly we sent them a fine young chimpanzee, four years old, some baboons and monkeys and a careful selection of hoofed animals. We adopted the policy of sending not pairs of animals but full-grown males if possible. Thus we contributed a bull bison, a splendid bull elk, a pair of Virginia deer, a Himalayan wild goat, an "axis" deer, an aoudad or Barbary wild sheep, three sea-lions, a pair of "hog" deer, a barasingha or swamp deer (from Northern India), three bears, several wolves, and foxes; also 213 birds, including 104 species, and 65 reptiles, comprising 18 species.

But the New York zoo itself is not now complete; there are a number of rare specimens that Dr. Hornaday would like to acquire. One is the gorilla, that biggest and fiercest of apes, which, according to his discoverer, Paul du Chaillu, can bend a gun-barrel in his hands as if it were a copper wire. Says Dr. Hornaday:

We once had a gorilla. It came to the collection through Richard L. Garner, who died the other day at Chattanooga, Tenn. Garner made many trips to Africa for the purpose of studying gorillas and chimpanzees at close range. The Bronx gorilla was a female four years old. Altho Professor Garner had partly accustomed her to captivity before removing her from the wilds where she was born, she lasted

Brush heaven?

Well, possibly there "ain't no such place," but *if there was* this member of the RUBBERSET family sure ought to be a "one hundred per cent candidate" for a harp and wings and all those things!

Methodist Protestant Church
N. G. BETHEA, PASTOR
Brinkleyville, N. C.

Jan. 15, 1920

THE RUBBERSET CO.,
Newark, New Jersey

Dear Sirs:—

Seeing some of your ads in the Literary Digest of old brushes, I have one that I bought from Eugene Berninghaus, Cincinnati, 25 years ago last fall. I worked my way through school as a barber and used this brush all the time for 3 years while in school. Since I've used it regular for 22 years in the ministry, shaving from three to six times each week. While it is "worn and disfigured some, it is still in the ring" as I use it regular. I paid thirty-five cents for it 25 years ago. I do not know what the same brush would cost me now, but I presume several times as much.

You may have it for advertising if you wish, for it is a good thing, and a man in my profession when he finds a good thing should push it along.

Sincerely,

(*Signed*) N. G. BETHEA

The above is No. 14 of a series of advertisements NOT WRITTEN BY OUR AD MAN

NOTE.—Dr. Bethea tells very clearly *how* his brush lasted, but to relieve you of any doubts as to *why* it did so, we are inserting this graphic reminder of the "construction that defies destruction." It's just a matter of good material and good workmanship, PLUS that *everlasting* grip of hard rubber—the grip that *we originated* so many years ago.

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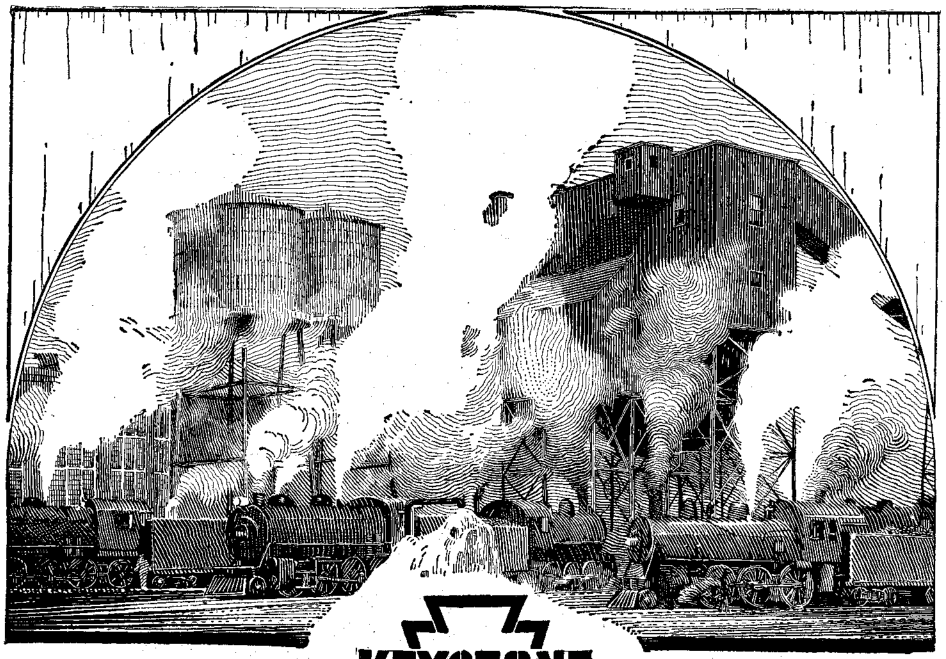
TRADE MARK
LATHER HAIR TOOTH BRUSHES PAINT VARNISH STUCCO
every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber!



KEYSTONE COPPER STEEL

Where *Endurance* is the Test

Amid the smoke, fumes and grime of the roundhouse and train shed is found another inferno for steel. Here the elements are aided in their destructive work by the persistent blasts of many locomotives. Conservation of railroad property demands the use of steel sheets that will resist ruinous wear and tear to the highest degree possible for roofing, siding, tanks, flumes, culverts and many other forms of construction. It is logical that the engineering forces of great railroads specify *Keystone Copper Steel* Sheets. These remarkable sheets, made by a scientific alloying of copper with steel, do *resist rust,* and give long and satisfactory service under extraordinary conditions—saving costly replacements in terminals and along the rights of way.

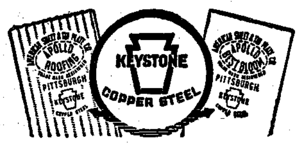
The *Keystone* trade mark is found only on sheets of genuine copper steel, and is placed there for your protection. These sheets excel for every use to which sheet metal is adapted. Send for literature.

KEYSTONE

Rust-Resisting Copper Steel

Apollo
GALVANIZED SHEETS
Recognized as the standard of quality since 1884. APOLLO-KEYSTONE Galvanized Sheets are unequaled for Culverts, Flumes, Tanks, Roofing, Siding, Spouting, Cornices and all forms of exposed sheet metal work. Write today for our Apollo booklet.

ROOFING TIN
Carefully manufactured in every detail—grades up to 40 pounds coating.



Black
SHEET PRODUCTS
Stove and Range Sheets, Special Sheets for Stamping, Automobile Sheets, Deep Drawing Sheets, Electrical Sheets, Corrugated Sheets, Show Card Stock, Japanning and Enameling Stock, Barrel and Keg Stock, Ceiling Sheets, etc., etc.

Manufactured by AMERICAN SHEET AND TIN PLATE COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

here no longer than eleven months. Lack of fitting food wrecked her health. She would eat plantains but not all tropical fruits. She would nibble no part of a banana save the inside of the peel.

Another animal that the zoo would warmly welcome is the okapi, a "wonderful and elusive" giraffelike beast inhabiting the densest jungles of Central Africa. Thus far there has been only one in any zoo, and we are told:

> It was caught by natives in a pit they had dug within the jungle near the headwaters of the Kongo in Central Africa. A missionary who managed to get possession of the animal intrusted it to the wife of a Belgian official stationed relatively near by. She tended it for months and must have had a very difficult task to keep it alive, especially during the first two weeks. They managed to convey it to the Antwerp zoo, but it died eight weeks later.
>
> No white man has ever shot an okapi. The first entire skin of the creature was obtained only nineteen years ago by Sir H. H. Johnston, who practically discovered the species, altho fragments of an unidentified hide had been seen by earlier explorers. It frequents swamps thickly overgrown with underbrush, in the most dense, gloomy parts of the primeval forest. It escapes before the white hunter can discover its presence.
>
> The okapi is notably eccentric. Almost, indeed, a survival from the earliest ages, it is related to an extinct mammal of southern Europe, and, on the other hand, it is affiliated remotely with the present-day giraffe.
>
> As to its form the okapi suggests the giraffe, but the less familiar animal has shorter limbs than his distant cousin and a shorter neck. In addition, the female okapi carries no horns, and both sexes are distinguished by strange coloring. The average height at the shoulder is five feet.
>
> The sides of the okapi's face are dark brown or "puce," the neck and most of the body are purplish; the upper part of the fore and hind legs are transversely barred with black and white; the lower part of the limbs is mainly white, but there are black rings about the fetlock and a vertical black stripe on each front leg from the knee to the fetlock. A pair of dagger-shaped horns on the forehead of the male okapi are covered, except the very tips, by hide and hair.

To the uninitiated the prices which must be paid to secure these unusual animals are surprizing. At the quotations recently made by a London dealer the total cost of the animals desired for the zoo would be about $60,000. The price of the okapi would be, we learn, whatever he might chance to cost, probably $10,000. The gorilla's price would depend upon his age, but he would come cheaper than the okapi. Other treasures listed are:

> A pigmy elephant from western Africa. Less difficult to capture than the other species named, yet so rare that he is sought by dealers only on specific orders. He, too, might cost $10,000.
>
> A reticulated giraffe, whose appearance suggests a brown giraffe wearing a fly-net

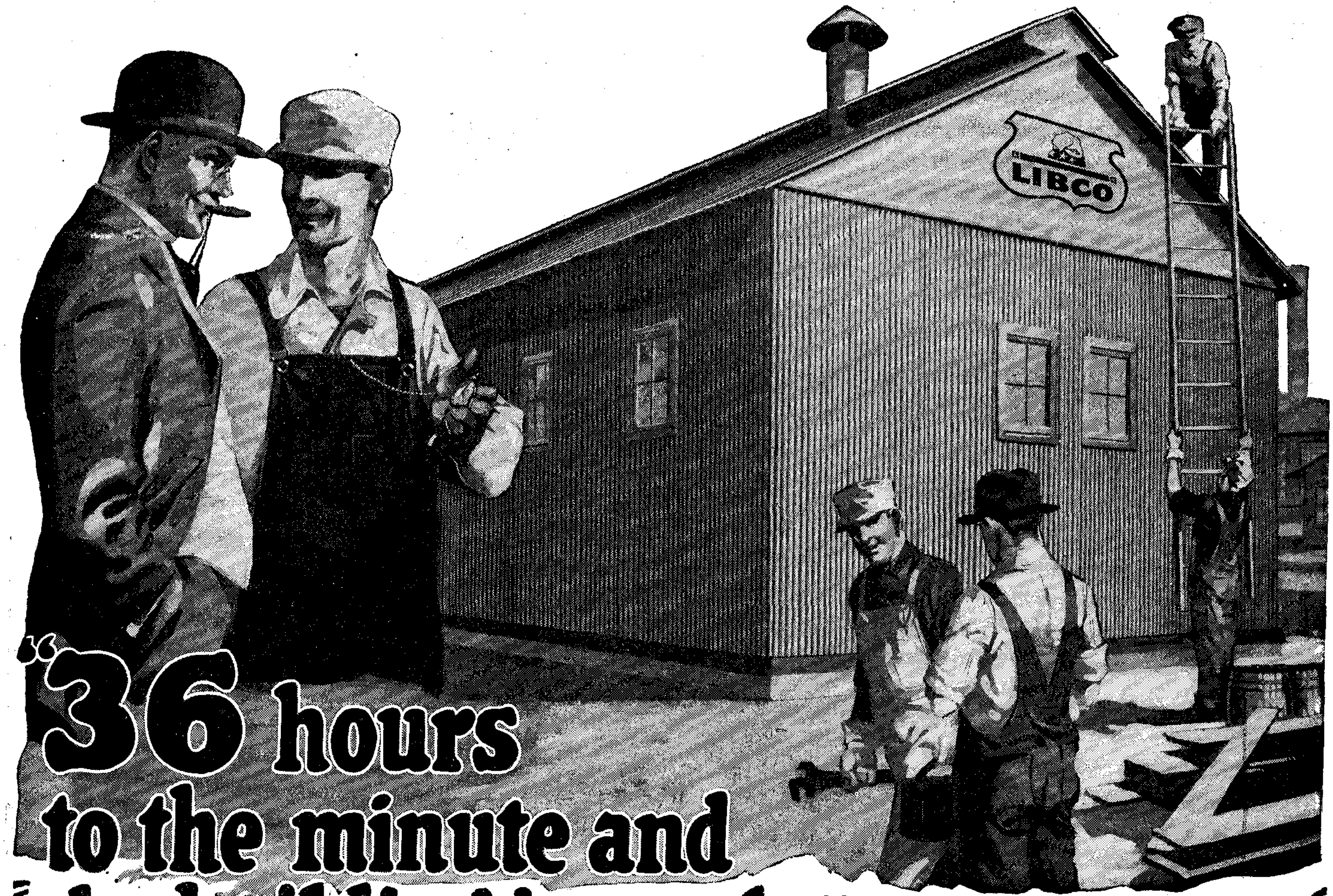
IT is an unusual thing to be able to say of a motor car that it will satisfy you, in a few moments' time, of its deep and abiding excellence.

That is true, however, of the Liberty. Its beauty announces quality which immediately reveals itself in the difference in the way it rides and drives, and in the manner of its performance.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY

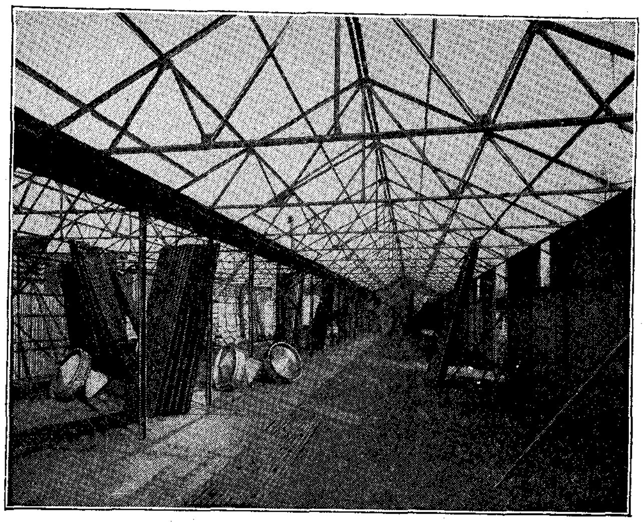
LIBERTY SIX



"36 hours to the minute and the building is ready"

There is no uncertainty or delay about building if you build the LIBCO way. You know exactly when your building will be finished and exactly what it will cost. Our engineers plan your buildings, our factories fabricate them. They are shipped to you in sections ready to be erected in a matter of hours or days by common labor. No skilled labor is required. No pins, wedges, turn-buckles or tension rods are used. There is no riveting necessary. The only tools needed to bolt the sections together are wrenches.

As your business grows your LIBCO buildings grow. Additional sections can be added to increase the length of the building as all units are interchangeable.



Solve your building problems by using LIBCO buildings. Write us your requirements, giving the width, length, height of side walls and purpose for which the building is required. We will send you estimates and specifications to meet your individual needs.

Liberty Steel Products Co., Inc.

LIBCO

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1st National Bank Bldg.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Woolworth Building
New York, N. Y.

McCormick Building
Chicago, Ill.

Address nearest office.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

composed of white cord, so peculiar are his markings; $7,500.

A Uganda giraffe—an uncommon variety from the region west of British East Africa; $6,000 and upward.

A white, or "square-mouthed," rhinoceros from the Upper Nile, described as "among the rarest of existing mammals" by a dealer who fixes a "reduced" price of $5,000 even for the ordinary black rhinoceros. As a matter of fact, the white rhinoceros, so called, altho different in other respects from the more familiar sort, has just the same color. But the "white" variety becomes apparently of much lighter tint whenever his hide is coated with the whitish dust of the soil in that part of Africa where he abides.

An Indian rhinoceros. Larger than the African species and, to a naturalist at least, more interesting. Is probably worth $5,000.

A takin—a most unusual kind of goat from Tibet, land of mystery. The takin bears the suggestive scientific name of "Budorcas taxicolor," tho one can't refrain from saying that he isn't black and white. Price, $5,000.

A kudu or koodoo, "king o antelopes." Gray-brown with white stripes and crowned with sturdy, spiral horns four feet long. Quoted at $1,750.

A sable antelope. Rare, beautiful, and, of course, black; $900.

A markhor, a wild goat from Kashmir and the Punjab, India; $500.

LAWS OF THE HERD AND FLOCK

"AND there's never a law of God or man
Runs north of fifty-three."

takes no account of the laws of the beasts and birds, which, we are told, are just as clearly cut, just as binding, and far more closely followed and enforced than are those of human beings. Regardless of geographical limits, on the earth, in the air, in the waters, the group spirit among animals expresses itself in curious similitude to the reasoned rules of men, who are apt to forget that much of our phrase-pompous legality can be traced back to elemental instincts. Some striking comparisons between the laws of men and beasts as members of a group rather than as individuals are drawn by George R. Belton in *Rod and Gun in Canada* (Woodstock, Ont.). He says:

Far north of the sway of man's laws the musk-ox herd obeys the law that the herd obeyed before the glacial period. When the herd are attacked by an enemy they fall into a hollow square, with the males at the outside and the females and younger within. Then the strongest males leave the phalanx, which immediately closes its ranks behind him, and he battles to the death with the marauder. Another and another male goes over the top till the enemy is beaten. This was the best tactics when the herd fought with the enemy it met in the days when the musk-ox roamed from France to Labrador over a land lately covered by ice. But to-day—the law of the herd is its undoing when the enemy is man, ruthless man, with repeating rifle. The musk-ox has not adapted himself to his changed conditions as brought about by adventurous man; like any creature incapable of change he is as good as dead already unless the pity of better men enforces his safety.

Yet in this very law of the musk-ox herd can be seen the rightfully lauded law of the best of men, which makes heroes of them when the ship is sinking or peril dire arises—and the cry comes "Save the women and children." Is there not a mute appeal here for the best of men to save the vanishing herds of the north?

But what are the laws of the herd and flock that are not so rooted in their helpless nature but are apparently, like the defense of the musk-ox, a law enforced by the herd itself? For what offenses do the crows put members of the flock to death—as any out-of-doors person will tell you often occurs? Stealing is certainly one offense; disclosing the whereabouts of the flock by incautious noise is another; while all observers know that a wounded member of almost any herd or flock is instantly killed—the individual sacrificed for the good of the community. There are outlaw wolves; "lone wolves" driven off from their fellows; outlaw crows never flying with the flock, but often, deliberately betraying them to their arch enemy, man. What have they done that the pack or the flock has driven them out? It might be a revelation equal to reading the codes of Hammurabi if one could only discover the laws so drastically enforced as those that run north of fifty-three and recognize no boundary lines of extradition elsewhere.

In the cattle at the barn one sees that the bulls have blunt horns, often turned, outward harmlessly, while the cows have straight horns and sharp. This seems wrong; I believe some one wrote an article touching on women's rights and condemned the Almighty for this among other things. It seems a pity sometimes that some of these wise ones had not been around when the world was made, as they could have given a few pointers to the Creator—if you let them tell the story. But any old hunter will tell you that the law of the herd on the great wide prairie when herds are there put the gregarious herd under the leadership of the strongest bull in order that the younger would be strong—and stronger. But it was not intended that the strongest bull should kill the weaker ones; when they fought for mastery they killed only a weak one; the next in strength was beaten but left to take the place of the leader if the latter were killed in leading the defense. Only when the leader was no longer fit to head the herd was he driven out from them by his victorious young supplanter—and this was right by all the laws upon which depend the future of the race.

But are all the laws of the herd and flock merely nature getting her way by indirection, as wise ones now say she always does? I heard a lecturer once say that nature placed love of wife and home in the world merely to induce men to perpetuate the race—or words not so out-of-doors in their crudeness but it meant that, anyhow. Which was the same as to say that the Creator thought he was putting one over on us men but the said lecturer showed him up. What about the law by which the robin mates for life? It is as binding as that which perpetuates the herd. No priest or king commands it. Does the lion fear public opinion that he is true to the lioness? Is the male tiger afraid of jail that he hunts for food for his young? Who has written it that the swan shall die for his cygnets, or the lark leave his song to feed his helpless nestlings?

It is not strange that these queries, rem-

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The Florsheim SHOE

MEN who want style will find it in The Florsheim Shoe. What you prefer you may actually have—there are styles in endless variety—every model a specimen of expert designing and workmanship. Florsheims look good because they are good.

Consider the wear, not the price per pair.

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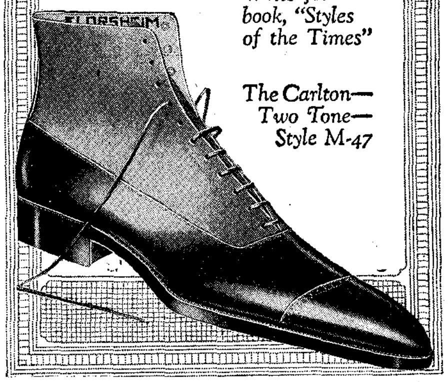
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Write for book, "Styles of the Times"

The Carlton—Two Tone—Style M-47



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Oldsmobile Economy Trucks, adaptable, dependable, speedy and of low upkeep and operating costs, are gaining rapidly in popularity among nationally known firms.

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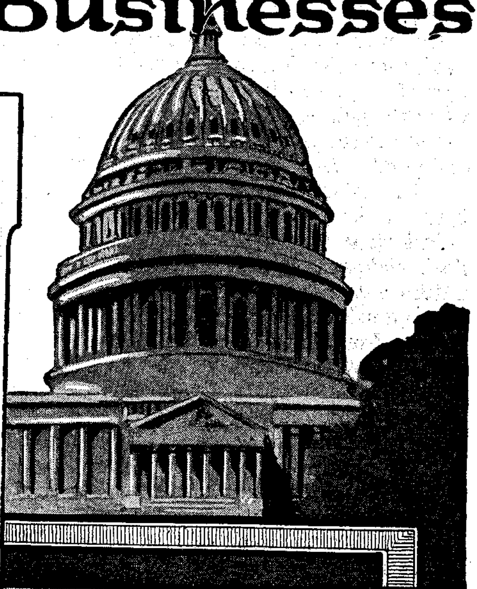
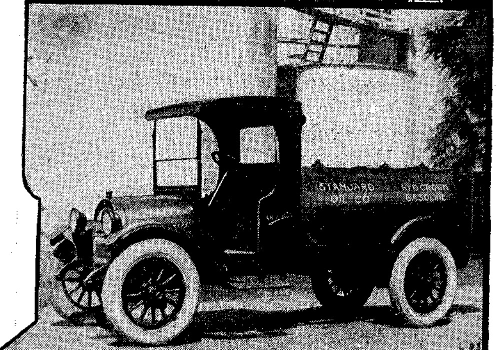
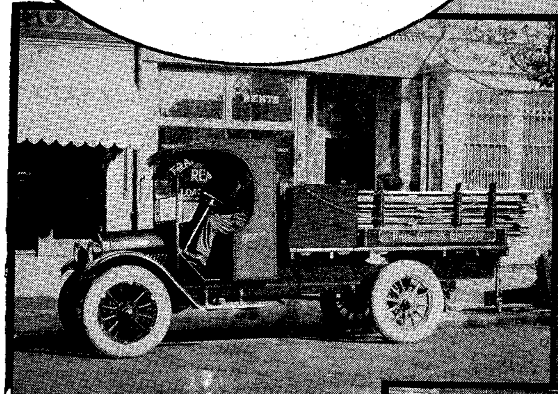
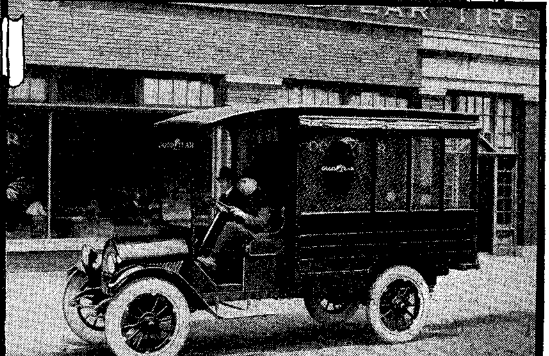




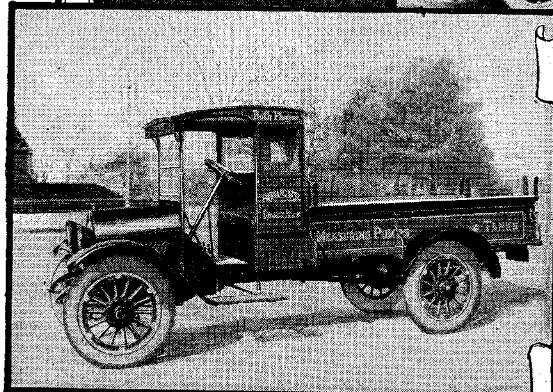
Dependability is a big factor with the Standard Oil Company



Thos. Cusack & Co. appreciates speed in their outdoor advertising work



Goodyear's "Winged Foot" finds a fleet companion in the Oldsmobile Economy

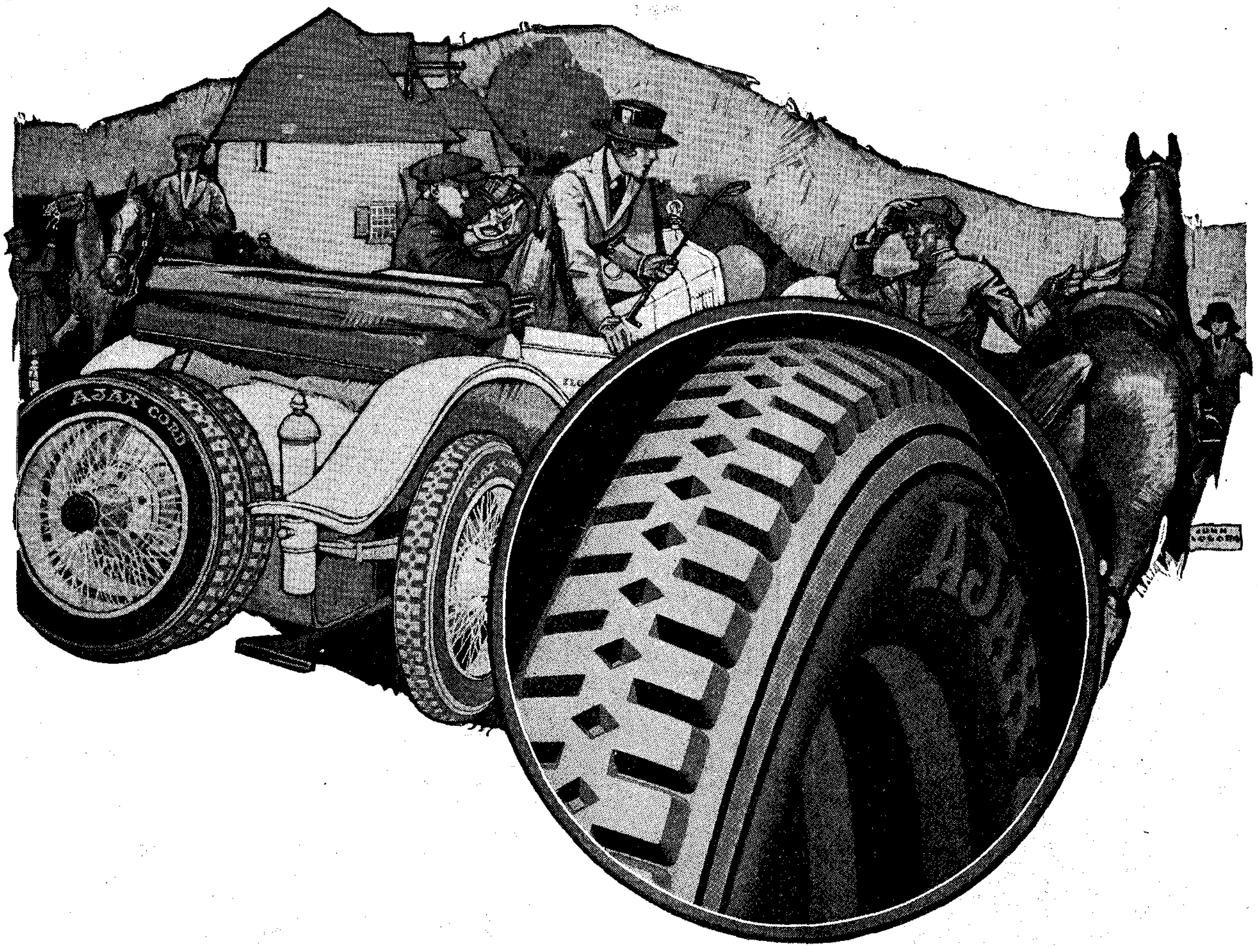


Bowser Pump and Tank Co. like the powerful motor and deep channel frame for capacity load.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

iniscent of the divine problems presented to Job, lead the writer to religious considerations. He says that a spirit even akin to worship gropes dimly in the flock and the herd, and asks:

> What leads the howling monkey to bow and howl to the rising sun? Why do the birds chorister the morning, or burst forth with joy on high when their young are fed and happy? Midst the shadowed aisles of the forest they sing praises to life if not to its Giver; at dawn on the prairie they follow weird ceremonies grotesque as the religious rites of our fathers. Perhaps at least some of their inexorable laws are based upon something not so far removed from that feeling which we have regulated into a form which we call religion.
>
> They have their good and bad communities. Why is this? Not only are wild species fierce or gentle, mean or kind, but in every species there are communities that are better or worse than others. And the spirit of the band is distinct from that of the individuals that compose it; a pack of prairie-wolves, made up of cowardly sneaks, becomes at times a mass of heroes ready to die to the last individual. Men are the same; I have seen a mob howling for the blood of a suspected murderer, and distinguished among its leaders men who had only the day before condemned even legal punishment. As individuals they were gentle to a fault; as members of the mob they were bloodthirsty fiends. The so-called "psychology of the mob" is the law of the herd and of the flock.
>
> Look into the deep, clear water and you see a shoal of small fishes; perhaps they extend for one hundred feet in length and twenty in breadth across the whole group. They are going west slowly; in an instant all turn south and dart away in a new formation. As individuals they could not have received an order and obeyed it; they all turned at once on a common impulse. Any fisherman will tell you of the thought that commands the flock, just as any hunter will tell you of the herd soul. What is it? Herds and flocks, and mobs and communities, have a spirit apart from that of the individuals that compose them. The migrating bird is not the same individual as the bird that sang in your apple-tree; his very voice is changed. The group influences the spirit of the individual that belongs to it at least for the time and the individual changes to suit the character of the community, which is not the sum total of the characters of the individuals that compose it. And it is so with men, too. I feel the character of a city as soon as I enter it; just as old hunters feel "safe" or cautious when they approach the lair of animals. So does nearly every one; they do not recognize the feeling but they have it. And just as the old hunter's "hunch" is generally right, so the instinctive feeling exprest by a community on a visitor is usually correct as a general judgment upon that community. This is why some men can mold a group of men or a whole city to their will; they fall in with its spirit or take advantage of it. I have hunted with men who had what to me looked like an uncanny knowledge of what the herd was going to do, or where it now was; they knew there were more of the flock "over yonder" and that these ones would "fly the way they riz"—and they were nearly always right. They knew the laws of the herd and flock,



Reputation Built on Merit

THERE is nothing temporary in the leadership which Ajax Cord Tires have won. It is quality leadership earned through merit; a natural tribute to the longer life, the better looks and the surer service built into Ajax Cords.

The Cleated Tread of the Ajax Cord is an assurance of security. Those cleats *do* hold—just like the cleats on an athlete's shoes. And that indented grip-spot in the center of each cleat is an added security factor.

Every Ajax Tire has Ajax Shoulders of Strength—those buttresses of pliant rubber that reinforce the tread. They give greater strength where the strain of service is most severe.

The Ajax Sales and Service Depot nearest you is headquarters for Ajax Cord Tires, Ajax Road King (fabric) Tires, Ajax Inner Tubes and Ajax H. Q. (High Quality) Tire Accessories.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

Factories: Trenton, N. J. *Branches in Leading Cities*

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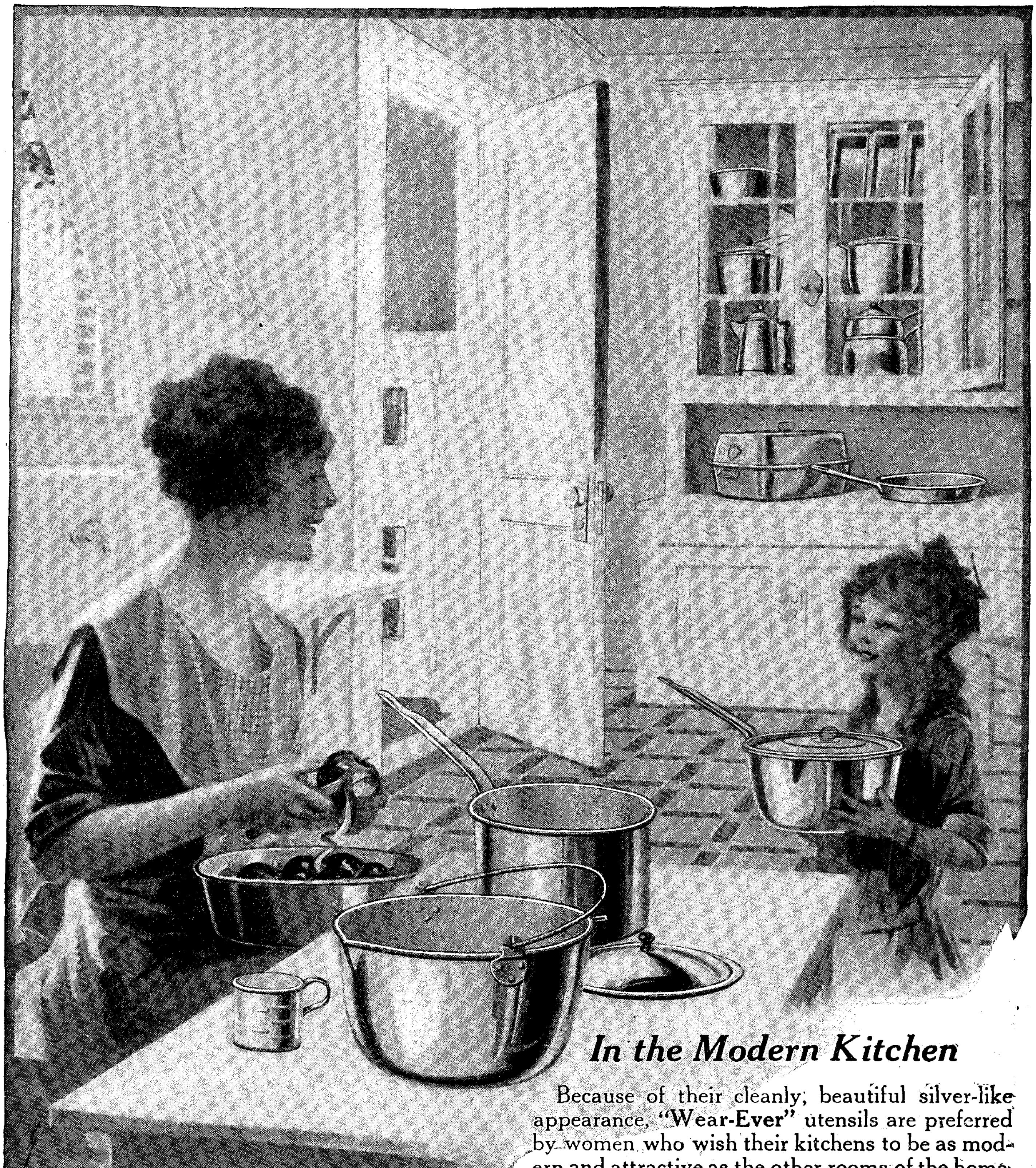
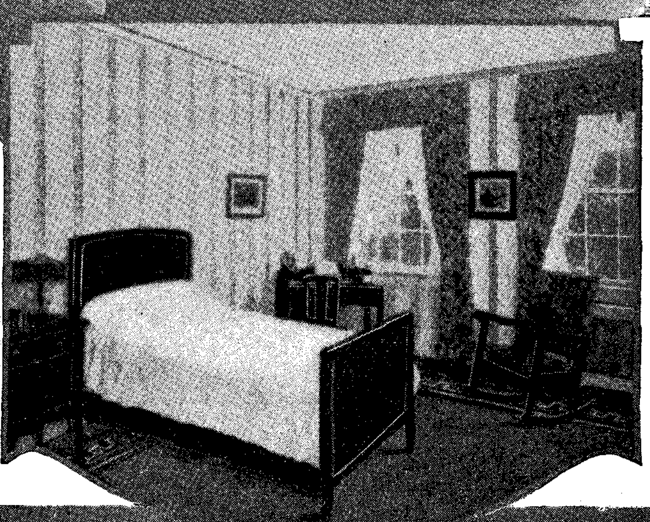


In the Modern Kitchen

Because of their cleanly, beautiful silver-like appearance, "Wear-Ever" utensils are preferred by women who wish their kitchens to be as modern and attractive as the other rooms of the home.



"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

are made from hard, thick sheet aluminum, without joints or seams in which particles of food can lodge. Cannot chip or peel—are pure and safe.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Look for the "Wear-Ever" trademark on the bottom of each utensil

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.

Department 10 **New Kensington, Pa.**

In Canada, "Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Northern Aluminum Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

to the extent that their business demanded, anyhow.

Would that some one could obtain the knowledge of these men and more that could be learned by trained observation. Not to bring destruction to our fellow creatures; but that we might learn the fundamentals of the laws of our own being as seen in their projection into the most primitive sphere.

SIXTY-MILE-PER-HOUR ANTELOPE, AS TIMED BY A SPEEDOMETER

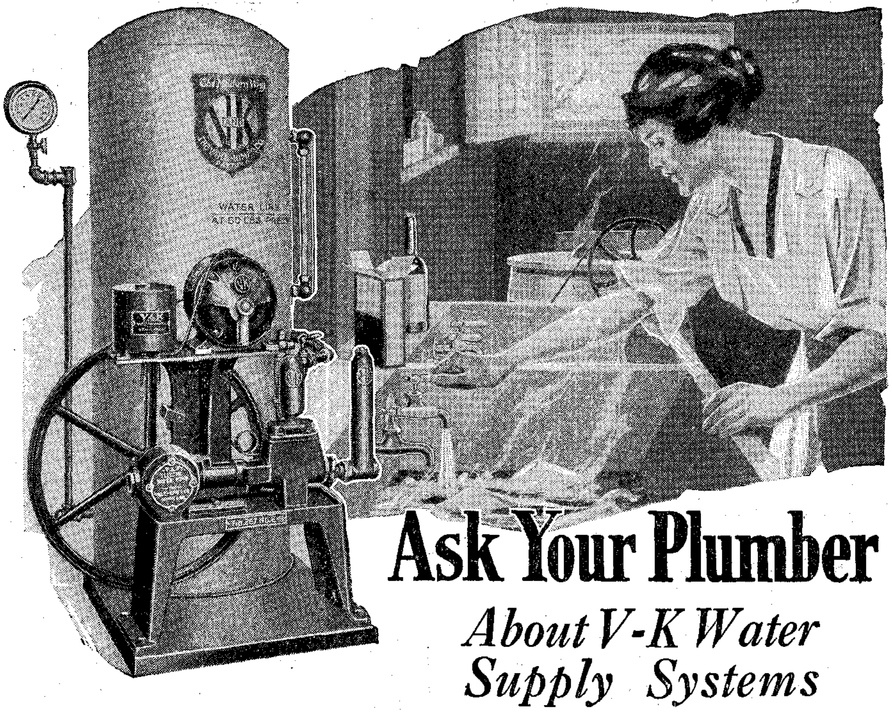
FOR the first time in the history of science a speedometer has been applied to the "speed demons of the desert," by Roy Chapman Andrews, who has just returned from his second Asiatic expedition with a great number of specimens for the American Museum of Natural History. It was while he was on an automobile trip into the desert of Gobi in Mongolia that his party came upon the antelope herd which furnished the statistics he gives. According to his account in the New York *Sun:*

> There were one thousand antelope in the first herd we saw. At a distance they looked like a yellow cloud against a hill. They had the habit, common to antelope the world over, of circling in front of the pursuer when chased. We just went as fast as we could go in our cars and then began to shoot. You soon get tired of such sport, for the antelope, with his circling habit, has no chance against an automobile. It was better sport to ascertain just how fast one of these animals can run.

This the writer could do, because he had a speedometer, and the results are given, in his own words, in the New York *Tribune:*

> They ran so fast that we could not see their legs, any more than you can see the blades of an electric fan. We found they would leg it at sixty miles an hour for about two miles, and then slow down to forty or fifty. We chased an antelope one day for twenty minutes at an average rate of forty miles an hour, and then he quit because he was so darned surprized that anything on earth could keep up with him. When we reached him he was squatting flat on the sand waiting, not winded a particle.
>
> The antelope's speed is its only protection from wolves in the open plains, so it can run practically from the moment it is born. We found a baby one day that could not have been more than two hours old. When it saw me it snapt off like a shot. I jumped on a horse and pursued. It was a bit wabbly at first, but finally got control of its legs, and I never did overtake it.
>
> On another day a wolf which was trying to get at a herd of antelope chased along on one side of the car for six miles while the antelope were trying to circle on the other. When the exasperated wolf tried to climb aboard the motor a bullet broke its back, but it kept on climbing until shot again.

Mr. Andrews describes Urga as the most interesting city he has seen. It is a great fur market, just being discovered by American merchants.



Ask Your Plumber

About V-K Water Supply Systems

The more valuable a water system is, the more important it becomes that the owner should call in a competent plumber for consultation about its installation and operation.

Soft water, both hot and cold, is invaluable for inside use in the laundry, bath and kitchen; cold drinking water direct from the well as well as water under strong pressure for sprinkling and fire protection are necessary for out-of-doors uses. Vaile-Kimes Systems can be installed to supply all three kinds of water from one plant.

No new home should be planned, no old home should be remodelled without first learning all there is to know about the water supply. Its reward in luxuries and health are beyond reckoning.

Therefore we always say, "See you plumber." Install the V-K System right and your comfort will begin immediately.

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WATER SUPPLY SYSTEMS

ELECTRIC, GASOLINE OR KEROSENE
Average operating cost one cent a day

These systems are absolutely without a rival. They have essential, exclusive, patented features which make them trouble proof, dependable and economical. None other can use the patented V-K Koltap, which brings cold water direct from the well without passing through the tank, nor the V-K self-priming pump that starts on the first stroke and never clogs, nor the V-K patented wiper that keeps water from the oil chamber, nor the special V-K clutch-type motor, nor the V-K oil distributing device, nor the V-K automatic self-starting and self-stopping switch.

These features are the product of fifty years' pump building. No matter what electric lighting system you install, be sure to buy a V-K Water Supply System for best results.

Ask your plumber or jobber in plumbing supplies today about V-K Water Supply Systems.

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Characteristics not found elsewhere have been given to *Chase Leatherwove* by special processes. It is the better upholstery material of today— durable — especially tough though pliable — distinctive and rich in appearance; water proof; easily cleansed; sanitary; economical.

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REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

PESSIMISM OVER THE VERSAILLES PEACE

THE man who helped guide the destinies of Russia in the time before her entrance into the war is strangely enough an Irishman, Dr. E. J. Dillon, who now despairs of the Versailles Peace. As the adviser of Count Witte, his schooling was in the old diplomacy. His book on "The Eclipse of Russia" was a prelude, perhaps, to his pessimism in this. As a publicist, he has dealt widely with questions of Russia and the nearer East. He also in 1916, dealt with the question "Why Italy Went to War."

There is reason neither for withholding from Dr. Dillon credit for the sincerity and detachment which he professes, nor for failing to recognize the very human limitations which bound them. From "The Inside Story of the Peace Conference" (Harper & Brothers) the reader takes away the impression of a stubborn and somewhat sour honesty, and also of a vacillating bias that the author intended as little as he suspected. A ripe scholarship, a keen observation, an adequate sweep, but—it is impossible to avoid its conclusion—a decidedly jaundiced personality.

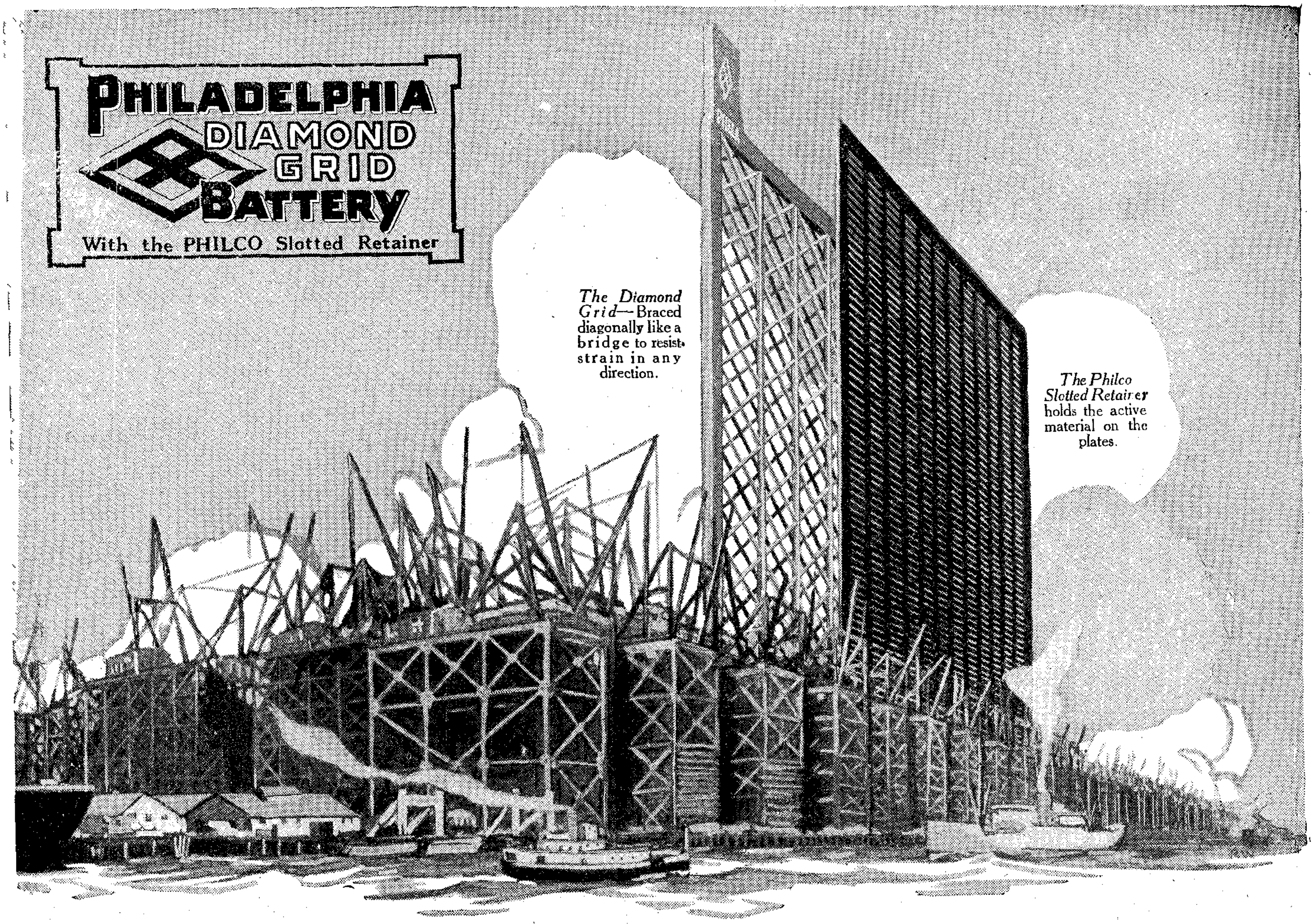
Dr. Dillon finds an analogy between the Paris which was the setting of the Peace Conference and the Vienna that witnessed the gathering of the nations in the winter of 1814–15 after the downfall of Napoleon. In both cities a riot of extravagance. The Vienna of Congress days was transformed into a paradise of delights by a brilliant court which pushed hospitality to the point of lavishness. Every day the Emperor's table cost fifty thousand gulden—every Congress day cost him ten times that sum. Balls, banquets, theatricals, military reviews, followed one another in dizzy succession. The Paris of 1919, tho democratic, was even more extravagant. The chiefs of the peace armies resided in sumptuous hotels, flooded after sundown with dazzling light, and filled by day with the buzz of idle chatter, the banging of doors, and the ringing of bells. Music and dancing enlivened the inmates when the day's toil was over and time had to be killed. In the matter of expense ten thousand tables were nightly imitating the table of the Austrian Emperor. Dr. Dillon quotes from the Socialist French newspaper *L'Humanité* an account of a dinner in a restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne, the guests sitting so close to one another that they could not move their elbows, yet constantly making room for more, and all, without question, paying the bills which were presented. "And what bills! The *hors d'œuvres*, 20 francs; fish, 90 francs; a chicken, 150 francs; three cigars, 45 francs. The repast came to 250 francs a person at the very lowest."

Far more significant is another point of the suggested analogy. In the Vienna Congress a relatively new Power took part, introducing a jarring note. Russia was a newcomer, hardly yet recognized as European. Czar Alexander I. was an idealist aiming, not so much at an expedient peace with the vanquished enemy as at complete world reform, the abolition of future wars and the permanent welfare of mankind. Putting spokes in everybody's wheel, comporting himself as the autocrat of the Congress, he was the terror of the Vienna delegates. The other personages, Metternich in particular, were greatly disturbed by his presence. They called him a marplot, who could not and would not enter into the spirit of their game, but they dared not offend him. Without his brave troops they could not have been victorious, and they did not know how soon they would need him again, for he represented a numerous and powerful people whose economic and military resources promised it in time the hegemony of the world. So, while they heartily disliked the chief of this great new country, they also feared him, and, therefore, humored him.

Also in certain trivial details Dr. Dillon finds the likeness between the two great peace assemblies remarkable. "For example, Lord Castlereagh, who represented England at Vienna, had to return to London to meet Parliament, thus inconveniencing the august assembly, as Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George were obliged to quit Paris with like effect. Before Castlereagh left the scene of his labors, uncharitable judgments were passed on him for allowing home interests to predominate over his international activities. The destinies of Poland and Germany, which were then about to become a confederation, occupied the forefront of interest at the Congress as they did at the Conference." In both cities the same justified outcry at the high cost of living. "Every article," wrote the Comte de la Garde, one of the chroniclers of the Vienna Congress, "but more especially fuel, rose to incredible heights. The Austrian Government found it necessary, in consequence, to allow all its officials supplements to their salaries and indemnities."

In not altogether an amiable light Dr. Dillon has presented the great figures of the Paris Conference. Lloyd George, "guided by no sound knowledge and devoid of the ballast of principle, was tossed and driven hither and thither like a wreck on the ocean." In the larger affairs of nations his ignorance was surprizing. He was astonished to learn that the war-making power of the United States is invested in Congress. "What! You mean to tell me that the President can not declare war. I never heard that before." Later, when questions of national ambitions were being discust, he asked: "What is the place Roumania is so anxious to get?" meaning Transylvania. Often he bowed to the greater force of Mr. Wilson's resolve. In other words, according to Dr. Dillon, the first British delegate, "essentially a man of expedients and shifts," was incapable of measuring more than an arc of the political circle at a time. A comprehensive survey of a complicated situation was beyond his reach. He relied upon imagination and intuition as substitutes for precise knowledge and technical skill.

To Clemenceau Dr. Dillon concedes force, but force harsh and selfish. Pulling down has ever been his delight. He can boast that he has overthrown eighteen cabinets, or nineteen, including his own. But he was unquestionably the right man to carry on the war. His faith in the eventual victory was unwavering; he never doubted, never flagged, never was intimidated or wheedled. Once, during the armistice, when Marshal Foch exprest



PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

The Diamond Grid—Braced diagonally like a bridge to resist strain in any direction.

The Philco Slotted Retainer holds the active material on the plates.

The giant shipyards at Hog Island, Philadelphia, are convincing evidence of "Diamond Construction for Strength."

An Automobile Starting Battery Guaranteed for Two Years!

A GUARANTEE is the measure of a manufacturer's faith in his battery—based on past performance. If he guarantees his battery for only ninety days or six months or a year, he is probably sure that it will last that long. But beyond the period of the guarantee he is asking you to take a risk which he is not willing to take himself. It is unbusinesslike for you to take such a risk when you can buy a Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery that is ***guaranteed for two years.***

It may seem remarkable in view of the customary short time guarantees, that only one manufacturer of national importance is able to guarantee his battery for two years. But there is only one battery that contains the exclusive engineering features which make such a guarantee possible—The Philadelphia Battery with the Diamond Grid and the Philco Retainer.

The Diamond Grid is the framework on which each of the plates is formed. Its diamond construction is similar to the diamond construction used on the ways and cranes on Hog Island, and in most other strong structures. In your battery the Diamond Grid means strong plates, and is your insurance against plate trouble.

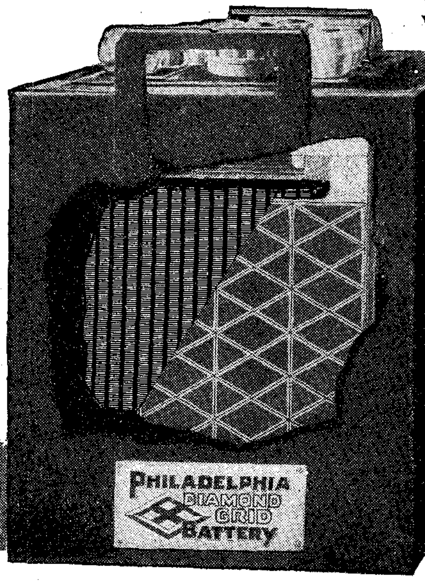
The Philco Retainer is a sheet of hard rubber closely perforated with long narrow slots. A Retainer is placed flat against the active material on each side of each positive plate. In any battery the positive active material tends to slough off as the battery grows older. The slots in the Philco Retainer are so narrow that the material cannot readily pass through them and the inevitable result is greatly prolonged battery life.

THE Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery with the Philco Slotted Retainer bears the same relation to the ordinary battery that the cord tire bears to the fabric tire. Like the cord tire, its advantage lies not only in its longer life but equally in its greater reliability during that life.

There is a Philadelphia Service Station near you fully equipped and competent to give you excellent service on your battery, no matter what its make. There you may buy a Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery with the Philco Slotted Retainer, guaranteed for two years. Without the Retainer, the battery is guaranteed for eighteen months and is somewhat lower in price. Both batteries are shipped by the "Dry Seal" method (patented) which not only assures you of a fresh battery, but also prevents both sulphation during storage and overheating when the acid is poured in.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.

Ontario and C Streets **Philadelphia, Pa.**



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We will not sell a new battery if we can give you better value by repairing your old one
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"The Golden Rule is not only good ethics —it is good business"

"YES SIR! Success in our line isn't something we can grab—we must *build* it. We aim to prosper right here in this community of people who drive motor cars. We need their good will. That's why we can't afford to try to 'unload' a new battery onto any man who comes in here with a lame one. No Sir! By giving our patrons exactly the kind of service they would want if they could know batteries inside and out as we do, we build up their good will."

"No need to assume that your battery is worn out just because it has begun to fail. Just a few minutes, please, while I open it up. There you are Sir. You can see for yourself how the plates look. They're the vital parts and they're sound enough to warrant a repair and make your bill an economical investment for you. We'll go ahead and make your battery as energetic as ever. And we'll insist on just one thing—on giving you an adjustment guarantee of eight months' more battery vigor."

"The day will finally come when you will know that your old battery has lasted just as long as the best skill and good intent can make it last. Then, and not before, we'll gladly sell you our USL Battery—the one with the durable Machine-Pasted Plates, which comes from the factory 'Dry Charged' so that you get it factory-new."

U. S. Light & Heat Corporation, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

FREE *Our 50-cent Battery Book that answers every battery question. It's a book you can't afford to be without if you own or drive an automobile. It's free if you mention the make and model of your car.*

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storage batteries

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

his displeasure that the Premier should have issued orders to troops under his command without first consulting him, he was on the point of dismissing the Marshal and appointing General Pétain to succeed him. Right and left he wounded pride. To a group of French experts who have been invited to give the Conference their views about the revictualing of Hungary his greeting was: "Get out, all of you. You are not wanted here." His acquaintance with international politics, while superior to that of Lloyd George, is still very slender. Yet his program at the Conference was simple and coherent. France, protected for all time from the danger of invasion, was to take Germany's leading position in the world. Toward that end he left nothing undone. Against Mr. Wilson he maneuvered to the extent which his adviser, André Tardieu, deemed safe, and one of his most daring speculations was on the President's journey to the States, during which Mr. Clemenceau and his colleagues hoped to work on their own lines and to present Mr. Wilson with the decisions ready for ratification on his return. Yet in such matters as the left bank of the Rhine and the acquisition of new colonies he was always sane, far-seeing, and ready to compromise. "We don't want protesting deputies in the French Parliament," he said.

President Wilson, Dr. Dillon holds, standing for an ideal Europe, was absolutely without a clear mental picture of the concrete Europe out of which it was to be fashioned. He spoke, and fain would have acted, as tho the old continent were like a thinly inhabited territory of North America fifty years ago, unencumbered by awkward survivals of the past, and capable of receiving any impress. He seemingly took no account of its history, its peoples, or their interests and strivings. What he took to Europe from America was an abstract idea, old and European, and at first his foreign colleagues treated it as such. Some of them had actually sneered at it, others had damned it with faint praise, and now all of them honestly strove to save their own countries' vital interests from its disruptive action while helping to apply it to their neighbors. Thus Britain, who at that time had no territorial claims to put forward, had her sea-doctrine to uphold, and she upheld it resolutely. Before he reached Europe the President was notified in plain terms that his theory of the freedom of the seas would neither be entertained nor discust. Therefore, he abandoned it without protest, and it was explained away as a journalistic misconception. That first toll spelled failure to his entire scheme. One of the fourteen commandments had been lopped off. The mystic thirteen remained. But soon another went by the board. Then there were twelve. And gradually the number dwindled. It was the case of the "ten little niggers who went out to dine."

Lloyd George was misty as regards Transylvania. The President, according to a story which Dr. Dillon tells without vouching for it, was, about Corsica, vague to the point of gullibility. Following the tale, soon after the arrival in Europe he received a long memorandum about Corsica recounting the history, needs, and aspirations of the people as well as the various attempts they had made to regain their independence, and requesting him to

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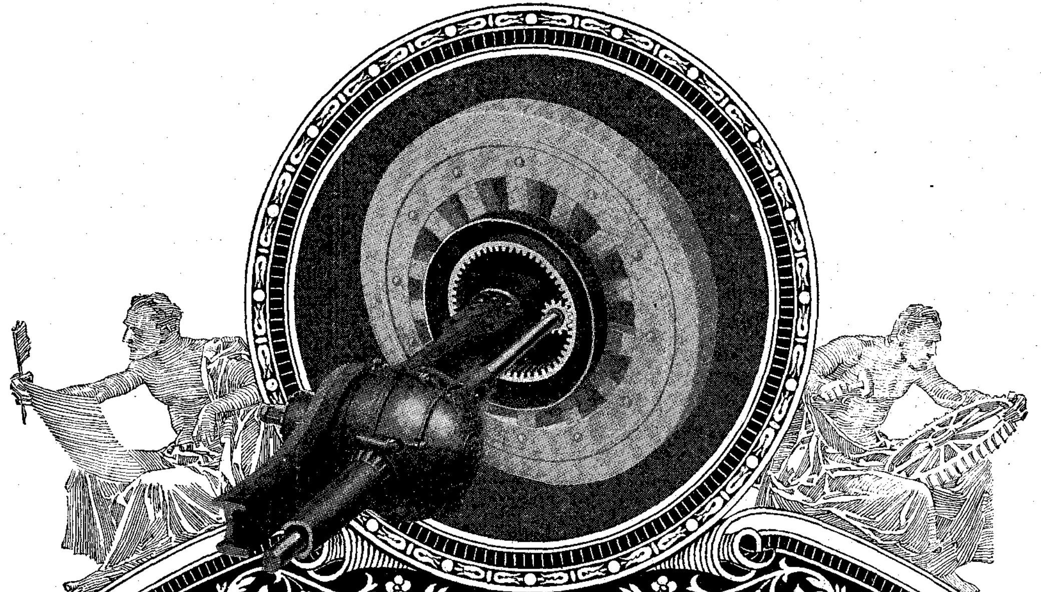

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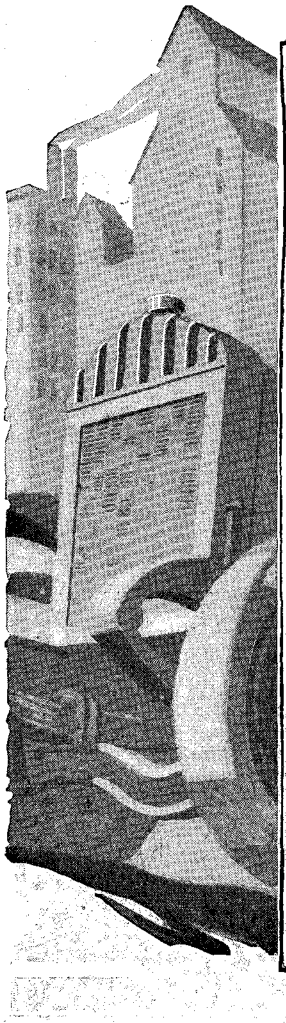

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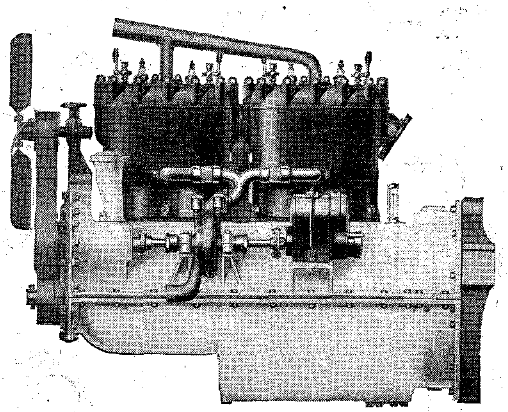

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W. L. Douglas shoes are sold through 107 of our own stores direct to the wearer at one profit. All middlemen's and manufacturing profits are eliminated. W. L. Douglas $9.00 and $10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. W L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom guarantees the best shoes in style, comfort and service that can be produced for the price.

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The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

employ his good offices at the Conference to obtain for them complete autonomy. To this a reply is said to have been sent to the effect that the President "is persuaded that this question will form the subject of a thorough examination by the competent authorities of the Conference" "Corsica," exclaims Dr. Dillon, "the birthplace of Napoleon, and as much an integral part of France as the Isle of Man is of England, seeking to slacken the ties that link it to the Republic and receiving a promise that the matter would be carefully considered by the delegates sounds more like a mystification than a sober statement of fact. The story was sent to the newspapers for publication, but the censor very wisely struck it out."

Of the two Italian plenipotentiaries during the first five months Orlando was the most supple and Sonnino the most inflexible The former was one of the most popular figures among the delegates. He might have done far more for his country had he been able to use his native language in the conclave. He displayed resourcefulness, humor, a historic sense, and the gift of molding the wills of men. One of the many sayings attributed to him during the Conference turned upon the quarrels of some of the smaller peoples among themselves. "They are," the Premier said, "like a lot of hens being held by the feet and carried to market. Altho all doomed to the same fate, they contrive to fight one another while awaiting it."

The Greek, Venizelos, was a fixt star in the firmament, whose light burned brightly through every rift in the clouds, and who astonished friends and opponents by his moderation and his masterly presentation of his case. His most critical hour, which lasted for months, struck when he found himself struggling with the President of the United States, who was for refusing the coast of Thrace to Greece and giving it to Bulgaria. "The Ulysses of the Conference," Dr. Dillon calls Venizelos. "He is a past-master in practical psychology." As soon as President Wilson arrived in Europe Venizelos hastened to call on him. To the surprize of many the two remained a long time closeted together. "Whatever did you talk about?" asked a colleague of the Greek Premier. "How did you keep Wilson interested in your national claims all the time?" "Oh," replied Venizelos, "I disposed of our claims quickly enough. A matter of two minutes, not more. I asked him to dispense me from taking up his time with such complicated issues which he and his colleagues would have ample time for studying. The rest of the time I was getting him to give me the benefit of his familiarity with the League of Nations. And he was good enough to enumerate the reasons why it should be realized, and the way in which it must be worked. I was greatly impress by what he said."

It is the frank note of depressing pessimism that Dr. Dillon strikes in his final summing up. "Whatever the tests one applies to the work of the Conference," he says, "ethical, social, or political, they reveal it as a factor eminently calculated to sap high interests, to weaken the moral nerve of the present generation, to fan the flames of national and racial hatred, to dig an abyss between the classes and the masses, and to throw open the sluice-gates to the inrush of the waves of anarchistic internationalities. Truth, justice, equity,

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

and liberty have been twisted and prest into the service of economico-political boards. In the United States the people who prided themselves on their aloofness are already fighting over European interests. In Europe every nation's hand is raised against its neighbors, and every people's hand against its ruling class. Every government is making its policy subservient to the needs of the future war which is universally looked upon as an unavoidable outcome of the Versailles Peace. Imperialism and militarism are striking roots in soil where they were hitherto unknown. In a word, Prussianism, instead of being destroyed, has been openly adopted by its ostensible enemies, and the huge sacrifices offered up by the heroic armies of the foremost nations are being misused to give one-half of the world just cause to rise up against the other half."

FUN, MYSTERY, TENDERNESS, HORROR—CHOOSE!

"THOSE wise men, the alienists, say that all of us are insane on certain subjects. Certainly in the mental composition of every one of us is some quirk, some vagary, some dear, senseless delusion, avowed or private. As for Trencher, the one crotchet in his cool brain centered about that worthless trade dollar. With it in his possession, he had counted himself a winner, always. Without it he felt himself to be a creature predestined and foreordained to disaster."

Trencher had murdered a man a short time before the loss of the trade dollar he regarded as his luck piece. He had shot him down in Thirty-ninth Street, near Broadway. It was night, and there happened to be not more than one passer-by at the moment in sight, but at the sound of the shot people began to hurry in the direction where Trencher stood.

Trencher had not lost his head. The second after the shot he had stept away from the huddled figure, lying in a patch of shade, out into the middle of the street, and there halted, looking about him, as tho bewildered by some sound of shots. The first arrivals brushed past him, hastening to the dead man, crowding close. And Trencher began his getaway.

It was a marvelous, clearly thought out, successful race against capture. From the moment when he passed through the swinging doors of the hotel close to the scene of the killing to the one where, clad in the entire outfit of a man from Stamford, with this man Parker's letters in his pocket, his suitcase in his hand, he was ready to slip away to a safe retreat he knew of, nothing had gone amiss. He had sent the hue and cry after a running negro whom he had himself dispatched on a mythical errand with a reward for speed. He had picked a man's pocket of his hat-and-coat check, and worn these garments away from the hotel he had first entered, stepping out on the Broadway side and getting into a taxi, which took him to an amusement place on Columbus Circle. Then he had taken another cab to the Grand Central and recovered the suitcase whose check he had found in the pocket of the stolen overcoat, gone to the big hotel near by, changed all his clothes for those in the suitcase, telephoned to his pal to get him transportation to Pittsburg and—

"The rest would be simplicity. He had merely to slip out of the hotel carrying the

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The cloth-like consistency of Northern Fibre Folded Towels and their rapid absorption of moisture makes them the ideal towel service for the really sanitary lavatory.

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ADJUSTO-LITE, a new, wonderful, convenient lamp that you can attach anywhere—to bed, shaving mirror, table, desk or chair. Throws a clear mellow light, not too glaring—exactly where you need it most. It does not strain the eye. It cuts the lighting cost.

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ONE HUNDRED Daltons were purchased recently by The Prudential Life Insurance Company of America—one of the largest orders for adding-calculating machines ever recorded.

"Minute-losing methods have no place in The Prudential system. The Prudential needed a machine for branch office use throughout the country that would render the broadest possible service.

For this service the Dalton was chosen, being two machines in one; a simpler, faster adding machine which multiplies as easily as it adds and lists each operation.

Large corporations standardize on the Dalton because it is instantly operable by anyone. It has 10 keys *only*—one for each figure.

It revolutionizes the usual method of adding and listing. Ordinarily, an operator looks at an item, then turns to the machine. The Dalton eliminates this extra eye motion. Column selection is unnecessary.

"Eyes on the work—fingers on the keys" is the slogan of the speedy Dalton *Touch Operator*. The simple keyboard is covered by one hand. The operator's eyes do not swing back and forth from copy to keyboard—with little practice the adding and listing of figures becomes automatic, requiring no eye-help.

This Dalton method of operation, is a distinct advantage, and of vital interest to employers and employees. Not only does the Dalton effect great economies in time and increase the amount of work done, but what is of equal importance, it eliminates the eye-strain and mental fatigue invariably experienced by the operator who has much figure work to do

And the Dalton calculates—it multiplies easier and with fewer operations than any strictly calculating machine. It adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, figures fractions, percentage, computes interest, discounts, cross-foots, tabulates and makes out statements.

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Bakes Bread, Pies, Biscuits Broils, Roasts, and Cooks Nine Different Vegetables All At One Time.

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

The Coal section and the Gas section are just as separate as though you had two ranges in your kitchen.

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Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

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When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for baking bread or roasting meats and the other for pastry baking—It

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

key of his room with him. Certainly it would be as late as noon the following day before chambermaid or clerk tried to rouse the supposed occupant of the empty room. . . . He would have at least twelve hours' start, even tho the authorities were nimble-witted enough to join up the smaller mystery of an abandoned suitcase belonging to one man and an abandoned outfit of clothing belonging to another, with the greater and seemingly unconnected mystery of the vanishing of the suspect in the Sonntag homicide case. Long before this potential eventuality could by any chance develop, he meant, under another name and in another disguise, to be hidden away in a quiet boarding-house that he knew of in a certain obscure factory town on a certain trolley-line leading out of Pittsburg."

And then, at the instant of quietly walking out to put the remaining portions of his plan into operation, he finds that he has lost his luck piece. He must have left it in the overcoat in the first hotel, checked at the same window where, a few moments later, he had called for the coat and hat left by the man whose pocket he had picked.

There is panic for a minute. But after all, the luck piece is really still in his possession. "He gave thanks to the unclean spirits of his superstition that apprehension of his loss had come to him before he destroyed the paste-board square that stood for possession of the coat itself. Had he gone ahead and torn it up he would now count himself doomed.

"He must make a try to recover his luck piece. No other course occurred to him."

Trencher gets the coat, gets it as cleverly as he has managed his whole escape. He feels through the pockets hastily, merely telling the girl that he wanted something out of one of the pockets, and would want the coat checked again.

His eager fingers encounter the smooth object in one of the pockets. "A slick, cool, thin, round, flat object, trade-dollar size," with the depression of a worn hole in the center." He did not need to look at it. He slipt it into his pocket with an infinite relief, returned the coat to the girl, and left the hotel. His destination was a barroom, Silver's place, where he was to meet his pal.

The place was dark and closed, but Trencher entered through a door he knew, and made his way across the well-known room to the electric switch, which he flashed on.

"That's right," said a voice behind him, "now that you've got your mitts up, keep 'em up."

It was Murtha, of the Central Office, and it was not the first time that Trencher and Murtha had come to grips.

Just how Murtha had come across the yellow overcoat and brown derby left by Trencher there is not room here to tell. He had—and as there had been a rumor that it was a man clad in such garments who had been seen close to the murdered man—he had suspected that this was the raiment of the killer. What is more, he was sure that the man was Trencher.

"And now I'm going to tell you how I come to know you was the right party. You remember that time about two years ago when I ran you in as a suspect . . . and you bellyached so loud because I took a bum old coin off you. Well, when I went through that yellow overcoat and found your luck piece, . . . I felt morally sure, knowing you like I did, that as soon as you missed it you'd be coming back to try to find it. And sure enough you did come back. . . . The only miscalculation I made was in figuring that when you found it gone you'd hang round making a hunt for it on the floor or something. . . . I guess maybe you lost your nerve when you found it wasn't in that coat pocket. . . . . ."

"But I did find it. . . . . ."

And Trencher, with some difficulty, because he is manacled, fishes the piece out of his pocket and holds it forth in his palm.

It was not the luck piece. It was a flat overcoat button, with a slight depression in the center where the threads went through.

"Trencher flung it away from him, and with a sickly pallor of fright . . . stealing up under the skin of his cheeks, he stared at the detective.

"You win, Murtha," he said dully. "What's the use bucking the game after your luck is gone. . . . . ."

That is one of the stories in Irvin S. Cobb's new book, "From Place to Place" (Doran). There are nine in the collection, and they touch many moods.

Then there is the story of "The Bull Called Emily," Bull signifying elephant in show language. A gentle, kindly animal, smart and affectionate, until one day when an over-indulgence in peanuts brings on a mighty stomachache. And by the time that ache is cured little remains of the town wherein the seizure occurred, and nothing of the fortune of Emily's owners.

FIGHTING FOR LIFE

TWO great battles went on at the Front during the war: one to kill the enemy, the other to save life. And the battle for life was not less thrilling, not less dangerous, not less self-forgetting, than the battle for death.

How the Sanitary Train of the Second Division fought this battle is told by Lieut.-Col. Richard Derby, Division Surgeon, in "Wade in, Sanitary!" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The Colonel had been in France a long while before reporting, on December 7, 1917, for duty with the Second Division, but he confines himself to his adventures after that date. Yet there are opportunities for contrast that are interesting. Here is one:

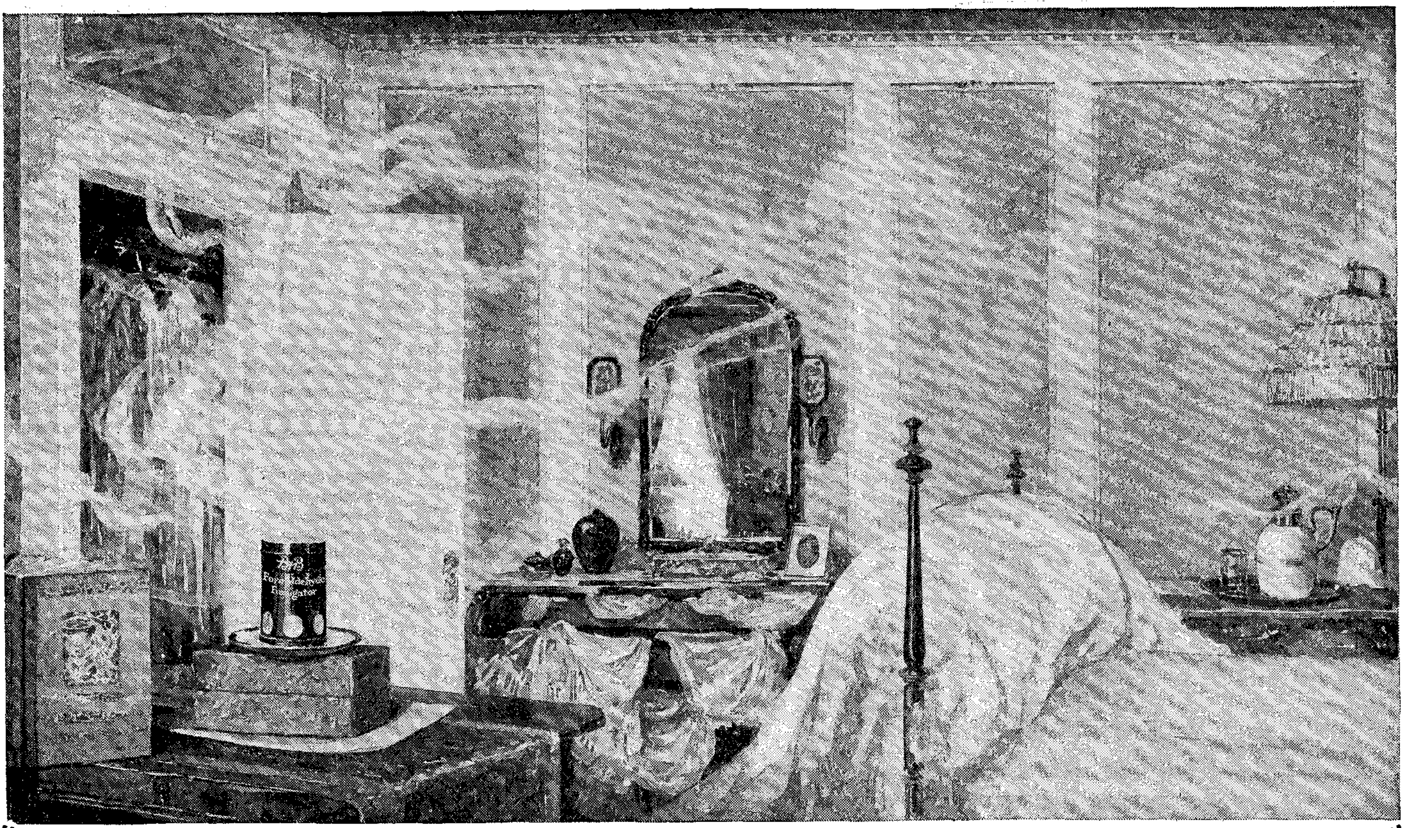
"The most striking thing to me in the surgery of the war was a comparison of the wounded of 1918 with those of 1914. In those early days it was a distressing sight to see man after man come into the hospital at Neuilly, all with badly infected wounds. As rounds were made through the various wards, it seemed that every man was running a temperature, every man was reeking with pus. The hectic flush and pinched countenance of the men spelled sepsis. It was universal. One felt helpless in the presence of an unvanquishable foe.

"What a contrast in 1918! Infection was not blotted out, but it was no longer the menacing monster of four years before. Normal temperature charts and healthy countenances were the rule rather than the exception. The period of convalescence was immeasurably shorter. . . . All honor to Le Maître, Tissier, De Page, Carrel, Dakin, Blake, and to those of less renown who devoted themselves to solving these gigantic problems."

And lucky America, that profited by the experiments of the years before she entered the war!

Colonel Derby pays a tribute to Blake in these words:

"The one American surgeon whose work stands out above that of any other is Blake." It was Blake who did valuable work in the



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Every room in every home should be fumigated in the spring, but especially the bedrooms.

Germs accumulate in winter. Every cough or sneeze emits them. They lodge where sunshine cannot reach them—in draperies, rugs, bedding, crevices and clothes.

Cleaning does not end them. The way to destroy them is with formaldehyde gas, so used as to permeate everywhere.

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Rooms are not clean without this fumigation. It is just as important in the home as it is in Pullman cars. Danger lurks in germs.

This is important in every home after the shut-in months. But it is doubly important when you move to a home which other folks have occupied. Do your own fumigation, then you'll be sure about it.

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The B & B Formaldehyde Fumigator makes this protection easy. You simply light the wick. Formaldehyde gas does not injure furnishings or fabrics. It injures only living things, like germs. Remove just the living plants.

Open the beds and closets so the gas can penetrate. Light the fumigator, shut the doors and windows, and let the germ-destroying gas remain a few hours.

Then open the windows and note how clean the room seems. And it is.

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Sterile Cotton	Adhesive Plaster
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B & B Dressings are sterilized after sealing, and the packages protect them. Don't use chance bandages on wounds, however slight. They may infect.

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Put our First Aid Book with the B & B Dressings. It tells what to do in accidents, sudden sickness, poisoning, etc.

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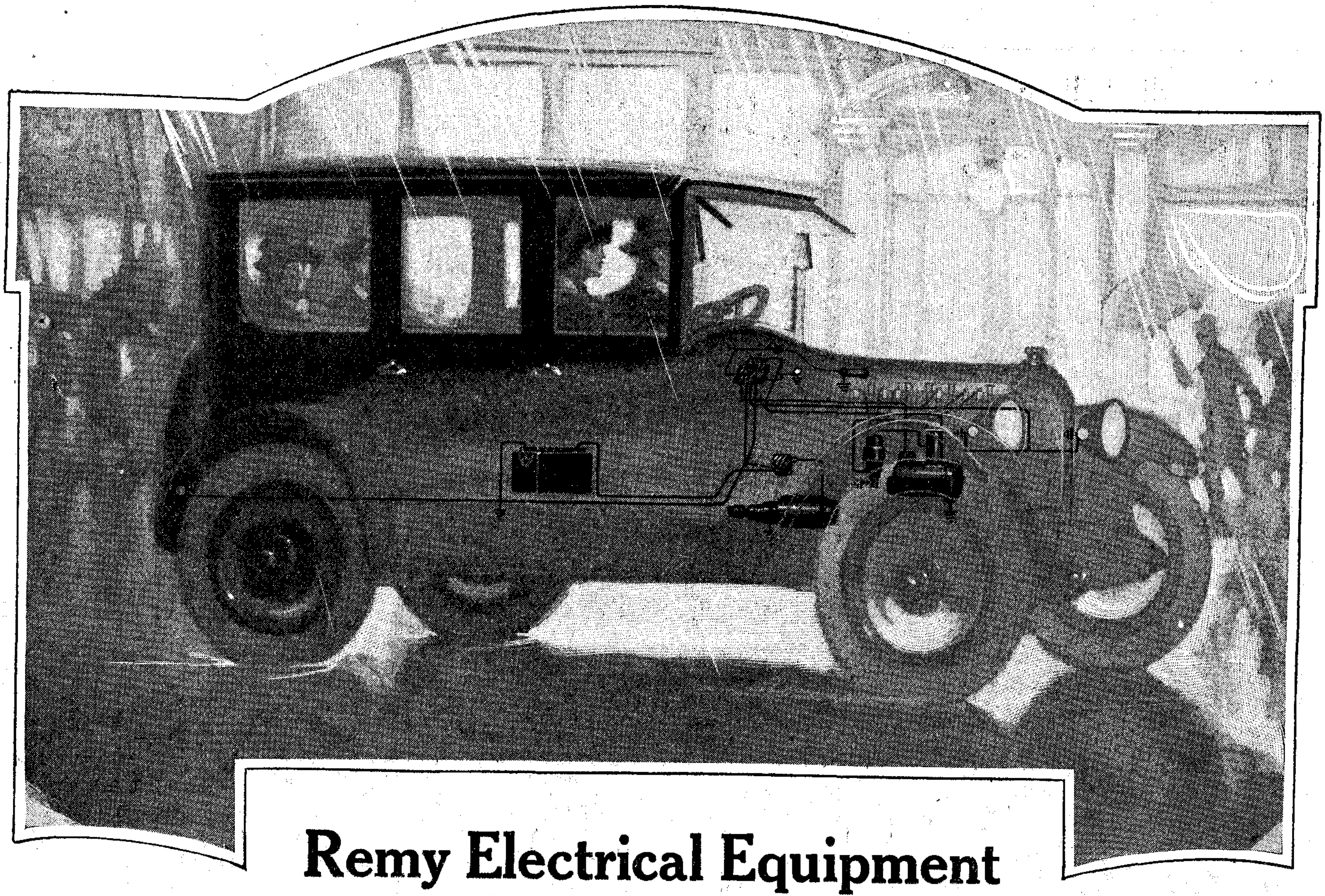

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It is this rigid adherence to quality that makes the name "Remy" one upon which you can absolutely rely. Remy Starting, Lighting and Ignition on your car is a faithful servant performing its vital functions—day and night—in good weather and bad—so well that you seldom ever need think of it.

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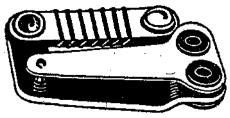

THIS is the Remy Thermostat—an exclusive patented Remy feature. In winter the Thermostat makes the generator output high to keep the battery charged. In summer it makes the generator output low to prevent the battery overcharging.

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STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

PRODUCTS OF CONSTANT PERFORMANCE
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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

development of the extension method of treatment of fractures, and who perfected an English splint, making it so practical that it was adopted by all the Allied Armies. Interesting in this matter is the testimony given by Colonel Derby in regard to the German procedure. When he was with the Army of Occupation he questioned a German medical officer, and learned from him that "the Carrel-Dakin method had been used only during the past year, and that this officer, at least, did not set very much stock by it . . . and . . . that the Thomas splint with its modifications . . . had not been adopted by them." Furthermore, Colonel Derby "got the impression, after some little conversation with this officer, who appeared to be a man of good professional training, that surgery had stood still in Germany during the period of the war."

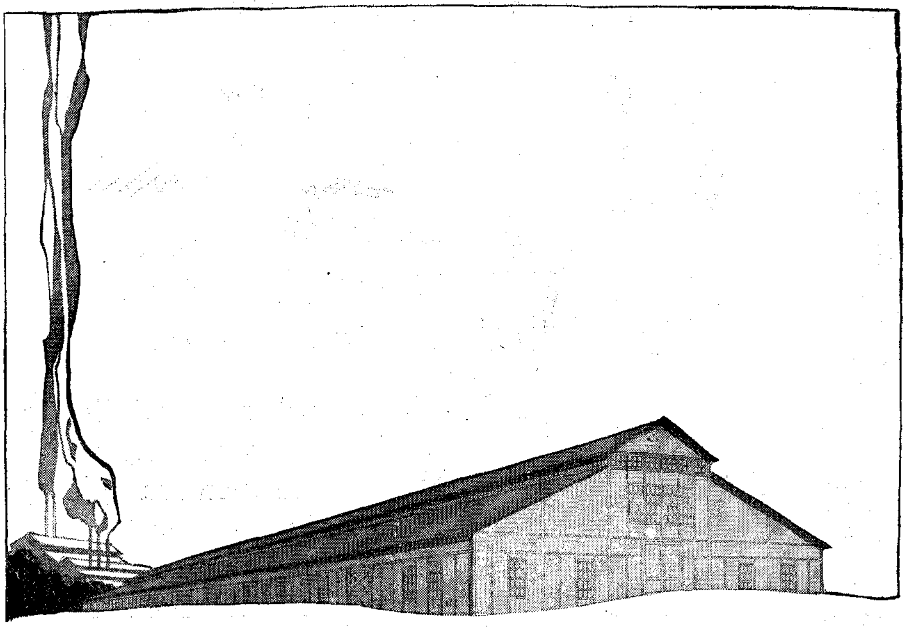
The colonel thinks the causes were two: the shutting away from the rest of the world which befel Germany, and the prejudices engendered by the war, which extended even into professional fields. At any rate, there was an evident stagnation of thought and method.

It was early in April that the division began to suffer. Gas was the medium, a shell striking a building crowded with men, and other shells spreading the deadly fumes through a ravine in which the men were scattered. One hundred and seventy-five men out of the company exposed were severely gassed, 11 per cent. dying. One death was the direct result of devotion, one of the hospital corps men, Shaffner, working for hours over his comrades, and inhaling so much gas from their clothing in the course of this work that it killed him.

Washing with soap and water is the best method found for mustard-gas. Colonel Derby did not see the men till twelve hours after exposure, the ambulances streaming in with them. The eyelids were so swollen that sight was shut off, and the men sat with their faces buried in their hands, rocking to and fro "in an agony that was dreadful to witness."

Speed was the one great essential in the battle for life. Not only in the saving of the wounded, but also as a support of the morale of the fighting men, speed is the first thing. "The most important factor in the prevention of infection was the speed with which the wounded man was brought to the operating table." And "a man entering a fight likes to feel that should he be wounded he will be picked up and given prompt treatment. If he feels this he will enter the battle with increased confidence, fight harder, and, if wounded, be better able to withstand the effects of shock."

It was in and about Château-Thierry, in June, that the division met its first real test—and nobly responded. All that month the fighting was heavy. And the Medical Corps fought quite as heavily. The stations were jammed up as close to the attacking forces as possible, and the shells shrieked overhead as the surgeons cared for the wounded who came drifting back, sometimes walking, sometimes wheeled on wheel stretchers, or carried on regular stretchers, often borne by prisoners. These "were universally very well trained, and handled the wounded with great gentleness." The first care given, splints applied, dressings put on, antitetanic serum administered, the wounded were put into ambulances which made off for the rear hospitals



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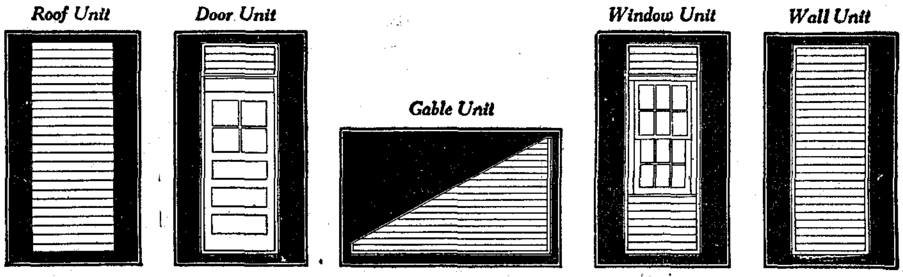

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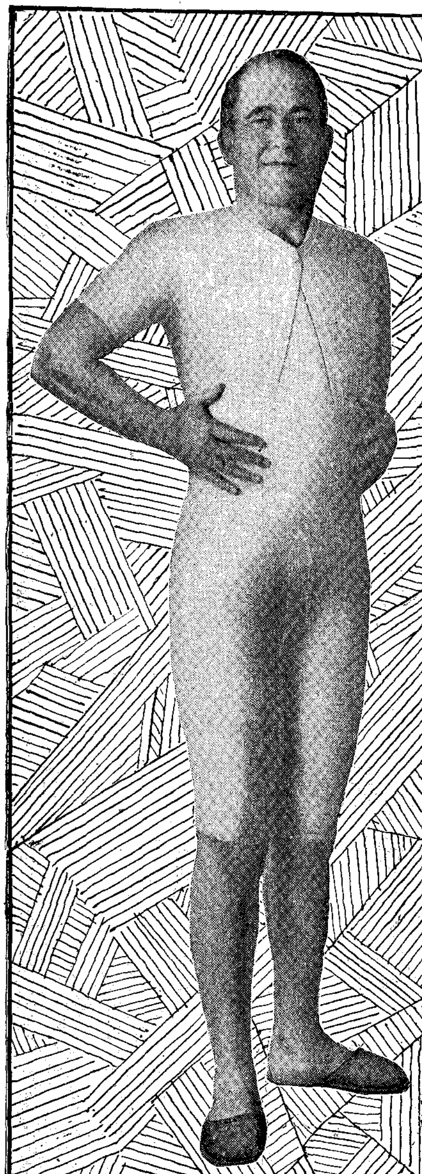

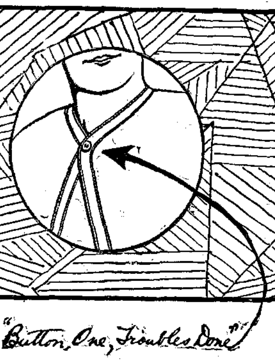

TO divide responsibility is to destroy it. Where half a dozen men are each doing only a part of one job, there are times when each expects the other to do a little more than he actually does. Omissions and confusion inevitably follow.

There is no division of responsibility in the

HATCH
ONE BUTTON
UNION SUIT

There is no working at cross purposes, no pulling in one place and gapping in another. Just one perfect, even fit from neck to knee or ankle, for the one master button, in just the right place, does all the work that a row of nine or more used to do so inefficiently.

Gone, too, is all the annoyance of lost buttons or torn button holes, for even the best of union suits show signs of wear and tear after a few trips to the laundry. Even if the one master button should work loose from its sturdy moorings, no time need be lost in repairs, for there is an extra button hole into which an ordinary collar button can be slipped.

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This garment is featured at the best stores everywhere, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free.

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Albany *New York*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

while newcomers were worked over. Speaking of one such station, later hit directly and destroyed, burying a dozen men in its ruin, several of whom died, we are shown this picture:

"About 750 wounded had been passed through this one station during the preceding thirty-six hours, and in the flickering candle-light the doctors and their assistants looked worn and haggard from their hard work and the terrible strain under which it had been accomplished. These were days when men worked until they dropt and then rose again."

Belleau Wood was the center of activity the earlier part of the time, and a grim habitation, where men lived difficultly in fox-holes, slept hardly at all, fought all night, were shelled all day. For the first nine days of June the men got not one mouthful of hot food.

Bezu was the town that stood almost in the middle of the sector, and here the various threads drew together. Close to Bezu was the lovely old château belonging to Madame Huard, famous because of her book, "My Home on the Field of Honor." Here, in 1914, Derby had worked, and now he returned there, to tend his own wounded, finding old friends, tho the Baroness was away. Here, on June 11, ambulances were unloading their wounded, and in the rooms the operations and *réchauffements* were in progress. Infusions of blood were being given, chest-wounds sewed, shell fragments sought for and extracted. The mortality was high, for only the most seriously wounded were held there.

The château has had a strange history through the war, sheltering first the French refugees, then the soldiers, and then the Americans. It will be a point of pilgrimage for both races, even as it is the property of both, for the Baroness is an American woman.

There is a detailed account of one day in the life of an acting regimental surgeon which is described by Colonel Derby as "the very darkest day of my life." His name is not given. Nothing was left out of that day. Before going into battle the regiment and the surgeon walked three miles through a district heavily saturated with gas; then came a severe airplane attack, killing and wounding many. After that the shelling from high explosives began. "The only shelter I could find was a cemetery wall about four feet high, behind which I had the wounded brought that I might apply most meager first aid. The shelling was terrific, fragments of shell snipping out portions of the wall right about us. One Hospital Corps man and I remained here until we had all the wounded cared for. . . . We got these men into a ravine just in time to avoid a complete wiping out." Next, under heavy fire, the surgeon made a trip in a side-car after extra supplies and got back with these unharmed. But the wounded piled up until there were more than a thousand, dressings and food gave out, for the greater part of ten hours there was no way to evacuate these sufferers, many of whom were personal friends. As the doctor bent over one dying man, a shell burst a few feet from him, tearing to pieces the stretcher-bearers who had just brought him, knocking every one over and wounding a number. The surgeon was untouched, "tho suffering a crusht sensation in the chest and covered with rocks and dirt." Night fell, and with it gas-shells. The surgeon and assistants were compelled to

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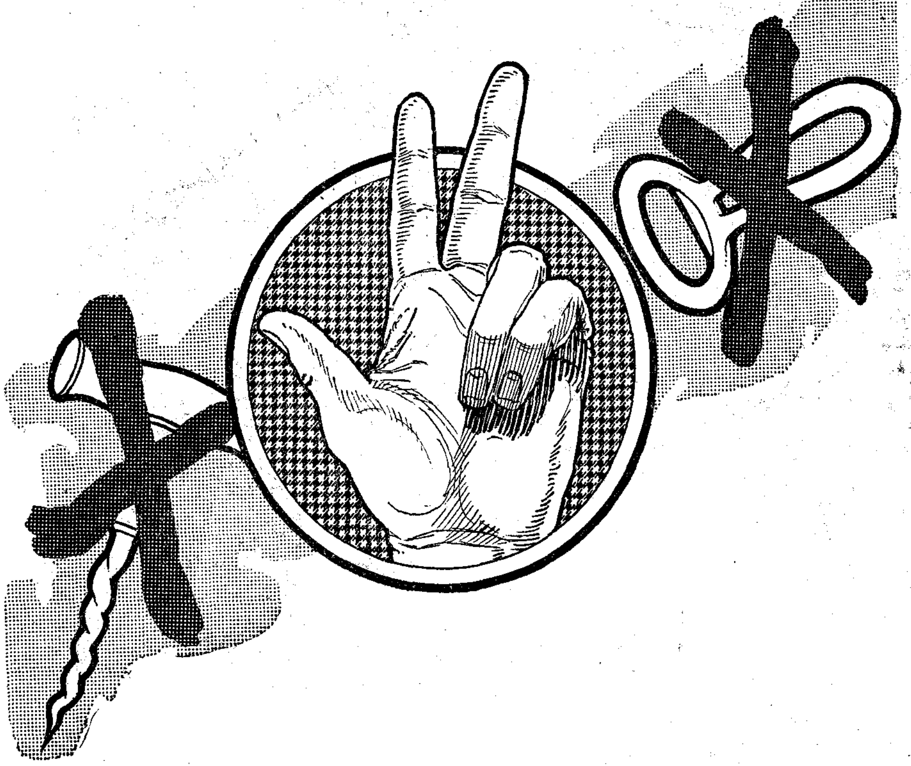


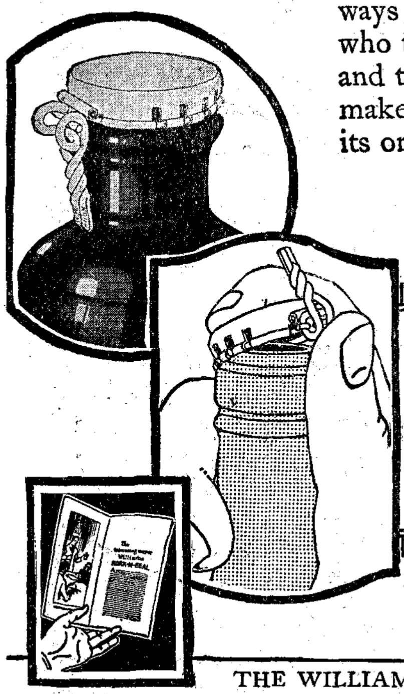
The only tools you need

three fingers

Forget the corkscrew and bottle-opener that somehow always baffle search. You don't need them for any bottle capped with *Williams Kork-N-Seal.*

Your fingers lift the lever and the bottle is open. Your fingers lower the lever and the bottle is so perfectly resealed that no liquid can leak or drip past this cap, even with the bottle on its side in a traveling bag.

Look for *Kork-N-Seal* when you buy anything in bottles. You will know it by the little lever. It always caps the products of makers who think of your convenience, and think so much of what they make that they want to keep intact its original quality and strength.



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THE WILLIAMS SEALING CORPORATION—*Decatur, Ill.*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

work without gas-masks, as it was too dark to see with them.

"It was during the night that a staff officer came up and criticized the speed with which we were loading the trucks.

"'What the h— is the delay in the evacuation?'

"We were working almost up to our limit and were well worn, but the evacuation was continuing at a very rapid rate. I stept up very close to him, recognizing that he was a major while I was a captain.

"'What the h— do you mean?' I asked, with considerable emphasis. . . . I told him that if he had any criticisms to make I wished he would go to my colonel and make an official report. He very snarlingly said that he would not stop at my colonel, but would make the report to the commanding-general.

"'I hope to God you will,' was my reply."

And there the incident was closed. But any one who has had experience will recognize the type of officer who would come up with nothing but criticisms well after the work and the danger were over.

It was not till daybreak that the surgeon sat down on some straw, aching from head to foot, and suffering from cramps. He remembered that he had not sat down nor even leaned up against anything for about twenty hours, and in trying to recall when he had last eaten, remembered that some one handed him a can of tomatoes during the night, which he had drunk.

Of such stuff were the fine men of the Medical Corps of our Army.

THE SUPREME DAY

HOW true is any biography? What is the reality concerning the lives of famous men or women, people in whom the public takes an interest, who have their paragraph in "Who's Who," with correct dates, clubs, accomplishments, achievements? What about the man or the woman who may be subjects of the paragraph? How much do we ever know of them?

But if you knew every detail of just one day in the man's life; the one greatest, the culminating, day of his life, perhaps there would be something of the real man for you to ponder upon.

And Harvey O'Higgins tells us the tale of this day. Tells it with a number of other stories in his book, "From the Life" (Harper's).

He did not himself know the subject of his tale well enough to do the intimate portrait of him that is given, but he did know his town and a number of his closest friends and associates. The three most important were Jack Arnett, sculptor of the Wickson Memorial, McPhee Harris, president of the Purity Defense League, and the local Anti-Saloon Association, and Tim Collins, the detective who helped Wickson in the investigations and prosecutions that made the District Attorney a national figure.

It is easy to gather from the above paragraph on Wickson's friends that the man was a reformer. It seems likely that the reforming instinct was developed in him by his childhood. He was the only son in a poor family on an impoverished farm, with a brute for a father. He ran away from home, telling his mother that he had to go. "She didn't even look at me. She was

EVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

rking in front of a window, and she just sed her eyes from the dishpan and stood king out of that window as if there were s across it."

3he gave him all she had, tho he didn't nt to take it—two dollars.

His revolt against injustice, oppression, desire to defend himself and others inst wrong, probably subconsciously luenced him in choosing law as his life-rk. He wanted to help to administer tice equably.

He left home without a word to his her, reached the city, and started in a iring rain to find work. He appeared out four in the afternoon at the office of Phee Harris and asked if they wanted an ce boy. Harris describes him:

'He was dripping wet, his hair was in his s, his clothes were pathetic. But he od up there and confronted me like a ing David. He had wonderful eyes—ays. I couldn't have turned him away."

Vickson worked, studied, "proved to ve a brain as hardy as his body." Harris the then counsel of the Purity Defense ague was constantly prosecuting offen-s against the public morals. The boy ame his chief clerk, and then his junior tner. The young sculptor, Arnett, was friend. They had met at the local M. C. A., and Harris was putting Arnett ough art school.

Iarris became president of the League l Wickson followed him as counsel, and a reform wave "that was blown up by a lent agitation against the 'red-light' trict," he was elected District Attorney. ording to Arnett, Wickson was not rbid on the reform question, but Harris s. "Harris . . . because he was rotten iself—that's my idea anyway—and his ard struggle with himself made him a zy fanatic. He could see something ty in any—in any innocent nakedness."

As District Attorney, Wickson's career l difficulties began. Both reached their mination on the special day chosen for loitation.

'It began with an interview with McPhee rris, who came smiling into the District torney's office soon after Wickson ived there for his morning's work. . . . Phee Harris had a smile that at its most functory moments is something more n polite. It is the smile of austerity de benevolent by the conscientious npathy of a professing Christian."

Harris comes to tell Wickson that he d had a visit the previous night from ole, a corrupt machine politician. The ter was willing to compromise on the w ticket to be elected.

"We are to name them, practically all. ey reserve a few of the minor offices, for instance, the sheriff and the county rk and the recorder."

"If they nominate those three officers," ickson reminds the president, "they'll ve the control of the local machinery elections."

Harris admits that, but says that the minee to the Supreme Court will be eir own. Wickson answers that that is cause they control the rest of the bench. But Harris retorts that a beginning ist be made, that a beginning is worth mething. And when Wickson asks who to nominate the new District Attorney, rris says that he will have the nomi-ting, but that *they* "don't think we can lect you. They believe you have made

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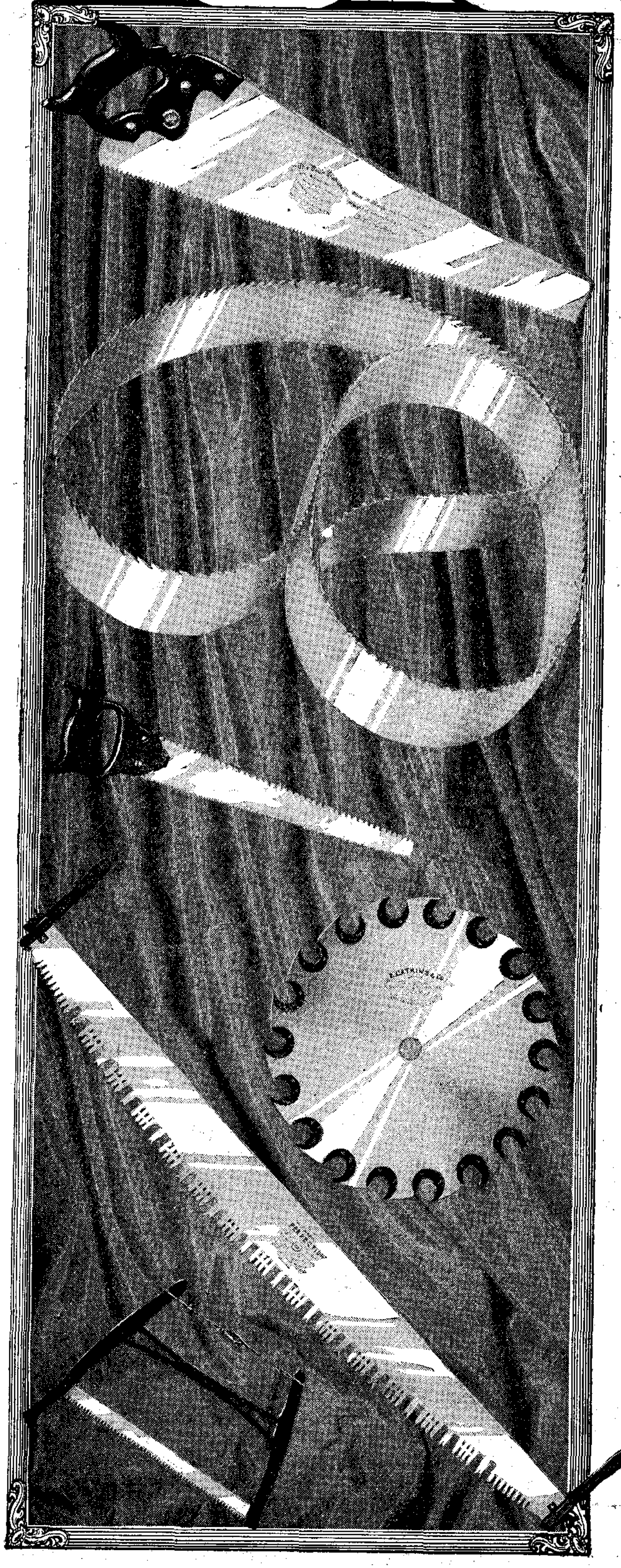

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E. C. Atkins & Co., Inc

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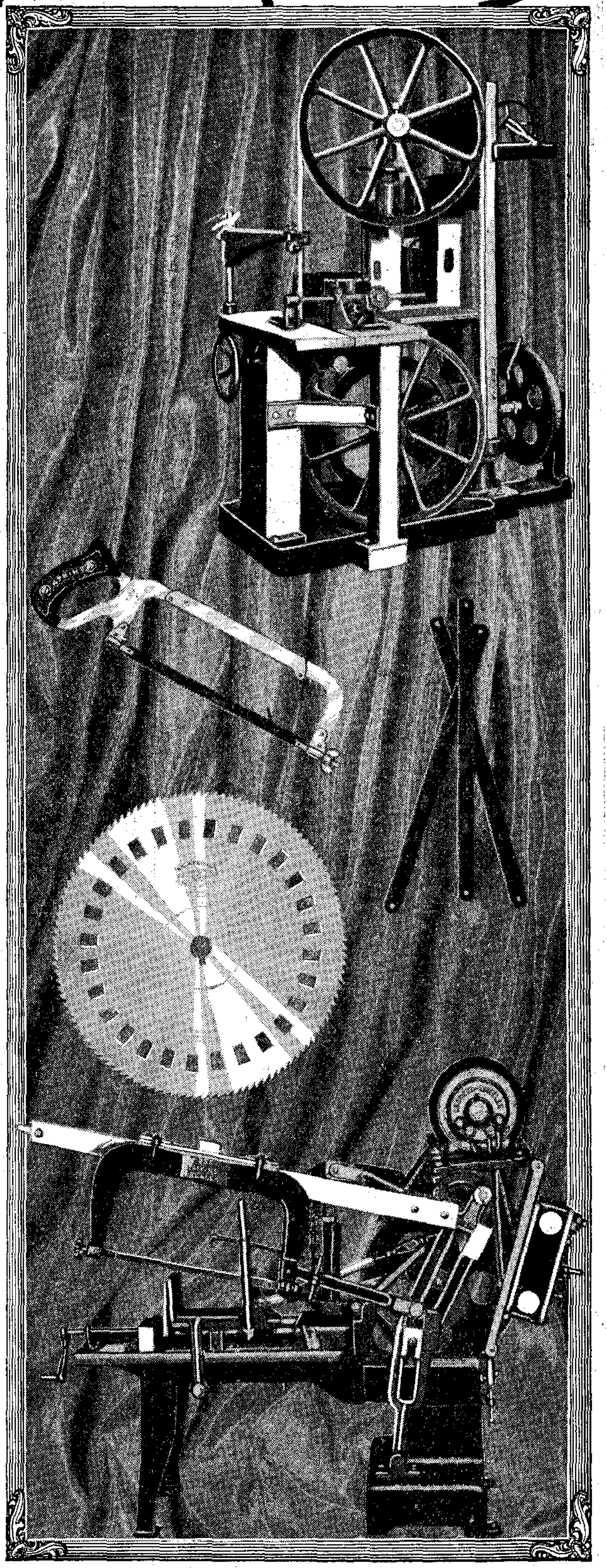

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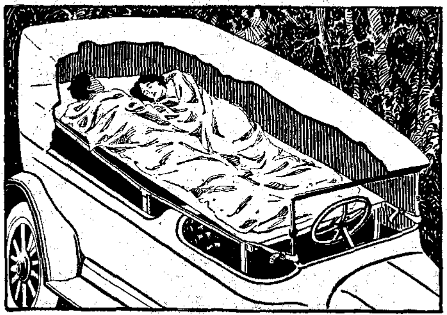

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

Continued

too many enemies." Wickson knows that Harris is one of these enemies now. For once in office he had made discoveries. "He had made enemies not only in the dive district, but among the best citizens 'on the Hill.' He had been accused of 'attacking vested interests' and of 'stirring up class hatreds.' He had offended some of the most generous contributors to the funds of the Purity Defense League. He had offended McPhee Harris."

Wickson had found that it was not vice he had to fight, but the conditions that breed vice. And these conditions were largely brought about by the men on the Hill, living in safe respectability. He knows that Toole has offered concessions in order to have him dropt, and that Harris intends to drop him. There is nothing to be said, and he dismisses Harris. He couldn't make him see the truth.

Collins comes, a plump, clean-shaven, placid man, broad-shouldered, short, slow. "The only real detective I ever knew," Wickson said once. And Collins tells his chief that the Police Headquarters were arranging to have the District Attorney murdered by an ex-policeman whom Wickson had prosecuted and sent to prison. The chief of police, Sotjie, was under indictment on charges of corruption in office and Wickson was prosecuting him. He must be stopt.

Wickson knows Collins, and he knows that what he says is true. But there's nothing to be done. His work must go on.

"The strangest part of it is," he said, "that these fellows are able to do these things just because no decent citizen would believe it possible. It's a funny situation. . . . Besides . . . what's the use of prosecuting this man Sotjie? He's not to blame. . . . And if we could reach . . . the 'higherups' what would be the use of prosecuting them? As long as these public utilities are lying round loose, waiting for some one to steal them, they'll be stolen. It's the whole community that's been to blame. You can't prosecute a whole community. And prosecuting a man like Sotjie is like prosecuting a man for having typhoid fever—when he got it drinking from a city tap. . . . Of course, I have to prosecute, just as you have to get evidence. That's what I'm paid for. That's what I'm here for . . . God, I'm tired of it!"

Collins goes, telling Wickson that he has put one of his men to guard him. Arnett drops in, and Wickson tells him, half humorously, what he is up against, and then goes to court, Arnett, troubled, sitting among the spectators, only half believing, and yet half suspicious, too, of the detective guarding Wickson, whom he does not know, but whom he notices hanging about.

Well, they get him. The drunken ex-policeman, cleverly managed by his superiors, shoots Wickson dead, and is killed himself. It is all most regrettable. No one, of course, is to blame, and it is the city's boss himself who was behind the whole evil scheme for which Wickson gave his life, who paid for the Memorial erected to his memory, the work being done by the sculptor Arnett.

So each story in the book centers itself on a day, the king-pin day, of man or woman subject. Tense and dramatic days that swing a whole life . . . or end it.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIO

Continued

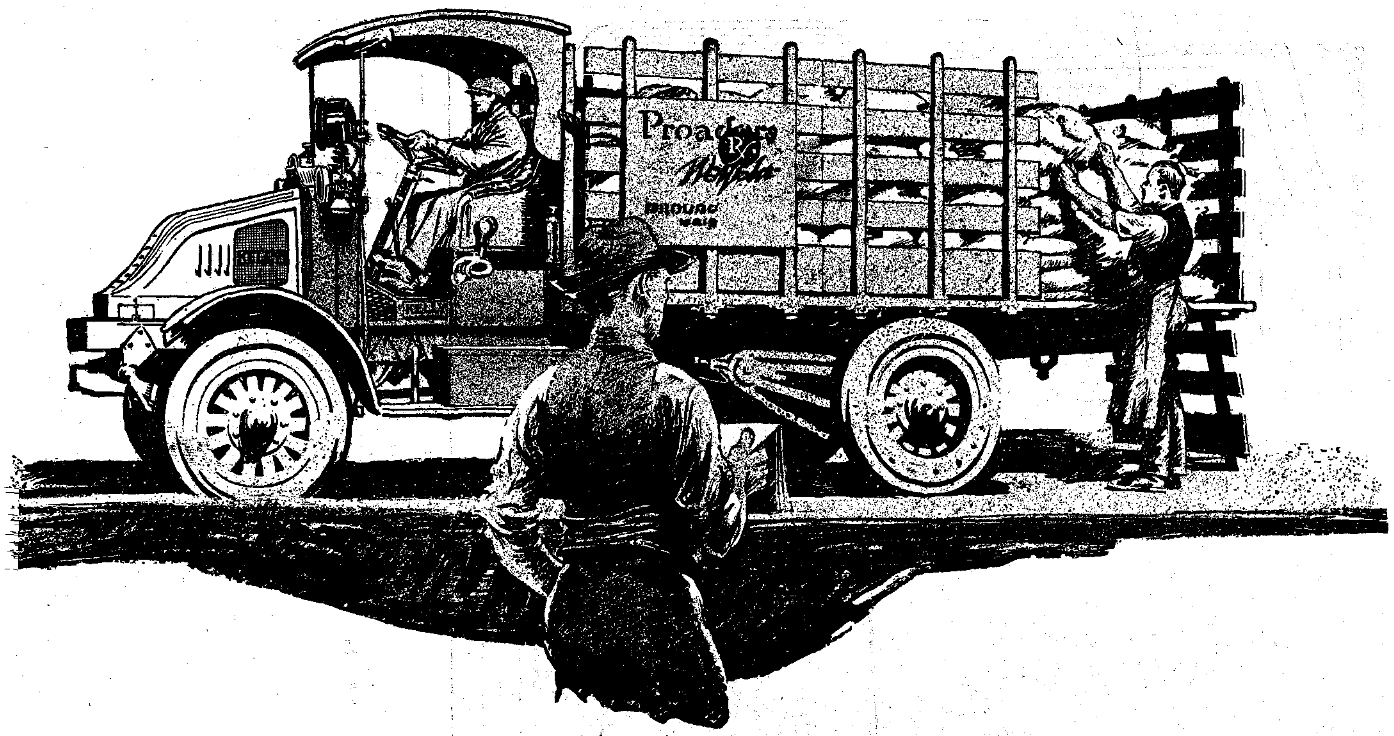
WEIRD CHINESE PHARMACY

THE Chinese retail drug trade pros
even where adverse foreign influe
are all around it. In Shanghai, for
stance, altho there are European, An
can, and oriental doctors, with mo
scientific education, only too willing t
employed, the Chinese, we are told
Gerald King, in *The Far Eastern Rev*
sticks to his time-hallowed method
suicide. When he is ill he goes t
doctor who knows nothing about either
illness or the body of his patient,
from the doctor, he gets a prescript
which he takes to a man who does
know how to make it up. After tha
recovers. If, by some chance, he is
to a foreign hospital, where his illne
correctly diagnosed and treated, he ei
escapes or dies as a protest. Our qu
tions are from a reprint of Mr. Ki
article in *Pharmacal Advance* (New Yo
We read here:

"Chinese retail drug-stores are rou
divisible into two classes. Of these
more prosperous have no windows,
rejoice in a large blank wall, the h
emblem of a Chinese mind, with on
two characters flaming on it. Inside, in
feeble light which filters through the
small door, there are two counters
which the assistants dispense the d
which have worked their ways in Chi
stomachs for the past three thou
years. The less wealthy have win
and doors, like ordinary shops, and the
none of the dim religious light of
rich neighbors. But the element
superstition is there just the same,
the same ignorance is dispensed with
same inaccuracy.

"The Chinese pharmacopœia is fou
on ignorance, and embodies the mist
and misreadings of the centuries; at
present it is indeterminable and u
telligible. Written in the styles, and
the expressions, of long-past days,
now, in great part, Greek to the stu
A man suffering from cold on the c
and wishing to be treated in exactly
same way as Wu Lai-Tsu was treate
the days of Sung, because he likes
Lai-Tsu's style, and because Wu Lai
has left a sonnet, which can be read b
ward and forward, sideways, and u
down, recording how he, Wu Lai-Tsu,
his medicine, and, two days afterw
was able to observe that it was beau
to drink tea in the bamboo grove, o
watch the moon rise above the misty l
with his accustomed pith and origina
this man might be in a little quan
because critics are in two schools a
whether Wu took three ounces of d
toads' ears and two drams of calomel
three ounces of prussic acid and
drams of fulminate of mercury. Bu
doesn't really care, because he is g
clear in his mind that one set of cr
ought not to be allowed out of their
tablishment, and so goes to the nea
chemist's with a light heart. And
chemist is in no difficulty either. He t
little things like this off every day of
week.

"The basis of most Chinese medicin



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UPON a manufacturing experience of fifteen years rests the judgment to build the double chain drive equipment on heavy duty Kelly trucks. Time has proved its value.

Upon that same fifteen years' experience truck owners can safely base another equally vital judgment—permanency of institution. The first Kelly-Springfield truck built can obtain parts today, and better service than ever. This permanency and growth are important not only to old truck owners but to those looking another fifteen years ahead.

This long experience has also guided our judgment in the development of Kelly worm drive and overhead drive, which round out our line to meet every transportation problem.

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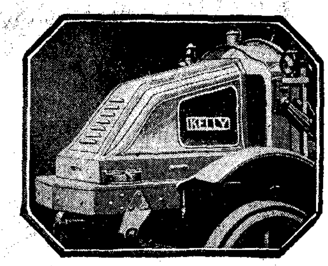

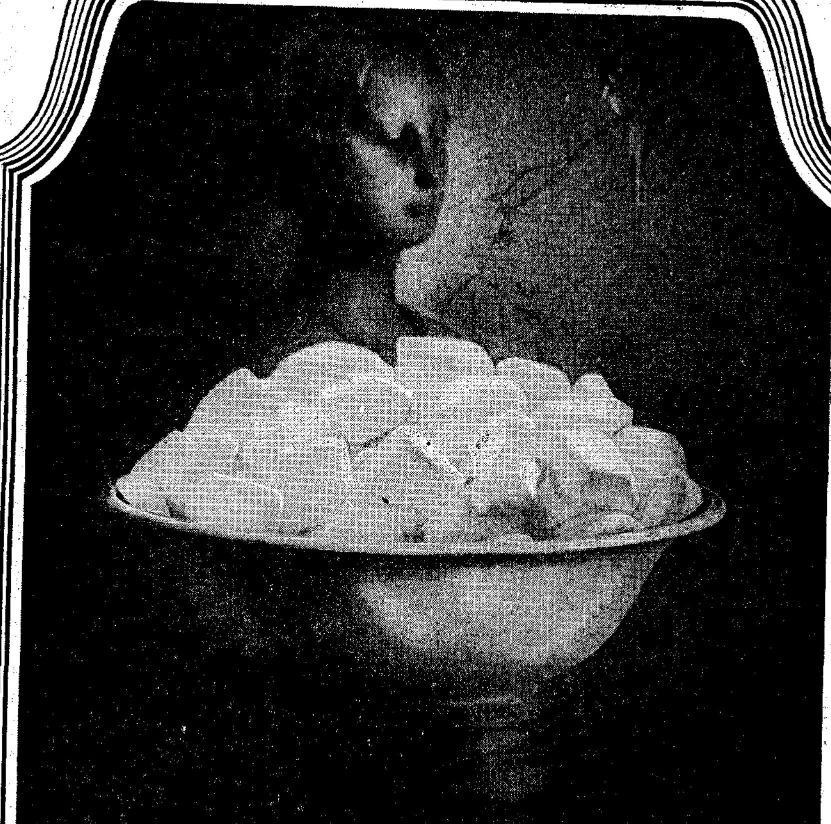

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On the tea tray, at bridge or served with the demi-tasse, their tempting goodness is enjoyed by everyone.

Neither over-rich nor over-flavored, they are the ideal sweet for children.

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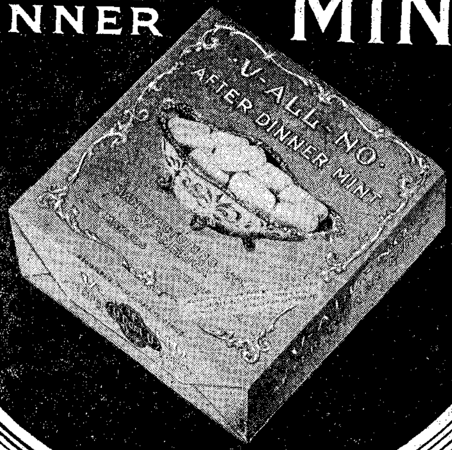

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

vegetable. Many of their tonics and siru are comparatively simple stews of some the commoner sorts of fruit, such as pe and plums. But, to enhance their val in the eyes of the patient, and to keep t bills up, other ingredients are mixed wi them. One such prescription may translated somewhat as follows:

"The prevailing bad weather has tacked the body: the food has remain in the stomach, and the body is hot and t stomach defective. The pulse is float and slippery, and the tongue yellowis The cure to be adopted is a cleansing the stomach—

"Take—
Wood-lice shells, one mace.
Elephants' teeth, three mace.
Orange peel, one mace.
A red fungoid growth from the ro of a tree, three mace.
Bamboo leaf, three mace.
Bats' spines, three mace.
Fragrant roots (*Angelica refract* two mace.

"Which sounds as if it ought to it. . . . . . .

"Chinese doctors do not have to pa any examination before they set up practise. They are apprenticed to a other doctor, and then, in due time, ta the offensive themselves. Their succ depends upon their own efforts, and, course, the luck they have with their fi cases. The Chinese, as a people, a proach the doctors with their own pecul blend of complete skepticism and co plete credulity.

"The sincerity of the Chinese belie in their medicines stands the sterne test—that of money. Chinese medic treatment is very dear—far dearer th foreign. It is impossible to describ within a short compass, the complicat and infinitely differentiated niceties Chinese medical practise. All that c be attempted is to give some idea of o small chemist's shop.

"This one is open to the street. Ou side hang the usual shop signs, but the are none in English. Inside, a counter arranged, like a bar, so that people ca stand at the front and two ends. On o side, the spare space is filled up by t presses in which some of the medicines a kept; at the other is an alcove, in whic there is an altar to the god of healing where incense burns in a small, eart filled, bronze vessel. On the walls, abov the furniture, hang black enameled board with golden characters, containing th usual sententious apothegms. At the bac of the shop are shelves filled with blu and white porcelain jars. The large ones have square pewter covers: thes contain liquids, principally tonics. In th first, there is a sirup of pears and othe medicines which will ward off the approac of the feebleness of age. Next to it is distillation which will insure the eas delivery of women. These liquids are a ladled out with the same iron spoon, whic robs the medicines of any sameness to patient, for, if the first dose be ladled ou with the spoon which has just been use for stewed onions, and, the second time when it has been used for a decoction o asafetida, a pleasing variety ensues.

"Above are smaller jars, with octagonal based caps. These contain seeds an plants of the more expensive kinds. I

CIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

nt of them are little snuff-bottles, filled h ready mixed powders. The drawers, ich run around two sides of the shop, are od with an odd assortment of cures. ese small bones belong to monkeys, and now sold to mothers who wish to spare ir daughters pain when their feet being bound. The monkey-bones are led, and the child's feet are washed in juice, which softens the bones of the t, and so reduces the pain while the es are being gradually crusht by the cess of binding. They are not very r, being worth eighty cents an ounce.

'In another drawer are some small, , leathery-looking bags, which have a ished surface. One is split, and shows t the contents are a dusty brown pow- . They are the gall bladders of bears— aluable in the treatment of sore eyes. ars having a limited supply of gall- dders, they are worth $10 an ounce. ey are said to come from Annam, but, re probably, come from Yunnan. Other dicines must be mixed with them, as y are too strong unadulterated.

'The contents of a tiger's stomach, h the exception of the larger viscera, ich have uses of their own, will cure se who can afford to pay $4 an ounce the treatment of any vomiting they y be troubled with, no matter what its se.

'It may have interested Dr. Koch to ow that consumption can be cured by judicious use of otter's livers mixed h certain herbs.

'The horn of the rhinoceros is a boon the wealthy, for it has a general cura- e effect on diseases, and is a wonderful eral tonic. Unfortunately, there are many rhinoceroses, and they have all horns and few, and, further, show willingness to part with what they ve, so the price runs high—about $20 ounce. This can be taken for any ill- s, and, with other drugs, acts like the rsting charge in a shell.

'Snakes are not great contributors to n's health, tho there is one snake, which at its best in Chekiang Province, which nishes rheumatism. The snakes are pt whole, the viscera having been re- ved, but the bones of the body are left act, and the meat of the ribs and skin owed to dry. The bones of the head are noved completely. No one part is better in the other, and, when one buys an nce—one takes one's chances as to what rt one gets; it all depends how many ople have been at the same snake before.

"The chemists who prepare the medi- ies do not have to undergo any specific ining. They are apprenticed young, d, during their three years' apprentice- ip, they pick up the general run of the de. As the drugs are not of any con- nt strength, and since no one knows at is the matter with the patient, or at is the precise effect of the drug he is king, small errors in compounding do t cause any inconvenience. The quali- s most in request are willingness and *voir faire*, and, if a lad displays these, will, when his articles are out, become a lly fledged assistant, and, in time, may rise a partnership, or start a business of his n. The shops are not connected with e doctors, and do not pay the latter any rcentage on their prescriptions. A large ade is done in ready-prepared medicines, d advice is given free to the poor."

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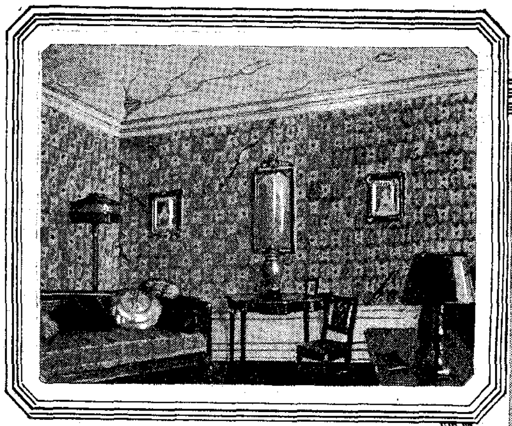

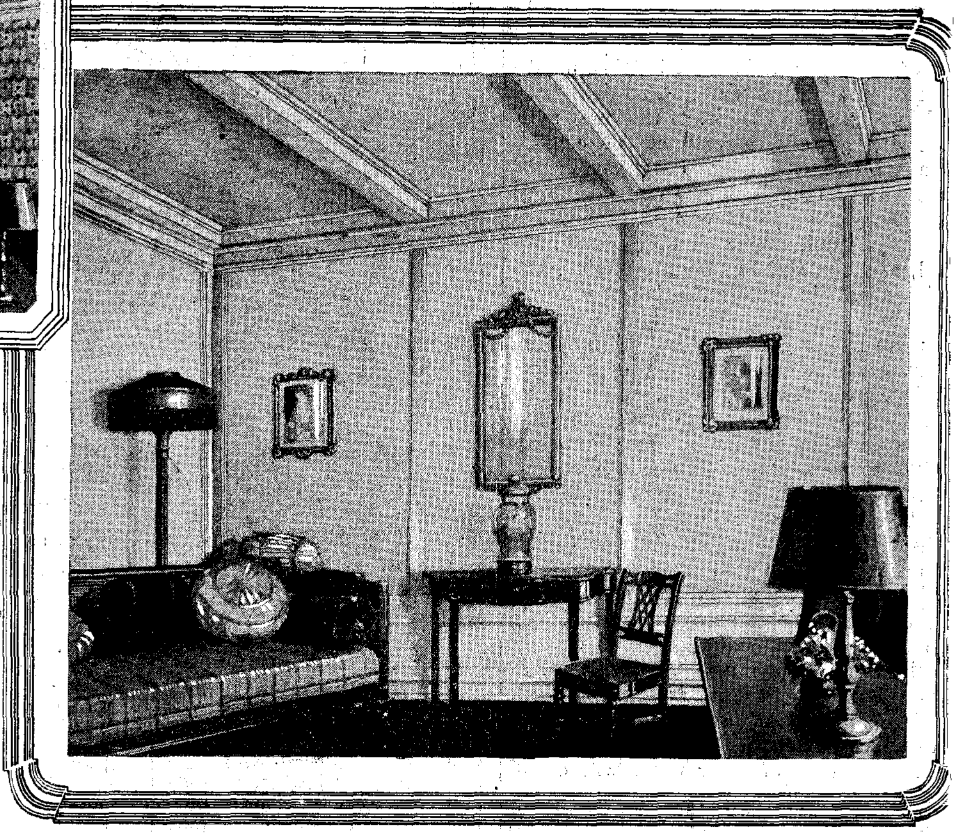

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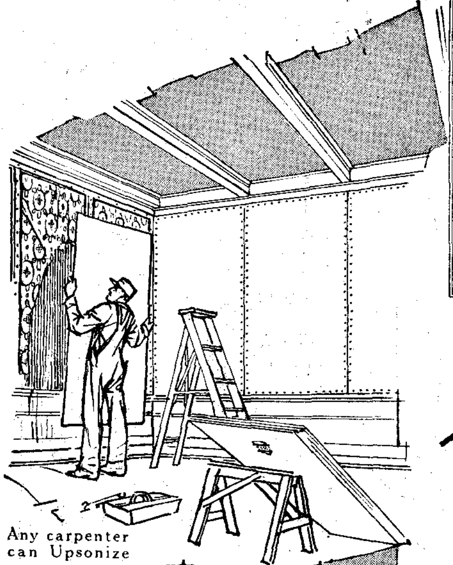
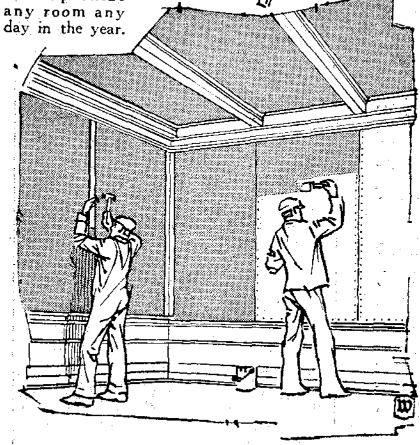


Any carpenter can Upsonize any room any day in the year.



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WHY have walls and ceilings of cracking, falling plaster, and unsightly, tearing wall paper?

Upson PROCESSED Board will better express that individuality and good taste you instinctively want in every room in your home and do it permanently!

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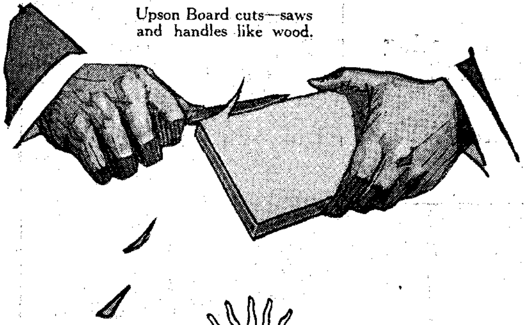

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THE UPSON COMPANY
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For your own protection insist on genuine Blue-center Upson board with the Upson "Sun" trademark on the back of each panel.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

WHAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANIMALS

IT is better not to know so much," remarks Josh Billings, "than to ow so many things that ain't so." This apparently the state of much popular logical information. It is a matter of nmon knowledge, for example, that s have suckers on their feet, enabling m to walk on the ceiling, that cat's eyes phosphorescent, that all mad dogs m at the mouth, that a beaver uses his t tail as a trowel, that a porcupine can hoot" his quills, that rattlesnakes always tle before striking, and that an ostrich l bury its head in the sand when in nger. All this information belongs in the ss of "things that ain't so," we are ured by Dr. Roger C. Smith, of the ited States Bureau of Entomology, iting in *The Scientific Monthly* (Lanter, Pa.). These and other "Popular sconceptions Concerning Natural History," to quote the title of his article, are osed and discust therein. Writes Smith in substance:

'Many individuals prefer to take aner's explanation of some phenomenon her than to secure the information for mselves. This fact makes possible the petuation of gross inaccuracies. It is nmonly stated that the earthworms seen often crawling about after a hard rain ve fallen with the rain. An observation uiring only a few minutes would reveal holes in the water-soaked earth through ich they have emerged and perhaps a in the act of emerging.

"The statements of the more prominent ople in the community are more likely go unchallenged than those from the less ll known. This prevails among all classes. very prominent early worker in entomoly figured grasshoppers laying eggs in an possible position fifty years ago. This ure has been widely copied and acted without question until a few years o, when it was disproved. It would ve been an easy matter to check up this servation had not the prominence of e early worker given added confidence to e earlier conclusions. There are no ubt many errors in scientific writings rpetuated because of the prominence of e writer, whereas the unknown scientist ght be quickly doubted.

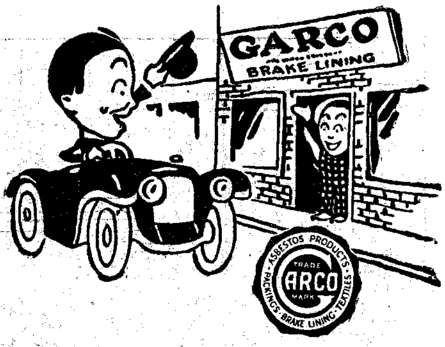
"It is impossible for the rank and file to low the latest scientific discoveries exining even most familiar phenomena, uch less *to investigate for themselves.* is quite generally believed that flies e able to walk upside down because ey have suckers on their feet. This is old idea which has persisted, largely in e popular mind, tho it has long been own that there is a secretion of adhesive aterial from minute glands on each rsal pad which enables the insect literally glue itself to its substratum. Less quent perhaps is the belief that the stening of the cat's eyes in the dark is e to phosphorescence, when the true planation is said to be the reflection of tering light by the tapetum, a thin embrane covering the retina. Quite general is the belief that mad dogs foam at the mouth; in fact, this is thought to be the one thing to look for when a mad dog is suspected. Published observations indicate that foaming at the mouth is not present in all cases, and when present is not the first manifestation of hydrophobia."

Perhaps the majority of misconceptions concerning natural history, says Dr. Smith, are based on mistaken observations and misinterpretation of facts. A beaver's tail suggests a trowel, so it is not surprizing that there has arisen a persistent misconception, sometimes seen in school texts, that it is so used by the animal. Seton finds no evidence whatsoever of this. The beaver's front legs and chin are its chief tools in building, while the tail serves chiefly in swimming and to "slap" the water as a signal. The writer goes on:

"The porcupine is said to shoot its quills at its enemies because possibly of the superficial resemblance of the quills to arrows. Indeed, when a dog attacks a porcupine he invariably comes off with some quills in his flesh, which is accepted as further proof that they were shot like arrows at him. It is, of course, impossible for this animal to protect himself in this manner, there being no muscular or other arrangement to effect it. The quills are very loosely attached, therefore easily dislodged.

"Some misconceptions of this class have been given prominence and perpetuated by incorporating them in the common names of the animals themselves. Flying squirrels and flying fish are familiar subjects of natural history, yet neither actually fly. There are many available illustrations among insects where the common names involve an error of some kind. Popularly speaking, all insects are bugs when, strictly speaking, this name applies only to one order of sucking insects (*Hemiptera*). The larvæ of some insects are called worms when this name is more properly applied to members of the *phylum annulata*, of which the earthworm is a type. Clothing, carpets, etc., are said to be attacked by the clothes moths, yet in no case is the injury done by the moths, but by the larvæ of the moths, the former feeding on nectar or pollen and being quite harmless. The buffalo bug is not a bug but a beetle; the pear slug is not a slug, but a sluglike larva of a true insect; the sheep tick is not a tick, but a fly, etc.

"It appears further that of all animals there are more misconceptions concerning the ugly and disliked ones than others. Snakes are, perhaps, the most widely feared and despised of all creatures. It is not surprizing, therefore, that we have such fantastic stories as the hoop snake, the glass snake, the monster sea-serpents, mother snakes swallowing their young in the presence of danger, not to mention the mythical scaly monsters that exhaled smoke and fire. It is quite generally believed that all snakes and spiders are poisonous and their bites would prove fatal, when authentic accounts say there are many of both that are wholly harmless. Snakes are said to be deaf, and only last year this misconception appeared in prominent head-lines on a page about snakes in a leading Sunday paper. True, there is no external ear present, but there is, nevertheless, a pair of ears, and the old adage 'as deaf as an adder' is no longer expressive. Rattlesnakes are supposed always to rattle before striking, a kind of



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The "ACOUSTICON" has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated, so no matter what you have tried just ask for a trial of the Acousticon. You'll get it promptly, and if it doesn't make you hear, return it and you will owe us nothing—not one cent. Address

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SCIENCE AND INVENTIO

Continued

gentlemanly sportsmanship to warn
victim that he still has a chance. Obse
tions recorded appear to show that
rattlesnake may forget this chivalrous
and strike without warning. The wr
believed throughout youth that whe
snake was killed its tail would not die u
sundown. This misconception has b
met with among youths of three wid
separated localities. The brain of snake
small, consequently some powers held
the brain in certain other animals
delegated to the spinal ganglia in
snake; therefore crushing or severing
head of the snake does not remove
possibility of body movements from
pulses emanating from these gang
Perhaps some one disliking cats star
the revolting story that if a cat was
alone with an infant, it would kill the c
by sucking its breath. This imposs
thing is quite generally believed,
without basis of facts.

"Then there is another prominent gr
of misconceptions which bear little s
blance of truth whose origin is perhaps
work of a fertile imagination. The earw
(*Forficulidæ*), relatively common ins
in Europe, are so named because they
supposed to puncture people's ears. T
reminds us somewhat of the very gen
belief in the United States that drag
flies sew up the ears of bad boys w
their long abdomens which superfici
suggest a stout needle.

"There is a difference in the misc
ceptions about objects of natural histo
different localities, thus introducing s
interesting variations. The writer
this forcibly brought out in several c
munities by the various popular rules
follow for determining which mushro
were edible and which were poisonous.
one community, those that were p
underneath were regarded as edible
some collectors, in another commun
these were discarded as poisonous.
same divergence of opinion was obser
with the rule that if they would peel t
were edible and with those growing
wood."

The chief importance of such misc
ceptions, says Dr. Smith, in conclusion
their effect on the youth. These mista
ideas become fixt in the minds of child
when very young, and will persist u
corrected. Classes of fifth-grade child
in the public schools of Milwaukee
variably stated that the ostrich in
presence of danger buried his head in
sand. This explanation can be found
many books at the present time, notwi
standing reliable observers report this
be fallacious. To quote further:

"Children are told these things
parents, servants, playmates, or nei
bors, and in rare cases in the element
schools. Their confidence in these peo
causes them to believe them unreserved
The daily and Sunday newspapers hav
share of the responsibility for some of
misconceptions in this connection. As
from the uselessness and burden of mista
information, there is an important practi
and econommic aspect to this subject. T
individual may be made to fear or despis
truly beneficial creature and to kill it at ev
opportunity for reasons based on errors.

A NATURAL ALLOY

AN-MADE alloys, such as brass and bronze, are familiar to all. One of most valuable of recent alloys, how- r, is recent only in our knowledge of for it has existed in the form of ore ce remote geologic ages. An ore con- ning chiefly nickel and copper with a tle iron and some other metals, pro- ces when smelted, the alloy now known "monel metal," whose use in engineer- work is being constantly extended. e only known deposit of the ore, we are d by a contributor to *Power Plant gineering* (Chicago), is near Sudbury, nada, but it is estimated to be extensive ugh to supply a thousand tons of metal month for the next hundred years. s an odd fact that for more than twenty rs after this precious deposit was dis- vered in 1884, the copper and nickel the ore were carefully separated and the er metals discarded, nature having been er than man in making her metallic nbinations. In 1905 they were allowed stay as she had put them, and monel tal was the result. At first, it was only sidered as a substitute for German ver, which it surpassed in appearance, ving a luster like that of pure nickel, m which it can hardly be distinguished. is led to considerable use for ornamental rposes, such as hardware and the like. read in substance:

'One of the earliest engineering uses to ich it was put was in the form of a cast peller on one of the ships of the United tes Navy. Here it showed remarkable dom from corrosion, as well as erosion. en examined after considerable service, surface was found to be just as smooth when installed.

'One large field of application is in the wer plant, where its strength, together h its ability to retain a great portion of s strength at high temperatures, and fact that it is practically non-corrodible, ke it of considerable value.

'Monel metal has a melting-point of 80 degrees Fahrenheit. The tensile ength of rolled metal exceeds that of el. In the cast form, it is exceeded by t of cast steel and cast manganese nze at ordinary temperatures, but at h temperatures monel metal leads in ength. Its coefficient of expansion very close to that of steel.

'Taking the electrical conductivity of per as one hundred per cent., that of nel metal is four per cent. To deter- ne its resistance to corrosion, tests have n conducted, one of which was im- rsion of pieces of monel metal in sul- ic acid for fifty-six days, at the end which time the samples were found to ve lost no weight. When borings, nings, etc., were boiled in the same ution for forty-eight hours, the loss in ight was found to be less than one-half one per cent.

'The results obtained with the first nel metal propeller installed by the vy resulted in a number of other ships

HAIR THAT STAYS YOUNG
The Friendly Assistance of Your Ten Fingers and Packer's Tar Soap

MEN and women with healthy hair and scalp very often do not realize the hair's need of systematic attention. The result is that sooner or later they find themselves suffering from dandruff or some equally insidious form of scalp disease.

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As a result of long neglect, the scalp glands and tissues are "run down" and unresponsive. The cells need systematic building up.

Systematic shampooing is of great benefit in stimulating the sluggish scalp cells to a proper sense of their responsibility. A good soap for this purpose is Packer's Tar Soap, which has stood the test of forty-odd years' use and is still made according to the original formula.

But even "Packer's" will not work its natural wonders unaided. Your ten fingers must be called upon to work the lather into every part of the scalp.

This achieves two important results: *It thoroughly cleanses the scalp. It "wakes up" the cells and gives them the vigor necessary for supporting healthier hair.*

Systematic care is the price of healthy hair—so don't relax your efforts—but observe shampoo time with faithful regularity. And be sure to follow the simple directions which come with every cake of Packer's Tar Soap. This way lies scalp cleanliness, the recognized basis of lasting hair health.

Packer's Tar Soap is very easy to obtain. The drug store that does not sell it is a rare exception. But perhaps you would like to try a sample. A half-cake will be sent you on receipt of 10c.

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap is recommended to those who may prefer a shampoo soap in liquid form. 10c will bring a liberal sample bottle.

An interesting and helpful Manual is issued by the Packer Manufacturing Company, embodying the results of their own experience during the past forty-odd years, together with the best of current medical opinion as compiled by a New York physician. A copy of this practical treatise, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," is sent free on request. You will be glad to own a copy.

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UNION METAL COLUMNS

"The Ones That Last a Lifetime"

A Distinctive Entrance

Since the days of early Greece the proper use of the fluted, classical column has meant distinction and elegance in building.

Union Metal Columns combine these distinctive qualities with permanence. They have shafts of special steel pressed into correct architectural designs and will not split, rot or check as all wood columns are bound to do.

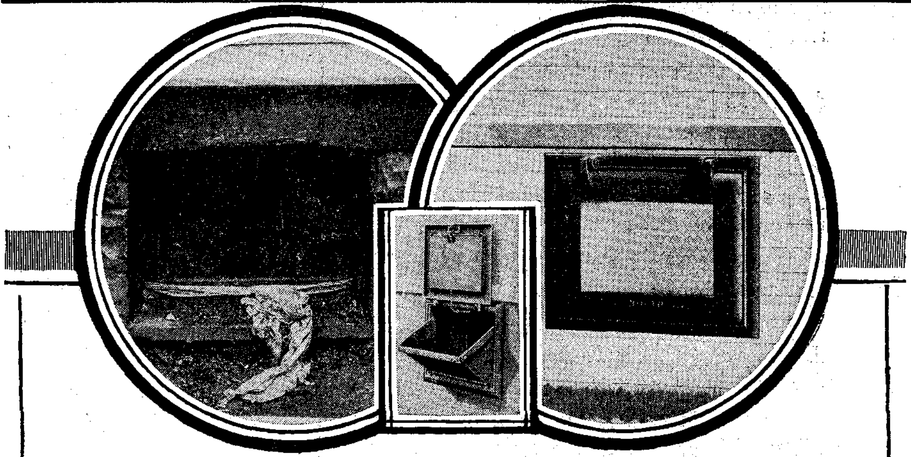
Write for Booklet No. 201 showing Union Metal Columns in use on entrances, porches, pergolas and interiors.

UNION METAL LAMP STANDARDS

Leading cities are using these standards for ornamental street lighting. Ask for Booklet No. 221.

The Union Metal Mfg. Co., Canton, Ohio

Capable Representatives Wanted For Open Territory



Your Coal Window Is Like One of These Which?

WHAT do you see when you look at your coal-bin window? Broken glass, ill-fitting sash, battered siding as in the left picture? (an actual photograph, not retouched.)

Or do you see an attractive Majestic Coal Chute—walls and foundation undamaged? (chute closed at right—open in center.)

If your house hasn't a Majestic Coal Chute you can easily have one installed or, if you are building, don't neglect this essential feature. It will save its cost. You can see why. And it will increase the value of your property, not depreciate it.

Protect against further damage or repairs. Get a Majestic Coal Chute—styles and sizes for every home or building. Details and specifications on request. Working drawings gladly supplied.

Ask also about our Underground Garbage Receiver and our Milk and Package Receiver.

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
601 Erie Street, Huntington, Indiana

Majestic Coal Chute
1. Protects Against Damage
2. Enhances Property Value
3. Lessens Depreciation
4. Saves Money

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

being fitted with propellers of this met The resistance of monel metal to the fects of heat, together with the similar of the rates of expansion of monel met and steel, has led to the use of monel met for valve stems, disks, and seats in ca steel valves for superheated steam wor where temperatures may range up seven or eight hundred degrees Fahrenhe It is also used for turbine blading to great extent, both on account of its he resisting properties and its resistance to t erosion of the steam.

"Other uses for monel metal are co denser tubes, condenser nuts, pump valv valve rods, piston rods and pump line especially where salt water or other c rosive substances are to be handl When used in pump-liners, it shows lit wear and has been found to be free fr scratches, and to have acquired a gla like surface after considerable serv On account of its high resistance and co parative cheapness, it finds a good fi in low-temperature-resistance work. resistance comes about midway betw that of eighteen and thirty per ce German silver wire.

"As a roofing material, it is unexcell particularly in places where subject corrosive fumes in the atmosphere, as smelteries, or acid plants. It is recor that several years ago, one of the smal German railroads, which on account of t poor coal available, had had to line locomotive fire-boxes with copper, trie monel metal in one of its fire-boxes that the results obtained were such cause a number of other locomotives to so equipped. Another field for its use in refrigerating plants, where its n corrodibility is of special value. Mo metal can be submitted to the same ma facturing processes as iron or steel well as the common non-ferrous metals.

TEACHER LOU V. CONOVER WIN THE THIRD $50 PRIZE

THE contest being conducted by T LITERARY DIGEST among the scho teachers of America for the best fifty-w reason why teachers should have m pay has awakened wide-spread inter Approximately six thousand contributi have been received and hundreds coming in every mail.

Miss Lou V. Conover, 1633 Gov Street, Los Angeles, California, a teac in the Selma Avenue School, is the win of the third week's prize of $50. paragraph is:

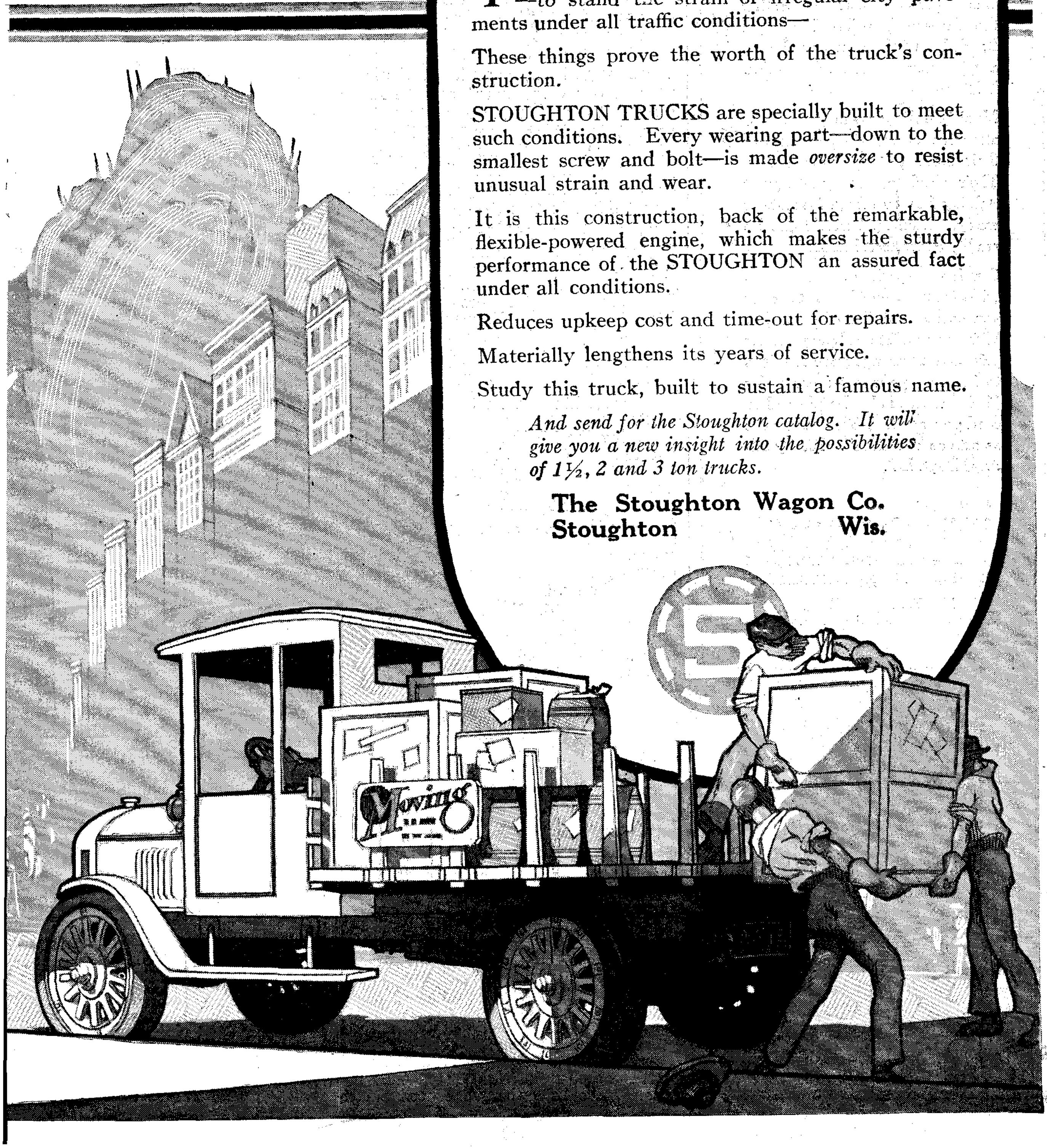
"The childhood of to-day is the gove ment of to-morrow. The best possi training to-day is the only guaranty of best possible government to-morrow. S training can not be given by teach harassed by poverty. Let the nat assure its future and for a great work a just price."

Will the teacher who enclosed a fo leaf clover with her contribution w again—just for luck.

All contributions should be address Topics Editor, LITERARY DIGEST, N York City.

STOUGHTON

Oversize TRUCKS



TO carry loads at the lowest cost per ton-mile—to stand the strain of irregular city pavements under all traffic conditions—

These things prove the worth of the truck's construction.

STOUGHTON TRUCKS are specially built to meet such conditions. Every wearing part—down to the smallest screw and bolt—is made *oversize* to resist unusual strain and wear.

It is this construction, back of the remarkable, flexible-powered engine, which makes the sturdy performance of the STOUGHTON an assured fact under all conditions.

Reduces upkeep cost and time-out for repairs.

Materially lengthens its years of service.

Study this truck, built to sustain a famous name.

And send for the Stoughton catalog. It will give you a new insight into the possibilities of 1½, 2 and 3 ton trucks.

The Stoughton Wagon Co.
Stoughton Wis.

How One Client Increased His NET Income $1,240

The Federal Income Tax caused one of our clients to rearrange his investments to get a greater *net* income for 1920.

His salary and income from business amounted to $35,000 and he had $200,000 invested in taxable securities.

Primarily because of their freedom from Income Tax, he reinvested in Municipal Bonds when his funds were released upon the maturity of his taxable securities.

His actual *net* increase in income was $1,240 in spite of the fact that the Income Tax-free Municipal Bonds bore 5% as compared with a 6% return from his taxable holdings.

Municipal Bonds are particularly attractive at this time because of their freedom from Income Tax. Their absolute security and great stability free one from investment worry. Municipal Bonds can be readily converted if desired.

Our long experience and nation-wide facilities enable us to offer you exceptional financial service. Write us and let us show you how you can rearrange your holdings to increase your *net* income for 1920. We will also be pleased to send you our free booklet "Bonds as safe as our cities". Kindly address Dept. L-2.

William R. Compton Co.
GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL BONDS
"Over a Quarter Century in this Business"
New York Chicago
St. Louis Cincinnati New Orleans

INVENTORS Who desire to secure patent should write for our guide book "HOW TO GET YOUR PATENT." Send model or sketch and description of your invention and we will give opinion of its patentable nature.
RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 171, Washington, D. C.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
Are you going to Europe—Send for
"The American Traveler in Europe—1920"
It Solves the Problem.
Mailed Free.
American Express Travel Dept.
65 Broadway
N. Y.
TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

GOVERNMENT EXPENDITURES, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTU

SINCE most of the money the Government will spend in the future will come directly from the pockets of the people because of our increasing reliance on direct taxes to meet government expenses, it is being frequently remarked that the people are going to keep a closer tab on government spending. With this thought in mind, Mr. Ramseyer (Rep., Iowa) saw to it that his recent discussion of government expenditures on the floor of the House of Representatives was printed in full in *The Congressional Record.* His figures and observations have been widely quoted and commented on by the press. Mr. Ramseyer believes that not only the members of the House who prepare—and try to pare—appropriation bills, "but the people also, have a right to know what is the status of our national finances." Mr. Ramseyer has made careful investigations about government expenditures "from the foundation of our government to the present time, ending with our current expenditures, revenues, and the status of our bonded indebtedness." When we go back, he said, "to the beginning of our Government and follow the growth of the national expenditures to the present time, it is apparent that the growth of national expenditures is out of all proportion to our growth in either population or wealth." Mr. Ramseyer continued, as reported in *The Record,*—

In Washington's administration, from September 2, 1789, to December 31, 1791, a period of over two years, the total national expenditures were $3,797,436.78. His second term was more expensive; the highest annual expenditures were $10,435,069.65 in 1795. The highest annual expenditures during the administration of John Adams were $11,989,739.92 in 1800. In Jefferson's administration the highest annual expenditures were $16,764,584.20 in 1808.

During the Madison administration we had the War of 1812. The highest annual expenditures during that war were $39,190,520.36 in 1813, a little over $22,000,000 more than the highest annual expenditures during the previous administration. Our school histories lead us to believe that the War of 1812 was a great war, but it is evident that war then did not cost so much as it does now.

Coming on down through the administrations of Monroe, John Q. Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, and Harrison and Tyler we find the annual expenditures varying from $12,000,000 during the administration of Tyler to $39,000,000 during Van Buren's administration. The Mexican War occurred during Polk's administration. This was another great war, according to our school histories. The highest annual expenditures during this administration were $59,451,177.65 in 1847, or $20,000,000 more than the high-water mark of the Van Buren administration.

The highest annual expenditures prior to the Civil War were $83,751,511.57 in 1859. During the Civil War the expenditures increased greatly. The highest were for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1865, when they were $1,897,674,224.09. Then they decreased rapidly. The lowest annual expenditures since the Civil War were for 1869, and the amount for that year was $321,490,597.75. It will be interesting to note in passing that this sum is almost four times more than the highest annual expenditures before the Civil War.

From 1875 to 1889 the national expenditures exceeded the $400,000,000 mark but once. Since 1889 there has been a constant increase until the three years ceding our entrance into the world- 1914, 1915, and 1916—the annual e ditures for each of those years exceede billion-dollar mark.

The annual expenditures during world-war, according to the figures to me in a letter from the office o Secretary of the Treasury, were as fol

1917	$3,046,18
1918	21,813,35
1919	18,514,00

Coming down to the present fiscal lem, Mr. Ramseyer presents in parall umns the total expenditures of each d ment for the year before the war and the departments want for the fiscal 1921, a year after the war:

	Expenditures for Fiscal Year 1916	*Admi Estima Fisca 19*
Legislative	$13,848,007.16	$19,84
Executive proper	395,940.11	2,22
State Department	6,444,594.11	12,92
Treasury Department	121,306,244.33	1,674,20
Ind. bureaus and offices	7,221,803.24	506,74
District of Columbia	13,633,853.16	20,28
War Department	166,853.552.23	1,208,90
Navy Department	155,883,194.66	580,67
Interior Department	201,658,832.61	294,37
Post-office Department	313,499,162.80	393,80
Department of Agriculture	28,031,540.33	72,56
Department of Commerce	11,403,722.17	33,70
Department of Labor	3,531,144.47	8,97
Department of Justice	10,662,463.28	17,94
Panama Canal	17,503,728.07	18,24
Adjustment of miscellaneous accounts	1,016,310.50	....
Total	$1,072,894,093.23	$4,865,41

It is noted that the War Depar estimate for next year is "about eight the highest amount expended befor war and more than it cost to operate activity of the Government before the To the Administration estimates, Mr. seyer and other Congressmen who pro him observed, there is a round billion added for other items and for deficie making a total of about $6,000,00 There is also the $3,000,000,000 defic pected from the present fiscal year, m a grand total of $9,000,000,000 which be raised unless there is liberal use ax Senator McCumber has recommen

Our total national debt on June 30, according to the Secretary of the Trea was $971,562,590. On June 30, 19 was $25,484,506,160.05, and "by June 30, by the same authority, the will be $26,516,506,160.05." Another gressman at this point interrupted Ramseyer to say that a three-billion deficit covered by Treasury certificate certain unadjusted contract obliga would bring the total well over $30, 000,000. At any rate, continued Mr. seyer, "to pay the annual interest o national debt will require the raisi revenues of over one billion dollars. number of years to come the interest o national debt will be about the same a total annual expenditures before the

Turning to the question of revenu meet these expenditures, Mr. Ram said:

From 1866 to 1910 practically al revenues to meet national expendi were raised by indirect taxation, c from customs duties and from int revenue. These indirect taxes were by the people in a manner that did no to their especial attention when and much they contributed to the suppo their National Government. How with direct taxes in vogue since 1910,

VESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

ıally during the world-war, it is very ent. . . . . . .

an illustration of the transition from ɔct taxation to direct taxation, I quote Good, of Iowa, chairman of the Com- ,c on Appropriations, in his report on ıational budget system:

'or the fiscal year 1909 the total ordi- receipts aggregated $603,589,489.84, hich $300,711,933.95 came from cus- duties, $246,212,643.59 came from ıal revenue, and the balance was re- d from the sale of public lands and miscellaneous items, whereas for the year ending June 30, 1919, the total ıts from customs amounted to $184,- 67.39, while the internal revenue, in- ıg income taxes and corporation and s-profits taxes, amounted to $3,839,- 12.05.

ι is thus seen that in the future by far ıeater part of the revenue required for ıcting the public business must come direct taxes. This, coupled with the ɔr fact that the ordinary expenses for ng the Government will in the future bly exceed $4,000,000,000 a year, will the public to take a much greater ,st than heretofore in appropriations ongress. The political issues of the ɔ will not be centered around the tariff ıther around the problems of economy lected in the appropriations made by ress. *If this is true, Congress must* itself in a position where it can meet problems in the most efficient way. oundest and most approved methods siness transactions must be adopted ongress if it is to perform well and ntly the duties which this new tion creates."

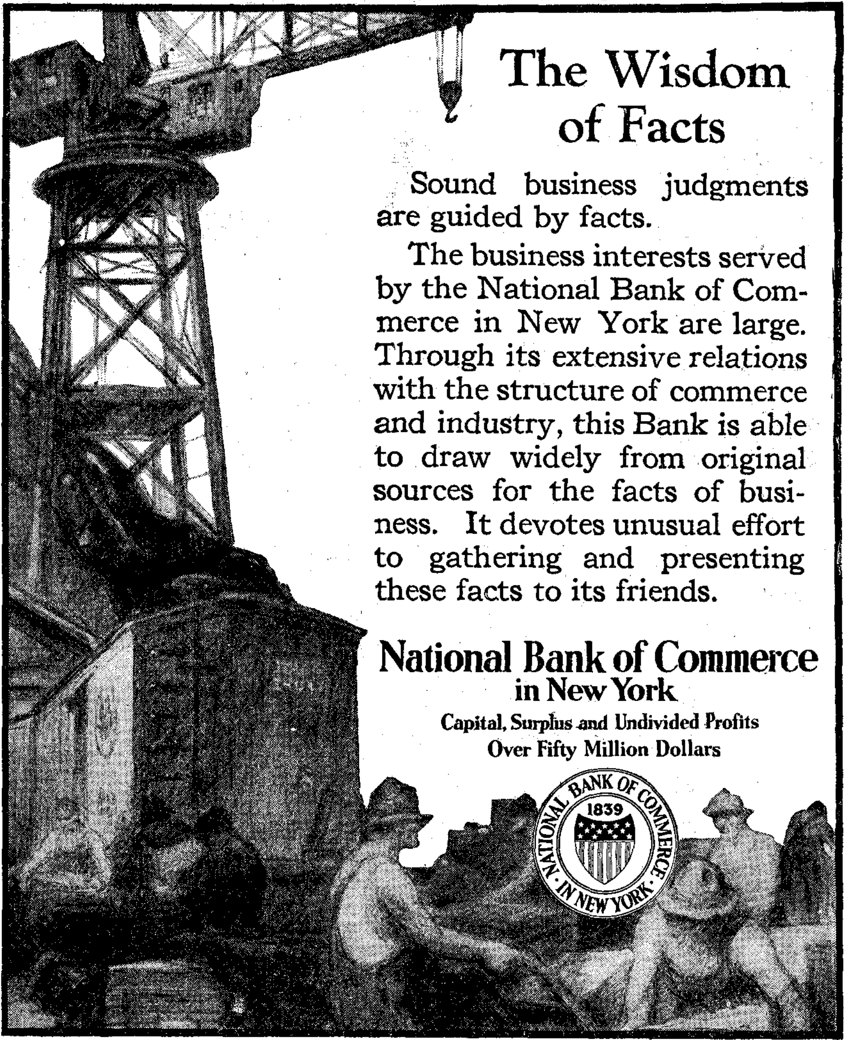
ɔr to the world-war during nearly fiscal year there was a surplus of ıts over the expenditures. To be specific, from 1866 to 1917, inclusive, ɔceipts exceeded the expenditures for year with the exception of 1894, 1895, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1905, 1908, 1909, and 1917. The total amount by the expenditures exceeded the re- for the eleven years just named is 766,744.70. For the fifty-two fiscal , 1866 to 1917, inclusive, the receipts ded the expenditures in forty-one , the total of such excesses for that l being $2,591,453,184.16.

e total receipts of the National Gov- ənt during the war (not including ys received from the sale of bonds) ıch fiscal year ending June 30 were as vs:

....	$1,452,302,345.80
....	4,003,022,472.42
....	5,515,882,546.40
timated, including sales of war-prop- y)..............................	6,203,000,000.00

is estimated by experts of the Treas- Department and in Congress that for years to come our national expendi- annually will not be less than $4,000,- 00, and possibly as high as $5,000,- 00. This is on the assumption, of e, that the world will settle down soon peace basis. It is generally conceded entlemen in a position to know that ın not greatly increase the total rev- receipts by indirect taxation over what were before the war, and especially in when we collected $333,683,445 from ms duties alone, the highest ever col- l in any one year from that source. ıe thing is quite certain, that by far reater portion of the revenues to be l hereafter must be raised by direct ion.

e whole story of our increasing na- l expenditures is presented by Mr. seyer in the following table, in connec- with which it is well to note that our lation has increased from 3,929,214 790, and 31,443,321 just before the



The Wisdom of Facts

Sound business judgments are guided by facts.

The business interests served by the National Bank of Commerce in New York are large. Through its extensive relations with the structure of commerce and industry, this Bank is able to draw widely from original sources for the facts of business. It devotes unusual effort to gathering and presenting these facts to its friends.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
Over Fifty Million Dollars

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE · IN NEW YORK · 1839

HW

New England Industries

NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRIES for over 100 years *have represented* STABILITY, SECURITY and PROFITABLE OPERATION.

Since 1868 the BROWN COMPANY (formerly Berlin Mills) of Berlin, N. H. and Portland, Maine, has grown from a small *beginning* to its present position of the largest manufacturer in this country of bleached sulphite fiber, pulp and kraft wrapping paper.

THE BROWN COMPANY SERIES "A" 6% DEBENTURE BONDS are a first claim subject only to $3,450,000 existing mortgages on assets in excess of $50,000,000 and earnings of nearly seven times interest requirements.

Gross sales in recent years have averaged in excess of $23,000,000 annually.

We recommend these Bonds as a prime industrial investment and offer the unsold maturities from November 15, 1920 to 1935 inclusive at prices to yield about 6.15%.

Descriptive Circular On Request

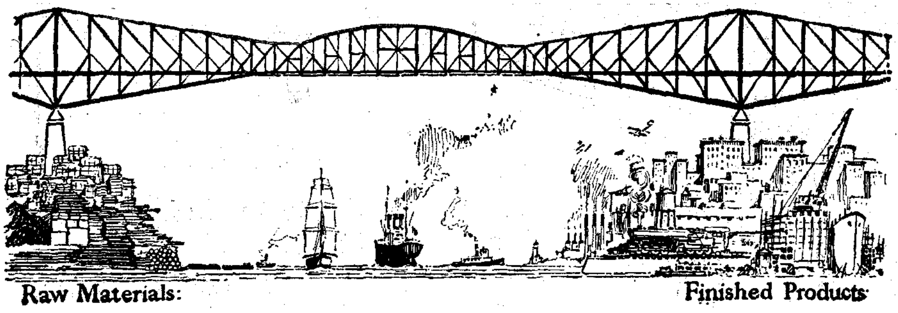
HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

BOSTON
PORTLAND
PROVIDENCE

Investment Securities
Founded in 1888

NEW YORK
CHICAGO
DETROIT

Members of the New York, Boston and Chicago Stock Exchanges



THE BRIDGE THAT SPANS MIGHTY GAPS OF COMMERCE

WHEN that fragile thing, the bank check, is viewed not as an inanimate piece of paper, but as the link that brings together the buyer and the seller and sums up all the work between **raw material and finished product**, banking takes on a new meaning.

WHEN the check or draft becomes the medium uniting the wool grower of Montana or the cotton grower of Texas with manufacturers elsewhere in the country, and the manufacturer with the exporter to foreign lands, it is a vital and mighty instrument, capable of bringing the ends of the earth together.

WE try to train our employees to see with the eyes of the imagination the significance of the thousands of checks that go through the bank each day and the important part these instruments play in the world trade. An employee who comprehends the scope of a great bank's business can meet the needs of customers intelligently and communicate to them the spirit of the institution.

THE
PHILADELPHIA
NATIONAL
BANK
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Civil War, to 106,871,294 (census estin in 1919:

Administration:	*T Expen*
George Washington—	
From Sept. 2, 1789, to Dec. 31, 1791	$3,797
1792	9,141
1793	7,529
1794	9,302
1795	10,435
1796	8,367
John Adams—	
1797	8,626
1798	8,613
1799	11,077
1800	11,989
Thomas Jefferson—	
1801	12,273
1802	13,276
1803	11,258
1804	12,624
1805	13,727
1806	15,070
1807	11,292
1808	16,764
James Madison—	
1809	13,867
1810	13,319
1811	13,601
1812	22,27
1813	39,19
1814	38,028
1815	39,582
1816	48,244
James Monroe—	
1817	40,877
1818	35,10
1819	24,004
1820	21,763
1821	19,09
1822	17,67
1823	15,314
1824	31,89
John Q. Adams—	
1825	23,58
1826	24,10
1827	22,65
1828	25,45
Andrew Jackson—	
1829	25,04
1830	24,58
1831	30,03
1832	34,35
1833	24,25
1834	24,601
1835	17,57
1836	30,86
Martin Van Buren—	
1837	33,83
1838	39,45
1839	37,614
1840	26,64
Harrison and Tyler—	
1841	32,02
1842	32,93
1843	12,11
1844	33,64
James K. Polk—	
1845	29,96
1846	28,03
1847	59,45
1848	58,24
Taylor and Fillmore—	
1849	57,631
1850	43,00
1851	48,00
1852	46,71
Franklin Pierce—	
1853	54,57
1854	75,354
1855	66,164
1856	72,72
James Buchanan—	
1857	70,82
1858	82,06
1859	83,75
1860	77,46
Abraham Lincoln—	
1861	84,57
1862	570,84
1863	895,79
1864	865,234
Lincoln and Johnson—	
1865	1,897,674
1866	1,141,072
1867	346,72
1868	377,34
Ulysses S. Grant—	
1869	321,49
1870	703,155
1871	692,238
1872	682,360
1873	524,044
1874	408,358
1875	377,716
1876	365,344
Rutherford B. Hayes—	
1877	338,458
1878	339,465
1879	405,725
1880	397,148
Garfield and Arthur—	
1881	384,752
1882	369,540
1883	367,851
1884	345,929
Grover Cleveland—	
1885	361,65
1886	344,06
1887	368,67
1888	360,83

VESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

tration:	*Total Expenditures*
jamin Harrison—	
1889	385,315,219.00
1890	400,095,319.00
1891	465,979,339.00
1892	445,382,293.00
ver Cleveland—	
1893	492,324,027.00
1894	480,360,798.00
1895	474,352,879.00
1896	478,497,145.00
ham McKinley—	
1897	497,642,512.00
1898	578,984,163.00
1899	746,601,266.00
1900	635,614,393.00
Kinley and Roosevelt—	
1901	657,865,253.00
1902	625,084,600.00
1903	673,429,859.00
1904	739,246,428.00
odore Roosevelt—	
1905	755,350,207.00
1906	752,163,780.00
1907	763,424,575.00
1908	850,880,415.00
ham H. Taft—	
1909	905,132,383.00
1910	911,025,594.00
1911	913,098,258.00
1912	925,695,713.00
odrow Wilson—	
1913	967,737,255.00
1914	1,006,662,216.00
1915	1,052,848,682.00
1916	1,072,894,093.23
1917	3,046,183,746.19
1918	21,813,356,508.39
1919	18,514,000,000.00
1920, estimated	11,476,627,219.00

OUR SHIP-BUILDING PROMISES WERE KEPT LAST YEAR

GURES made public January 2 by the United States Shipping Board as the New York *Journal of Commerce* , that the ship-building industry ed proportions during 1919 which never been approached before in y and bear out the most optimistic ments made when the shipping pro- was launched shortly after the ning of the war with Germany. Ac- ng to statistics for the year ended December 31, total deliveries aggre- 6,229,323 dead-weight tons. Of this 4,838,673 was composed of steel ls and 1,338,650 represented the en tonnage. The record of the rgency Fleet Corporation for its entire ities is even more imposing. Since the was first begun ships have been ered amounting to 9,557,444 dead- ht tons, while 10,891,440 tons have launched. Keels have been laid for vessels of 13,055,161 tons. Ships ered to date number 1,740. The wing summary gives a survey of the e ship-building activities and also for year just ended:

KEELS LAID

	Number	*D.-w. Tons*
	1,637	11,014,461
site	18	63,000
	594	1,904,200
te	12	73,500
otal	2,261	13,055,161

LAUNCHED

	Number	*D.-w. Tons*
	1,379	8,941,740
site	18	63,000
	571	1,851,700
ete	7	35,000
Total	1,975	10,891,440

DELIVERED

	Number	*D.-w. Tons*
	1,200	7,717,394
osite	18	63,000
	519	1,767,050
ete	3	10,000
Total	1,740	9,557,444

DELIVERIES FOR 1919

	Number	*D.-w. Tons*
	741	4,838,673
osite	12	42,000
	403	1,338,650
ete	3	10,000
Total	1,159	6,229,323

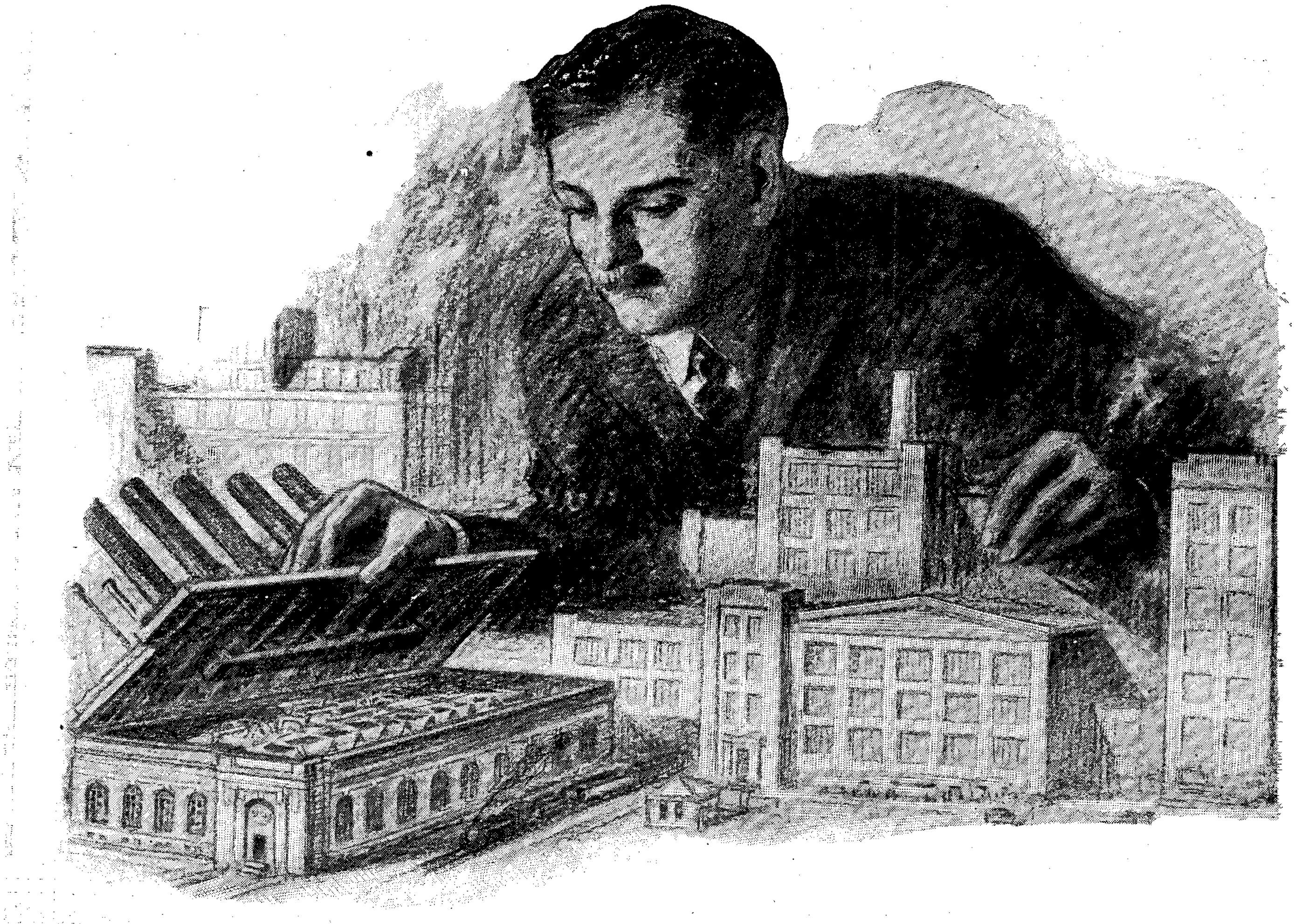
HOW THE MID-WEST IS HELPING THE WORLD

The Mid-Western Empire of Production, whose center and business capital is Chicago, is the greatest *grain* market of the world. It has the *cattle*, *hogs* and *sheep* to supply meat to America and a large part of the world besides. Vast supplies of *ores*, easily accessible and the *fuels* to smelt them are here. Colossal *iron* and *steel* and *cement* plants pour out of the district millions of tons of structural materials. *Timber* grown here is converted here by huge mills into billions of feet of *lumber*. *Furniture*, *clothing* and *all other household and personal necessities* are produced here and exported in enormous quantities.

Banking facilities for financing the production and distribution of these products to the ends of the earth are *here in Chicago!*

Our business banking service, foreign and domestic, has kept pace with the ever increasing productive activity of the Great Mid-West.

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS
CHICAGO
RESOURCES MORE THAN 500 MILLION DOLLARS



Get Acquainted with Your Power Pla

According to the U. S. Fuel Administration, 25 to 50 million tons of coal could be saved every year by introducing more efficient methods into the steam power plants of our country.

Do you know right at this moment whether your own plant is operating at top-notch efficiency? Could you render an accurate account of the production obtained from the coal consumed? Do you really *know* all that is to be known about *automatic stokers?*

We want to drive home the one big vital fact that your power plant is the *heart* of your industrial operations, and as such, warrants your closest attention.

The highest degree of specialized ingenuity in connection with the economical generation of steam from the burning of coal is found in the Stoker Industry.

Turn to this industry for counsel.

Investigate Laclede-Christy Stokers, with a record for economical performance built up by a service second to none:

The Stowe Stoker—the *forced-draft* type whose fundamental principle is a conveyor feed, positive in action from coal hopper to ash pit.

The L-C Chain Grate Stoker—the *natural-draft* type for higher volatile coals—dominant in this field today.

Branch Offices: Chicago, 1366 Peoples Gas Bldg., Pittsburgh, 901 Oliver Bldg., New York, 504, 50 East 42nd

LACLEDE-CHRISTY

A BUSINESS INSTITUTION — FOUNDED 1844 ***ST. LOUIS***

IGIN OF THE PRESIDENCY

(*Continued from page* 47)

st unwilling to declare the mode
lection he preferred, 'being appre-
ve that it might appear chimerical.'
her favored the idea of popular
ion, but thought it 'impracticable';
ier was not clear that the people
t to act directly even in the choice
ectors, being, as alleged, 'too little
ned of personal characters in large
icts, and liable to deception'; and
ı, it was declared that 'it would be
ınatural to refer the choice of a proper
ıcter for Chief Magistrate to the
le as it would to refer a trial of colors
blind man.'

plan was first adopted by the con-
on which provided for the selection of
President by the Congress, or, as it
then called, by the National Legisla-
Various other plans were proposed,
only to be summarily rejected in
of that which the convention had
rently irrevocably decided upon. There
, however, among the members, some
notwithstanding the action taken,
no opportunity to advocate, with
gy and sound reasons, the substitu-
of a mode of electing the President
in keeping with the character of the
and the genius of a popular govern-
t. This fortunate persistence resulted
he reopening of the subject and its
ence, very late in the sessions of the
ention, to a committee who reported
vor of a procedure for the choice of
Executive substantially identical with
now in force; and this was adopted by
convention almost unanimously.

HE PEOPLE'S OFFICE—"This im-
ect review of the incidents that led up
he establishment of the office of Presi-
, and its rescue from dangers which
ounded its beginning, if not otherwise
ul, ought certainly to suggest congratu-
ry and grateful reflections. The prop-
ion that the selection of a President
ıld rest entirely with the Congress,
ch came so near adoption, must, I think,
ear to us as something absolutely
tling; and we may well be surprized
it was ever favorably considered by
convention.

In the scheme of our national Govern-
t the Presidency is preeminently the
ple's office. Of course, all offices
ted by the Constitution, and all
ernmental agencies existing under its
tion, must be recognized, in a sense,
he offices and agencies of the people—
sidered either as an aggregation con-
uting the national body politic or some
its divisions. When, however, I now
ak of the Presidency as being pre-
nently the people's office, I mean that
s especially the office related to the
ple as individuals, in no general, local,
other combination, but standing on the
footing of manhood and American
citizenship. The Congress may enact laws; but they are inert and vain without executive impulse. The Federal courts adjudicate upon the rights of the citizen when their aid is invoked. But under the constitutional mandate that the President 'shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed,' every citizen, in the day or in the night, at home or abroad, is constantly within the protection and restraint of the Executive power—none so lowly as to be beneath its scrupulous care, and none so great and powerful as to be beyond its restraining force."

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE—It is only in the selection of the President, we are told, that the body of the American people can by any possibility act together and directly in the equipment of their national government, and, without at least so much participation in that equipment, it could hardly be expected that "a ruinous discontent and revolt could be long suppress among a people who had been promised a popular and representative government." Mr. Cleveland continues:

"I do not mean to be understood as conceding that the selection of a President through electors chosen by the people of the several States, according to our present plan, perfectly meets the case as I have stated it. On the contrary, it has always seemed to me that this plan is weakened by an unfortunate infirmity. Tho the people in each State are permitted to vote directly for electors, who shall give voice to the popular preference of the State in the choice of President, the voters throughout the nation may be so distributed, and the majorities given for electors in the different States may be such, that a minority of all the voters in the land can determine, and in some cases actually have determined, who the President should be. I believe a way should be devised to prevent such a result.

"It seems almost ungracious, however, to find fault with our present method of electing a President when we recall the alternative from which we escaped, through the final action of the convention which framed the Constitution.

"It is nevertheless a curious fact that the plan at first adopted, vesting in Congress the Presidential election, was utterly inconsistent with the opinion of those most prominent in the convention, as well as of all thoughtful and patriotic Americans who watched for a happy result from its deliberations, that the corner-stone of the new Government should be a distinct division of powers and functions among the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial branches, with the independence of each amply secured. Whatever may have been the real reasons for giving the choice of the President to Congress, I am sure those which were announced in the convention do not satisfy us in this day and generation that such an arrangement

H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Company
(Franklin Automobile Company)

7% Cumulative Preferred Stock

Dividends Payable
February 1, May 1,
August 1, November 1.

Address all Inquiries to
F. A. Barton, Treasurer
H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Co.
101 Marcellus Street
Syracuse, N. Y.

7% FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
Secured by 5-story Apartment. Most modern construction; located in choice section, commanding highest rental; fully protected by insurance. Bonds in amounts of $100, $500 and $1,000, netting investor 7%. Write today for complete details.
AURELIUS-SWANSON CO., Inc.
Capital $500,000
31 State Nat'l Bank Bldg. Oklahoma City, Okla.

HAYS

This Button
on a HAYS glove means the glove is cut from selected FIRST QUALITY leather

SAFETY LIBERAL INCOME SATISFACTION
MILLER MORTGAGE BONDS

Non-speculative Properties Protect Miller Investors

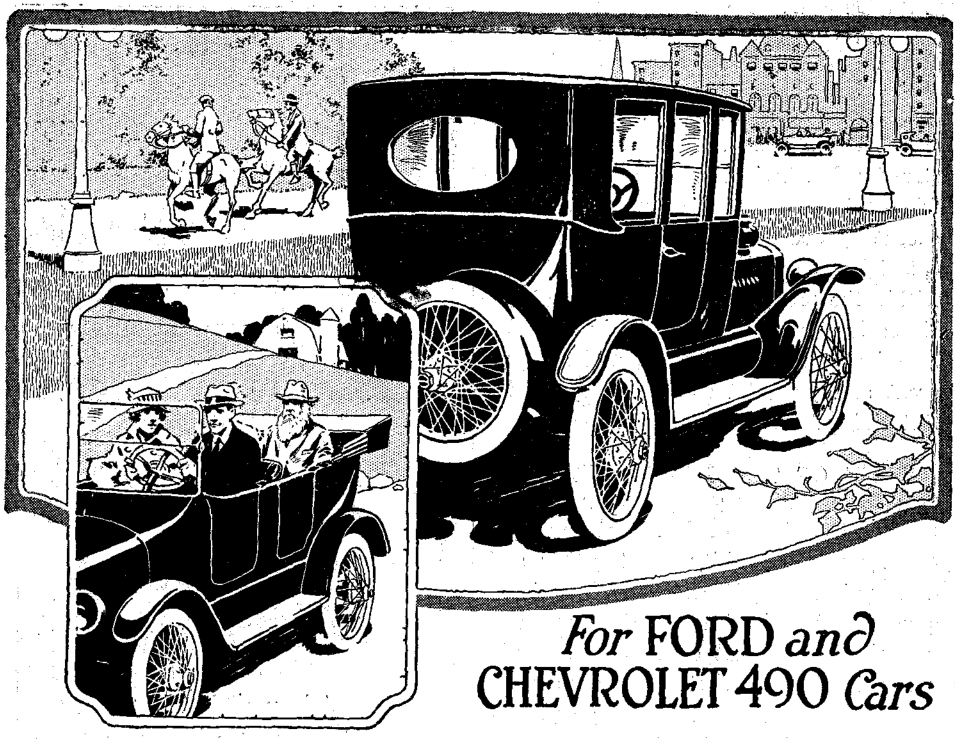
Miller First Mortgage Bonds are always secured by properties of a non-speculative character, that is properties well located for their purpose, of established earning power,—properties fulfilling a genuine economic demand.

The class of properties securing Miller First Mortgage Bonds include apartments, apartment-hotels, stores, offices, warehouses, etc.

Miller First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds yielding 7%, are available in denominations of $100, $500 and $1000, maturities 2 to 10 years.

Write for current offerings and booklet entitled "Creating Good Investments," which explains why and how Miller First Mortgage Bonds are sound investments.

G. L. MILLER & COMPANY, Inc.
913 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.

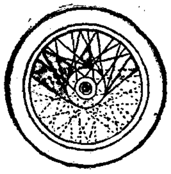


For FORD *and*
CHEVROLET 490 *Cars*

On Country Roads or City Streets

WHETHER gliding along the smooth, broad boulevards of a large city—or taking a short-cut through a muddy, bumpy country lane—Dayton Wire Wheels invariably show up to splendid advantage.

Their clean-cut beauty—the unmistakable evidences of smartness and supple strength—give to Ford and Chevrolet 490 Cars the same added distinction that wire wheels contribute to the finest and costliest cars. For Daytons are essentially *quality wheels*—built in large volume expressly for small-car owners.



Your Car Is Cradled

The weight of your car hangs from the upper spokes of Daytons. It is this construction that insures easy riding.

Car-Saving Resiliency

Dayton Wire Wheels "cradle" the car. Instead of "standing" on the lower spokes, the car-weight is "hung" or suspended by the upper spokes from the upper parts of the rims. This "hammock" effect is responsible for the wonderful shock-absorbing qualities of Dayton Wire Wheels. Bumps and jolts are absorbed and dissipated in the flexible tough-wire spokes and steel rims.

Exceptional Strength

Add to this great comfort feature the safety, strength and convenience of Daytons and you quickly see why car-owners are buying them by thousands each season. The braced construction of Dayton triple spoke lacing guards efficiently against collapse or side-thrust shock. The interchangeable fifth wheel, carried at the rear with ready-inflated tire, means that punctures or blowouts can delay your ride but three or four minutes at most.

See these better wire wheels now. Your dealer will welcome an opportunity to show them to you—in all leading colors—and explain in detail their many advantages. Catalog and dealer's name on request.

THE DAYTON WIRE WHEEL COMPANY
DAYTON, OHIO

MADE UNDER LICENSE
Dayton
Wire Wheels
QUICK DETACHABLE

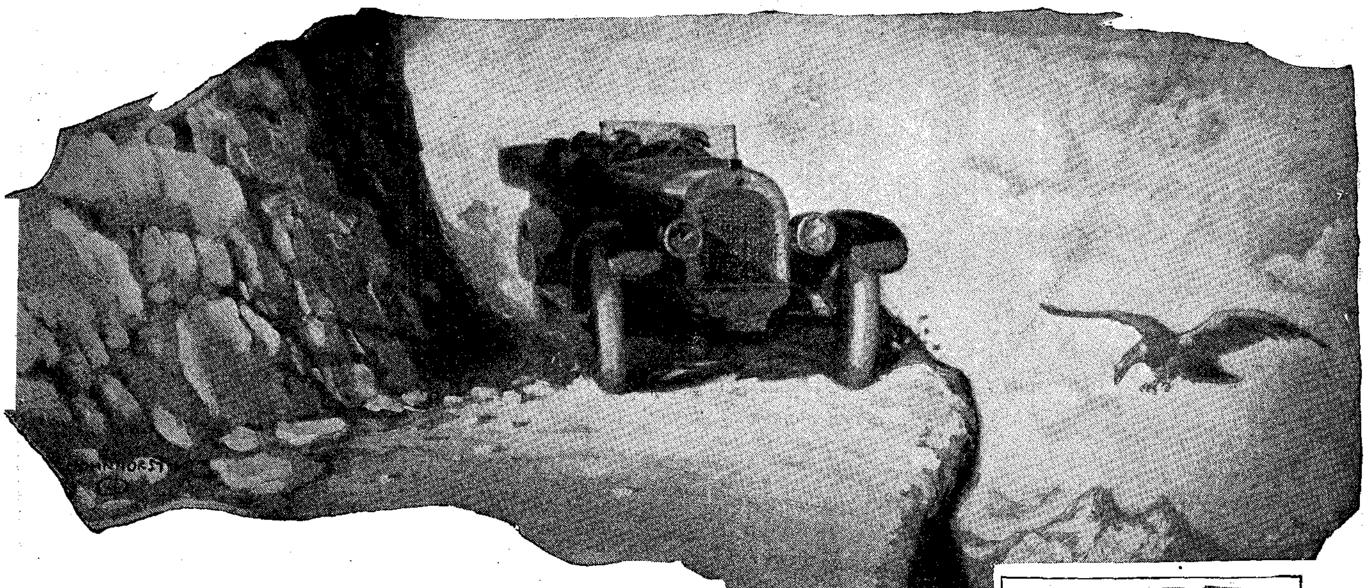
would have secured either the separa
or independence of the Executive de
ment. I am glad to believe this to
palpable as to make it unnecessary f
to suggest other objections, which
subject me to the suspicion of questi
the wisdom or invariably safe motiv
Congress in this relation. It is much
agreeable to acknowledge gratefully
a danger was avoided, and a method f
adopted for the selection of the Exec
head of the Government which wa
doubtedly the best within the reach
convention.

OUR CONSTITUTION—"The C
tution formed by this convention has
justly extolled by informed and lib
loving men throughout the world.
statesman who, above all his contempo
of the past century, was best able to
judgment on its merits formulated a
challenged verdict when he declared
'the American Constitution is the
wonderful work ever struck off at a
time by the brain and purpose of men

"We dwell with becoming pride upo
intellectual greatness of the men who
posed the convention which created
Constitution. They were indeed g
but the happy result of their labor w
not have been saved to us and to hum
if to intellectual greatness there had
been added patriotism, patience, and
but by no means least, forbearing
To these traits are we especially inde
for the creation of an executive de
ment, limited against every possible da
of usurpation or tyranny, but, at the
time, strong and independent withi
limitations."

It is then called to our attention
the Constitution provides that "the ex
tive power shall be vested in a Presi
of the United States of America," and
is followed by a recital of the specific d
with which he is charged and the po
with which he is invested. The mem
of the convention were not willing,
ever, that the executive power vested i
President should be embarrassed by
implication that "a specific statemen
certain granted powers and duties excl
all other executive functions." And
were apparently also unwilling that
claim of such exclusion should
countenance in the strict meaning w
might be given to the words "execu
power." Therefore we find that the Co
tution supplements a recital of the spe
powers and duties of the President with
additional requirement: "He shall
care that the laws be faithfully execut
This Mr. Cleveland conceives to
"equivalent to a grant of all the po
necessary to the performance of his d
in the faithful execution of the la
and we read further:

OATH OF THE PRESIDENT—"
form of Constitution first proposed
the convention provided that the Pr



MOTORING"—

Dr. Woods Hutchinson's Recommendation for Tired Nerves

"To get it from where it is to where it ought to be"
GREENFIELD TAP & DIE CORPORATION

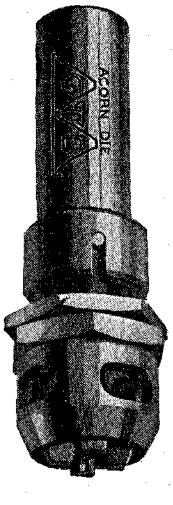
Last Month's GTD *Advertisement*

7ITH what serene confidence you put your old mother or in- 1 wife in the tonneau and carry n up the steep inclines or down sharp grades of a mountain side afety!

'hat confidence is well placed. nufacturers realize as well as you he pressure, the strain, the vibras they have built the automobile aaster. They know that your trip t be safe—else it becomes a failure disaster.

Held by a Thread

ll this mechanism; all this safety, ally "holds by a thread"—for it l bound together by a myriad of om noticed, almost unıght-of *screw-threads.*



ou could not have automos without the screw-thread. could have built *one* autobile with *lathe-cut* threads— to build cars in numbers icient to count for much in life and commerce, you st have *die-cut* threads.

s it merely chance that the elopment of quantity protion in the automotive intry has coincided with GTD's almost 50 year development of production screw-threading with its constant and direct application to all machine building?

Without the experimental research which has made GTD threading tools standard, not only the automobile, but the locomotive, the marine engine, the typewriter, the tractor, the printing press and a host of kindred mechanisms might have remained but clumsy toys.

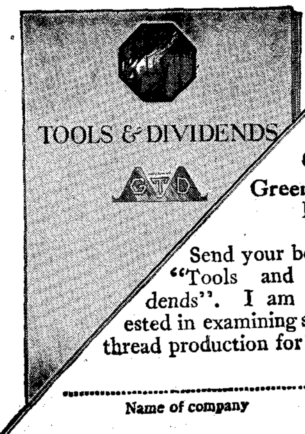
The Challenge

GTD today offers to manufacturers, engineers, purchasing agents, machinists and others who are conscious of a desire to examine screw-thread production more closely, a definite and tangible service.

GTD REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Ourscrew-threading specialists will give you the full benefit of our 47 years' experience.

As a preliminary step, send the coupon—or a letter over your personal signature—for "*Tools and Dividends*", a non-technical consideration of a technical subject.



GTD Corp.
Greenfield,
Mass.

Send your booklet "Tools and Dividends". I am interested in examining screw-thread production for

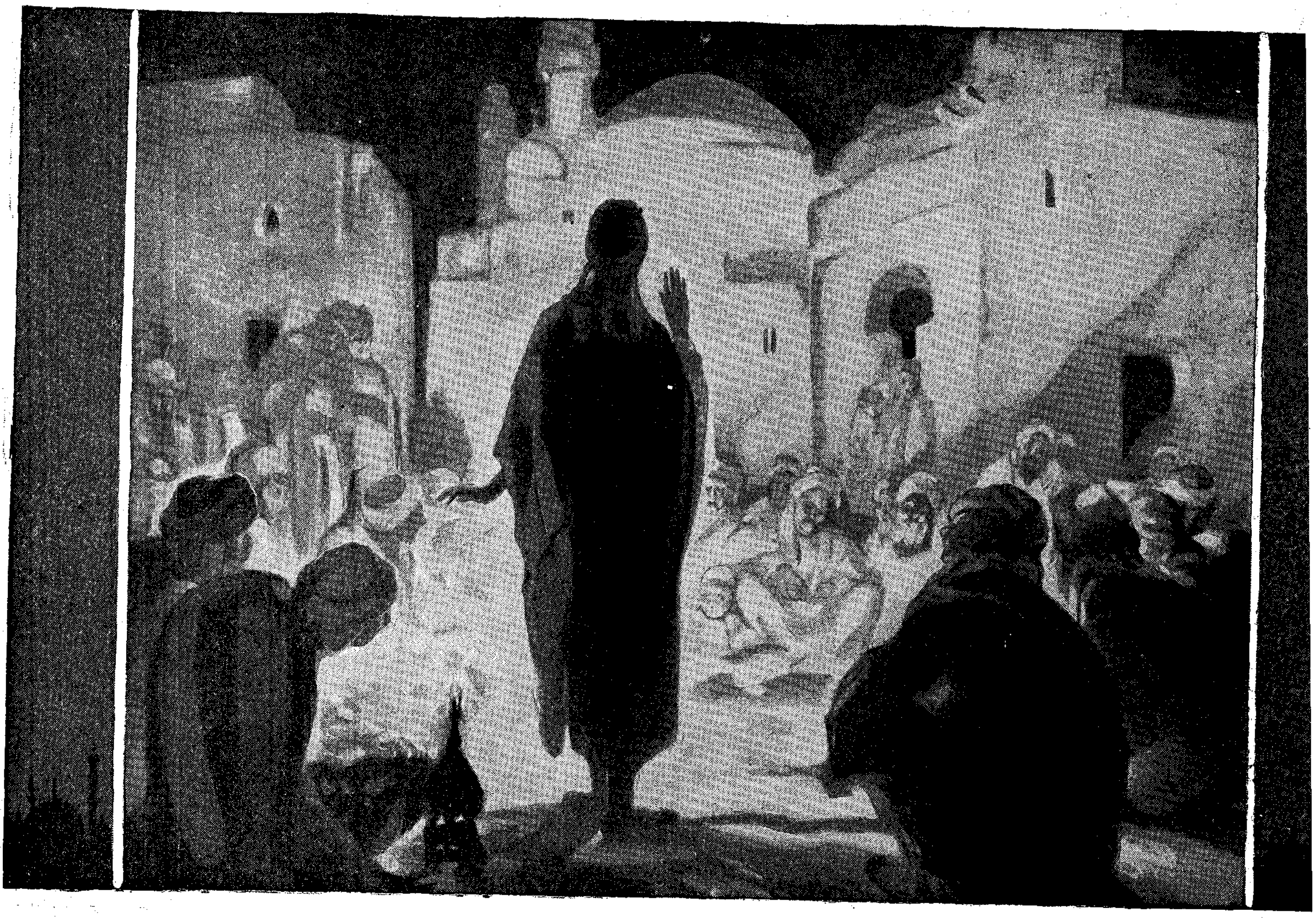
Name of company ……………………

Name of writer ……………………

Address …………………… L. D. 103

GREENFIELD

TAP & DIE CORPORATION
Greenfield Massachusetts, U.S.A.
Canadian Plant; Wells Bros. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Galt, Ontario



EDUCATION

COLORED with romance, told under a thoughtful sky, teachers of Arabia gather around them youth and age, and in the quiet of evening carry their hearers back over years of conflict and of glory.

The progress of the past is but our starting point. Those who have the advantage of following a great age often lose their opportunity by living in the past rather than for the future.

Today is forever putting yesterday on trial. History is our port of departure; a safe haven, but ungainful. Advancement is the one true measure of our ability; and our first forward movement must come through education.

That advertising has acted as a great educational force, a great developing energy in the life of the individual and the nation, is evidenced by everything about us that has come into being through the intelligence and activity of man. And not the least of these are the schools of the land, the schools which have grown in service and ability through the strength derived from advertising.

In this strength and service we find justification for pride; a pride born of the knowledge that hundreds of these schools have been able to increase the scope and quality of their training because of the advertising we have done for them.

This study of the ways and needs of youth has kept us before each coming generation, leading the way from the class room into industry; anticipating the changing needs of business as they are expressed in advertising.

So the markets of tomorrow are known to us and lend a certainty to our intimacy with the markets of today. This established ability to make advertising pay the advertiser and consumer is available to houses holding an ambition to serve.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

·lect, before entering upon the du- ·f his office, should take an oath, y declaring: 'I will faithfully execute .ice of President of the United States.' ·is brief and very general obligation were added by the convention the ·ing words: 'And will to the best of ıdgment and power preserve, protect, efend the Constitution of the United .' Finally, the 'Committee on ' appointed by the convention, ap- tly to arrange the order of the pro- s agreed upon, and to suggest the age in which they would be best ·t, reported in favor of an oath in terms: 'I will faithfully execute the of President of the United States, ·ill to the best of my ability preserve, ·t, and defend the Constitution of the d States'; and this form was adopted e convention without discussion, and ·ues to this day as the form of obliga- which binds the conscience of every ·bent of our Chief Magistracy.

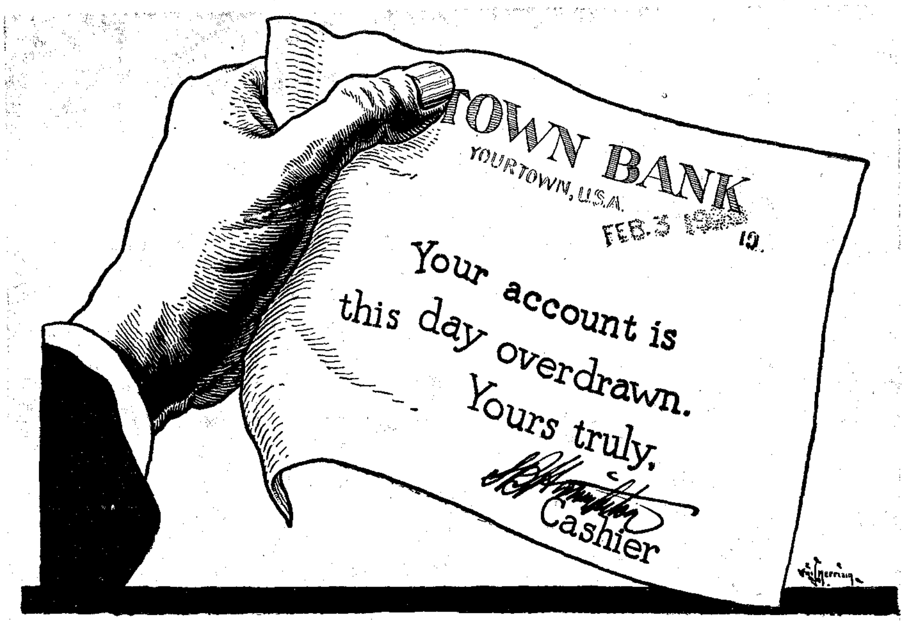
. is therefore apparent, that as the itution, in addition to its specifica- f especial duties and powers devolving the President, provides that 'he shall care that the laws be faithfully exe- ,' and as this was evidently intended general devolution of power and ·ition of obligation in respect to any tion that might arise relating to the .tion of the laws, so it is likewise ·ent that the convention was not nt to rest the sworn obligation of the dent solely upon his covenant to ıfully execute the office of President e United States,' but added thereto the late that he should preserve, protect, defend the Constitution, to the best s judgment and power, or, as it was ward express, to the best of his y. Thus is our President solemnly red not only to exercise every power hed to his office, to the end that the may be faithfully executed, and not to render obedience to the demands of undamental law and executive duty, to exert all his official strength and ority for the preservation, protection, defense of the Constitution."

ıeering Him On.—A food-faddist was nguing a crowd on the marvelous fits to be obtained from his particular scheme.

Friends," he cried, " two years ago I a miserable wreck. What do you ose brought this great change in me? " e paused to see the effect of his words. ı one of his listeners asked, " What ge? "—*The Christian Advocate.*

---

ntucky Moonshine.—The oldest man e world is " Uncle John Shell," of the Mountains, Kentucky. He is 131 s old, five feet five inches tall, and hs 105 pounds. His five-year-old son ·rt is sharpening his jackknife while ather turns the grindstone.—*Caption Photograph in the Washington Post.*



Beyond Your Control

You know how much money you put in the bank.

But you never know how much is being taken out—

Unless you protect your checks to prevent some sly crook from changing the names or raising the amounts. Check fraud is *so easy.* It's one of the most common forms of swindling today.

TODD

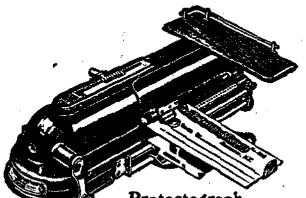
Protectograph System

EXACTLY FIFTY ONE DOLLARS SIX CENTS

(The new Protectograph with "Exactly" Speed-up Dial "Shreds" the amount in the body of a Check exact to the penny. Denominations in black, amount words in red)

Todd System of Check Protection is the Combination of Protectograph Check Writer and PROTOD forgery-proof checks, each check registered and safeguarded like a Government bank note. Todd System carries an iron-clad insurance policy covering (1) The Amount; (2) Name of Payee; (3) Your Signature—which is *Money,* since it represents your credit and all you are worth.

Write for PROTOD samples and prices.



Protectograph Check Writer—
Todd 2-Color Patents

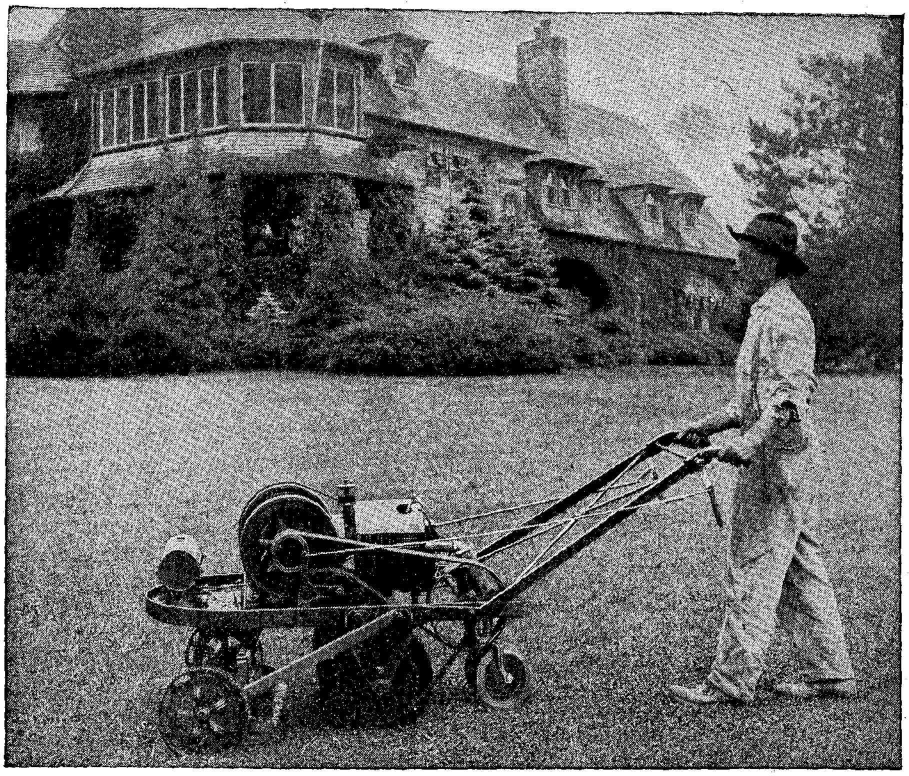
There's a little book written in State Prison by a famous check raiser which we will send (confidentially) to responsible business men who enclose their business letterhead. Shows exactly how business firms are swindled daily. Send the coupon.

TODD PROTECTOGRAPH CO.
(Established 1899)
World's Largest Makers of Checks and Check-Protecting Devices.
1143 University Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

"Scratcher" The Forger
His Book
(Written in State Prison)

FREE, please send the "Scratcher" book by a famous forger, describing the temptations of unprotected checks.

Name ____________________
(enclose your business card or letterhead)
TODD PROTECTOGRAPH CO., Rochester, N.Y.
L D 3-20



How large lawns are kept in fine condition

Cutting large plots of grass with hand mowers is a tedious, expensive job. Labor is scarce and its cost is high. As a consequence, many large fine lawns have deteriorated badly during the past two years.

Not so, however, with those who have an Ideal Power Lawn Mower to do the work. For one man with an Ideal can easily cut as much grass per day as five hard working men with hand mowers. And he will do the work better.

Advantages of the Ideal

The Ideal is a power mower and roller in one and the sod is rolled every time the grass is cut. This keeps it smooth, firm and free from bumps. The Ideal is scientifically designed to keep lawns in fine condition. The weight is just right for steady year around work.

The Mower has a thirty-inch cut and one man can easily mow four or five acres of grass per day at an operating expense of about fifty cents for fuel and oil.

Cuts Close to Walks, Trees, and Shrubbery

Machine turns easily and will cut close up to walks, trees, flower beds and shrubbery.

When running over walks, driveways, pavements, etc., the operator simply lifts the cutting mower from the ground by means of a conveniently placed lever. This feature is also important in the early spring when it is desired to use the machine for rolling only. Simply lift up the cutting mower, add more weight if required and you have the most convenient power roller imaginable.

The success of the Ideal is due to its sturdy and powerful, yet simple, construction. No clutches or complicated parts to wear and get out of order. The motor is built in our own shop and designed especially for the work.

Owners of large estates, public parks, golf clubs, country clubs, cemeteries, etc., are all using the Ideal Tractor Lawn Mower with great success.

Special Cutting Mower for Putting Greens

For work on golf courses we furnish, at slight additional cost, a special set of cutting blades for use on the putting greens. In less than five minutes the regular 30″ blade can be substituted for cutting the fairway.

When desired, we also furnish, as an extra, a riding trailer which fastens to the frame and permits the operator to ride and at the same time have the same easy control as when walking.

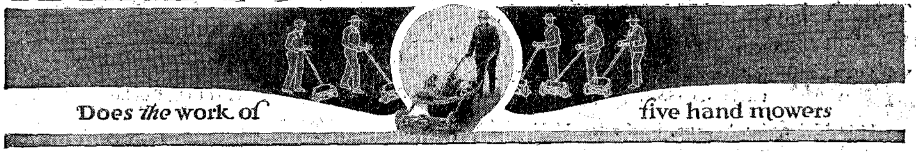
You can secure the Ideal through your dealer direct or from our factory. Write today for catalogue and further details.

IDEAL POWER LAWN MOWER COMPANY
R. E. OLDS, *Chairman*
420 Kalamazoo Street
Lansing, Michigan

Boston, 51-52 N. Market St.
New York, 270 West St.
Los Angeles, 222-224 Los Angeles Avenue
Philadelphia, 709 Arch St.
Pittsburgh, 108-16 W. Park Way, N. S.

Chicago, 533 S. Dearborn St.
Portland, 55 Front St.
Toronto, 17 Temperance Street
Cleveland, 1227 W. 9th St.
London, E. C., 63 Farrington St.

IDEAL POWER LAWN MOWER



CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

March 10.—The Republicans in the
withdraw their offer of a comprom
the Article X reservation submit
the Democrats, and rewrite th
posed substitute reservation in st
terms. More than one-half o
Democratic Senators announce
they will ratify the Treaty wit
Lodge reservations.

A Paris report says that Jugo-Sla
cials rejoice at the attitude tak
President Wilson in his latest n
the Adriatic. They agree that
Fiume dispute could be settle
Italians and Jugo-Slavs would re
agreement on other questions.
declare they will accept any a
ment which makes Fiume really
whether under the sovereignty
League of Nations or otherwise.

March 11.—William J. Bryan n
Democratic members of the Sena
have objected to the President
sistence upon rejection of the
reservations that he will com
Washington personally to urg
passage of the Peace Treaty wi
reservations.

March 12.—Senator Lodge, on behalf
Republican friends of the Peace T
makes a final offer of compromis
reservation to Article X in the S
It is immediately opposed by
cratic Senators.

A new Hungarian peace treaty is
nitely agreed upon by the Peace
ference. The territorial terms a
which Hungary protested remai
changed but various economic
cessions have been granted.

March 15.—The Senate by a vote of
26 adopts the Lodge compr
reservation to Article X. Fou
Democratic Senators vote to in
the reservation in the resolutic
ratification. The reservation as ad
provides, in effect, that the U
States shall assume no obligatio
preserve the territorial integrity or
ical independence of any other co
by the employment of its milita
naval forces, unless Congress sha
provide by act or joint resolution.

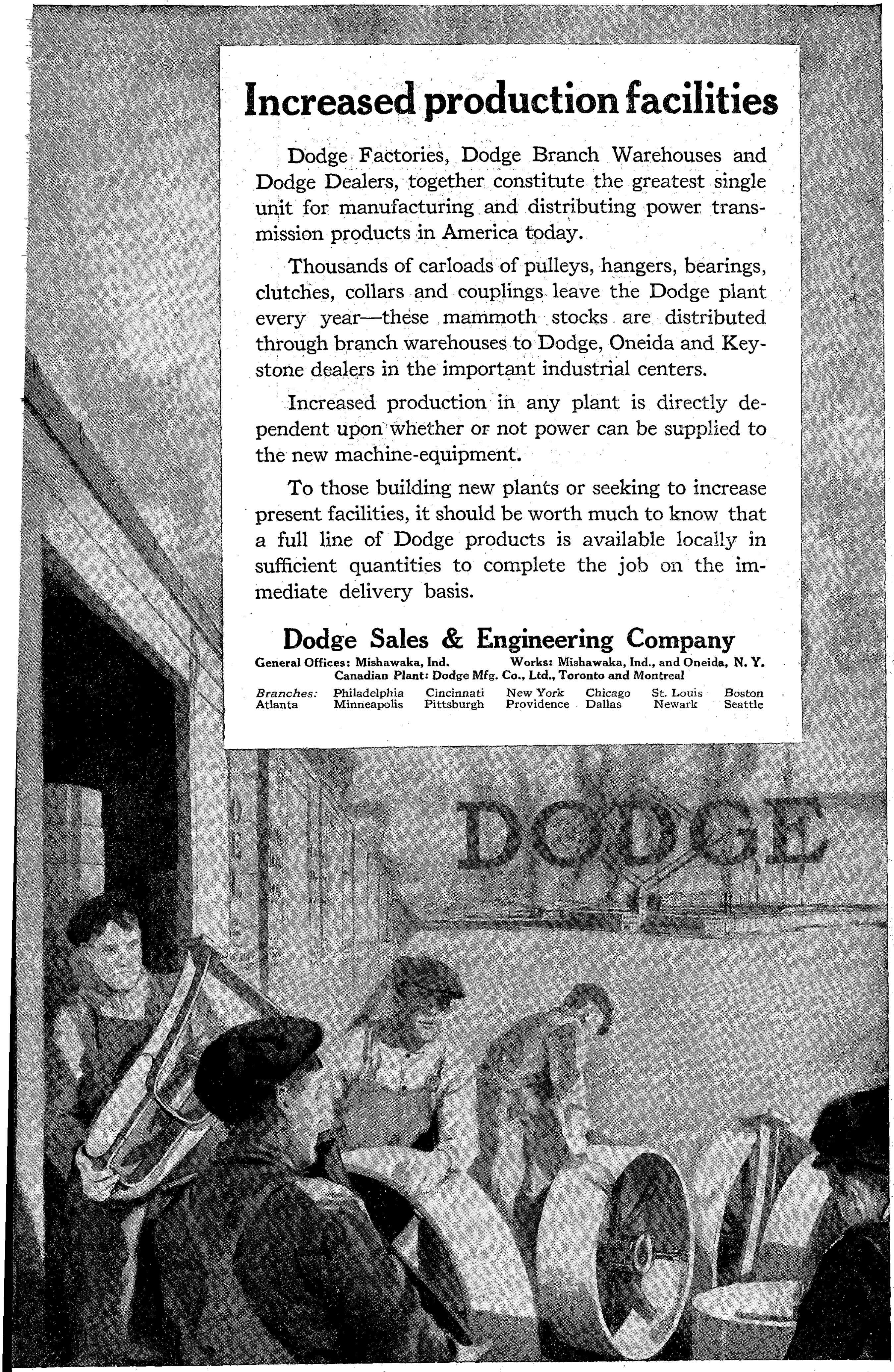
March 16.—Republican Senate leader
making tentative plans for a sep
peace with Germany, in case the
Treaty fails of ratification. A poli
planned in which the United S
will pledge itself to aid in prese
peace in Europe.

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA

March 10.—A Warsaw dispatch says
Soviet Government at Moscow se
second wireless peace note to
Polish Foreign Office, declaring
the previous proposals of the Bo
viki hold good and asking where
when the peace delegates of all
interested countries may meet.
Bolshevik message comes on the
of the announcement of the victo
the Polish troops at Mozir.

March 14.—The British Foreign Offi
informed officially that the U
States is willing to participate in
certed action by the Allies in R
whenever it is assured of the stab
of the Soviet Government.

Reports from Warsaw say that se
detachments of Bolsheviki mutiny
refuse to counter-attack when ord
to do so, behind the line of the Dni
River after the defeat of the Bolsh
army by the Poles at Mozir.



Increased production facilities

Dodge Factories, Dodge Branch Warehouses and Dodge Dealers, together constitute the greatest single unit for manufacturing and distributing power transmission products in America today.

Thousands of carloads of pulleys, hangers, bearings, clutches, collars and couplings leave the Dodge plant every year—these mammoth stocks are distributed through branch warehouses to Dodge, Oneida and Keystone dealers in the important industrial centers.

Increased production in any plant is directly dependent upon whether or not power can be supplied to the new machine-equipment.

To those building new plants or seeking to increase present facilities, it should be worth much to know that a full line of Dodge products is available locally in sufficient quantities to complete the job on the immediate delivery basis.

Dodge Sales & Engineering Company

General Offices: Mishawaka, Ind. **Works: Mishawaka, Ind., and Oneida, N. Y.**
Canadian Plant: Dodge Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto and Montreal

Branches: Philadelphia Cincinnati New York Chicago St. Louis Boston
Atlanta Minneapolis Pittsburgh Providence Dallas Newark Seattle

"CERTIFICATE" METALS
(TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE)

Back of Every Man in Your Brass or Bronze Foundry

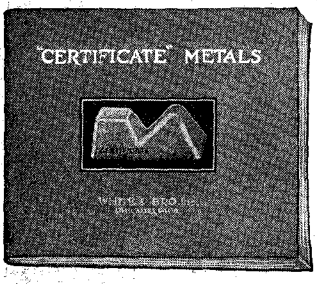
YOUR men work with greater confidence in themselves. They know their efforts cannot be misdirected. They get better, more definite results in casting—and increase their value to you on a dollars and cents basis.

A signed certificate of analysis, showing the exact chemical composition and physical properties of the alloy, is sent to you with every shipment of Certificate Metals.

This signed certificate is numbered—and each ingot of the shipment bears a corresponding number.

You know the tensile strength, the Brinell hardness, the exact proportion of every constituent metal in the alloy. You know what you are paying for—know what you get.

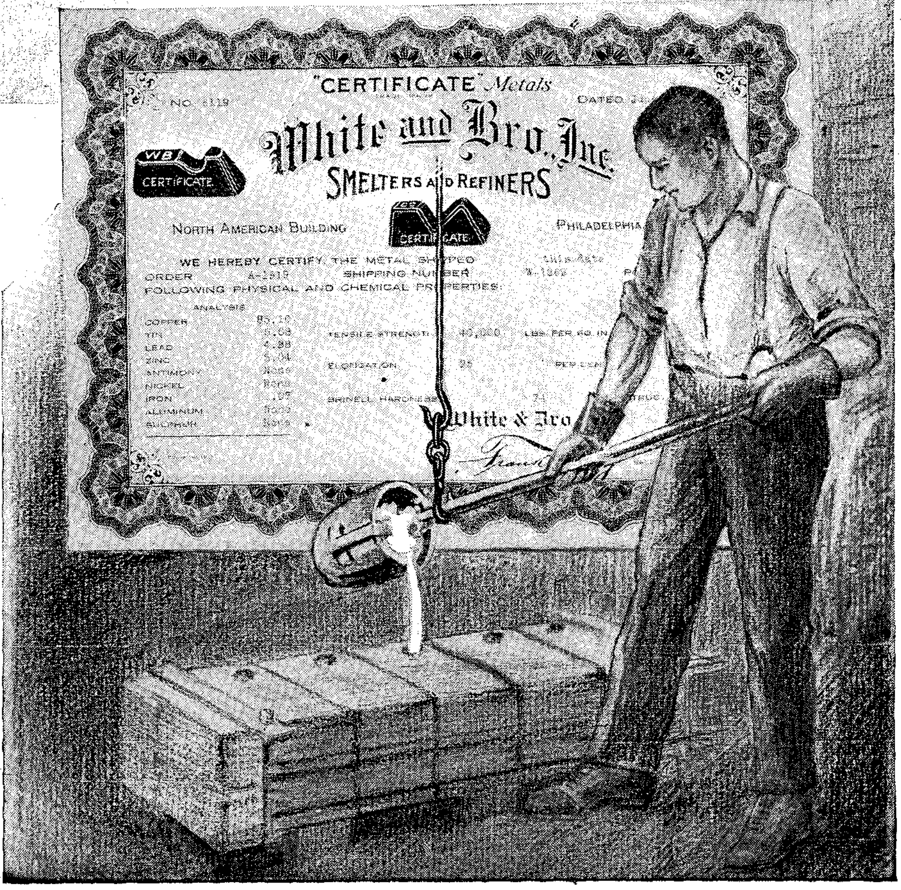
The "Certificate" means a more scientific and exact method of buying, therefore a more economical one. A standardization of metal values that is a big step forward in foundry efficiency.



Memorandum for Your Stenographer:

Write to White & Bro., Inc., North American Building, Philadelphia, for their book, "CERTIFICATE METALS."

WHITE & BRO., INC.
SINCE 1869
Smelters and Refiners of Non-Ferrous Metals
Manufacturers of Ingot Copper, Composition, Bronze and Brass Ingots, Babbitt Metal, Solder and Type Metals
General Offices, NORTH AMERICAN BLDG., PHILADELPHIA
Trinity Building, New York Oliver Building, Boston
Chamber of Commerce Building, Detroit



CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

FOREIGN

March 10.—The chief training-sc
cadets at Grosslichterfelde,
through which most of the office
German Army passed, is close
cordance with the terms of th
Treaty.

British miners by a majority
hundred thousand decide in
direct, as opposed to political
should the Government re
nationalize the mines. A gene
to enforce the point is now h
club over the Government. Th
will be decided when the Trad
Congress reconvenes.

Fifty-two members of the
Legislative Assembly meet and
resolution proclaiming the inde
of Egypt and Sudan, accord
dispatch from Cairo reaching

March 11.—Two American M
mission schools in Korea are c
order of the Japanese Gover
eral, according to Tokyo dispat

The Syrian Congress at Dama
clares Syria to be an independe
according to advices from Bei

The moderate forces in British l
a decisive and highly importan
when the Trades Union Cong
cides by a vote of 3,870,000 to 1
against the use of direct acti
general strike to force the nat
tion of the coal-mines.

Hjalmar Branting is named Pr
Sweden, says a Stockholm c
He is the first Socialist to h
office in that country.

March 12.—A Berlin dispatch s
the Government has discovered
lutionary plot organized by a r
ary clique, which also has been e
ing to corrupt the troops.

March 13.—The Government of F
Ebert, the Socialist President
German Republic, is overthrow
military *coup d'état.* The
Assembly is dissolved, and D
gang Kapp, one of the founde
Fatherland party, ousts Gusta
the Chancellor, and himself ta
office. General Baron von Leu
appointed Commander-in-Chie
Army. There are now two co
governments in Germany—t
one under Chancellor Kapp, a
and the old one under Preside
at Dresden. Thus far there h
no outbreak and no bloodshed.

The Allied Supreme Council is
extraordinary session to consi
tective measures as the result
overthrow of the Ebert Govern
monarchist leaders in Berlin, a
to advices from Paris reaching

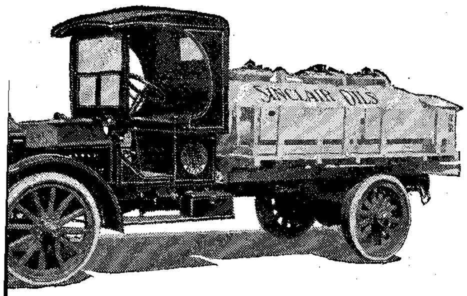
March 14.—It is reported from Wi
Holland, that the former Crow
became much excited upon he
the counter-revolution in G
The same is reported of the
Kaiser at Amerongen, whose
ment, it is said, found expressio
energy with which he sawed w

President Ebert, of the old Gove
calls upon the Socialists and
classes generally to stand by
Government and to use the
weapon so that the counter
tion may be promptly suppr
response to this appeal a gener
has been proclaimed in many
but in other parts of Germany it
met with favor.

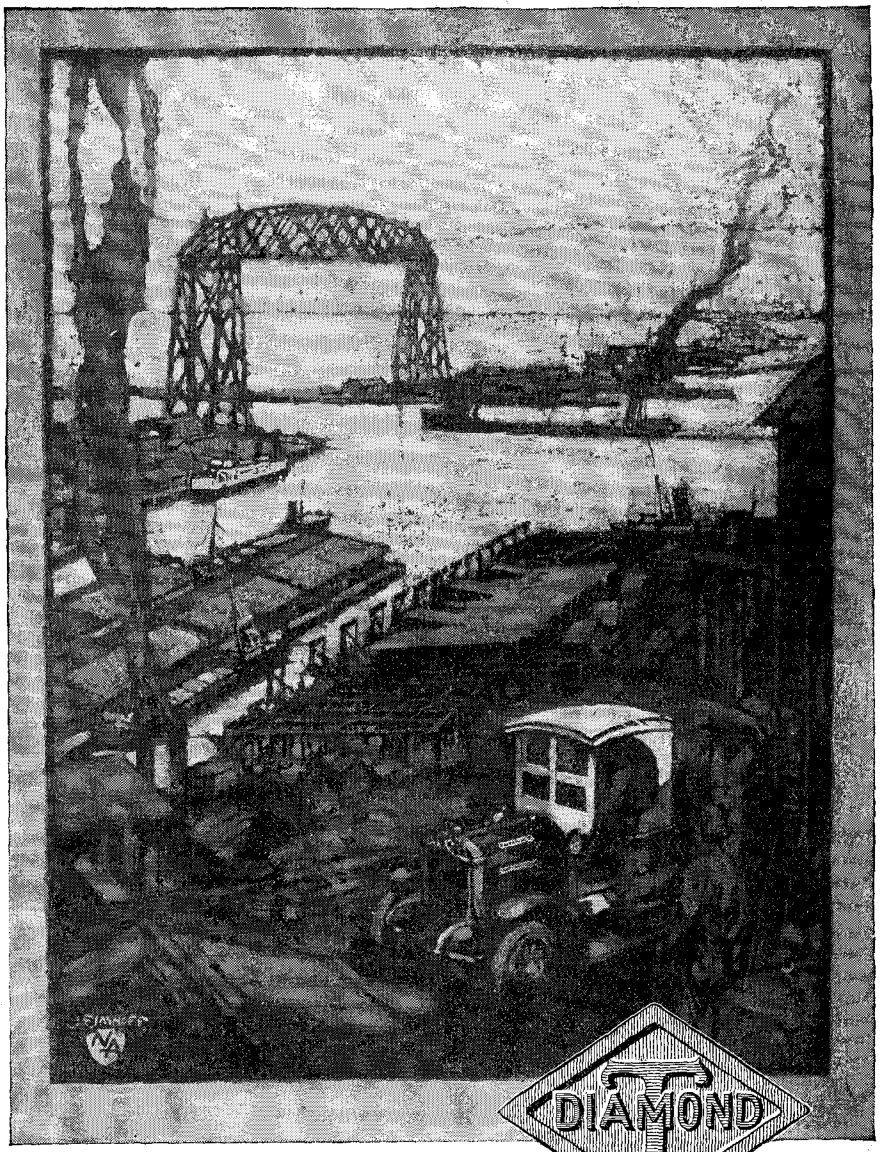
March 15.—Emir Feisal, the eldes
King Hussein of Hedjaz, is
King of Syria with Palestine as

The Nations' Freight Car

"In my father's business—shoes—we had a brand on certain of our goods that had a real reputation for service to live up to. Nothing went out of our factory under that brand that wasn't one hundred per cent, the very best we could make it. That brand was called 'Diamond T'; and when I finally went in for myself I decided that the same standard of service and quality represented by that brand might well be put behind a line of cars and trucks."—
C. A. TILT



In single units and fleets, Diamond T's are serving every representative business in the oil field.



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THE roster of national Diamond T owners reads like a Blue Book of Big Business. From the first model, delivered in February, 1911, to the latest one in from the test-track, the credentials of its wide public endorsement have been—operating thrift and daily dependability. In these vital points of motor truck performance, Diamond T's are unsurpassed.

An exclusive application of the principle of Hotchkiss Drive (patented) features every Diamond T model; simplifying operation, minifying costs and safeguarding merchandise. With the first Diamond T's still in use, there is no predicting what unusual term of service may be expected from the 1920 line. Even the abuses on which all manufacturers frown, only serve to emphasize its stability.

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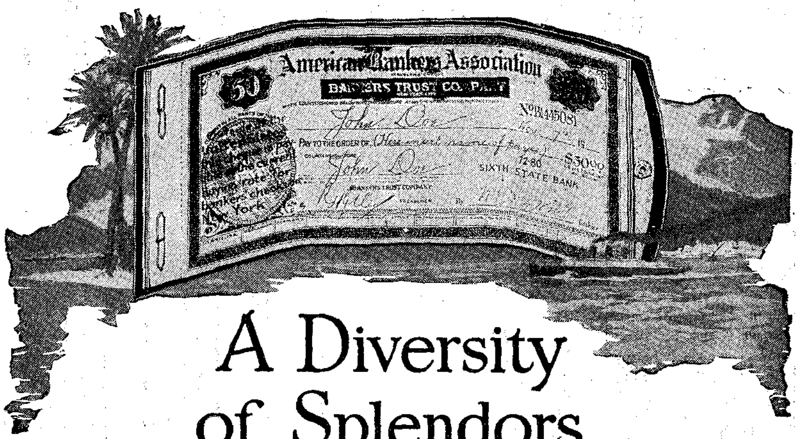

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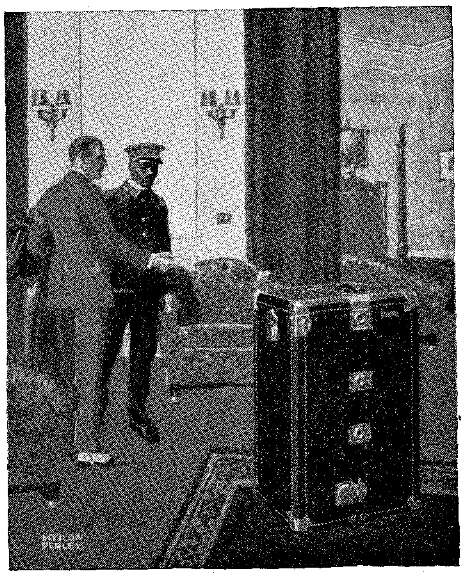

TRAVELERS who value luxury, comfort and quiet distinction place their certain dependence upon the Hartmann Wardrobe Trunk.

The Hartmann Trade-Mark denotes quality.
HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY
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HARTMANN
TRADE-MARK
WARDROBE TRUNKS

CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

the kingdom. Mesopotamia is
ported to have declared it
pendence, with Emir Abysmal, t
of King Hussein, as king.

According to a message receiv
Berlin, reestablishment of the B
monarchy has been procla
Munich. It is further said that
Wurttemburg, and Baden hav
together as one state. An inde
government is said to have been
in Silesia under direction of the
Herr Phillips. In the Rhine
and Westphalia industrial reg
Communists have proclaimed a
revolution and general strike.

A report from Berlin says the
revolution in Germany appears
reached an end. Negotiations f
tlement are said to have been
between the two governments a
of the general strike which was c
President Ebert.

Majority and Independent S
throughout Germany appear
united against the military m
initiated at Berlin, accordin
Basle dispatch to Paris.

A Budapest report says Hungaria
ists rejoice over the revolt in G
and contend it is a justification
argument that Socialist repub
incapable of surviving in c
where for centuries the peop
been accustomed to monarchie

The second Schleswig zone, inclu
important port of Flensburg, v
plebiscite to remain German, ac
to the latest returns, which, wi
districts missing, show 48,148 vo
for German control and 13,
Danish.

A new cabinet is formed in Finla
personnel of which is composed
of representatives of the *bou*
parties of the country, with no
sentation of radical elements.

March 16.—Four hundred persons
ported to have been killed and
wounded in a bombardment of
a German cruiser, says a Cope
dispatch to London. It is sa
cruiser directed its fire especially
the quarters of the workmen opp
the Kapp Government.

March 17.—Chancellor Kapp, head
new Government at Berlin, has r
in favor of President Ebert, acc
to Berlin advices reaching L
Efforts to form a Kapp Ministr
been abandoned.

DOMESTIC

March 10.—The West Virginia
ture ratifies the Federal S
Amendment, final action being ta
the Senate when it adopts the r
tion resolution of the House by
of 15 to 14.

Secretary Houston announces th
further loans will be made
Allies, which is believed to indica
adoption by the Treasury of the
favored by the debtor nations
ferring interest payments for th
three years or more. The total a
of loans to the Allies is $9,659,83

Government operations in the sh
business resulted in a net pr
$166,493,990 up to June 20, acc
to a statement by Chairman Pa
the Shipping Board.

The House approves a peace-time
of 299,000 enlisted men and
officers. The decision, tho not
was reached by a three to one
Leading supporters of the Arm
organization Bill believe that it
ally settles the peace-time progra

CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

r France, Republican, of Maryland, duces a joint resolution proposing prosecutions under the Espionage hould no longer be conducted, and ımending that careful consider- be given requests to grant general ·sty to persons convicted under ct.

11.—The Coal Commission, ap- ed by President Wilson to consider ases of coal-miners' wages, un- to agree, turns in a majority a minority report and dissolves. e has been no official announce- of the contents of either report, t becomes known that the majority t grants the miners an increase of oximately 25 per cent. for day as as tonnage men, which increase des the 14 per cent. advance the ıs were granted when they re- d to work in December after the trike.

ıdo sweeps through Taney County, ouri, and kills ten persons.

nate orders an investigation of the d States Grain Corporation as a of charges made recently by a ane Federal grand jury that als of the corporation had manipu- the wheat market for private .

2.—Longshoremen, checkers, and dores to the number of seven sand, employed at the Port of New , go on strike for higher wages.

the first week in March, thirty-six and children were sent home from York public schools because there no teachers available to instruct . Reports received from school cts throughout the United States ıe Bureau of Education show that 9 schools are closed because of of teachers.

ry Baker informs Chairman Wads- h, of the Senate Military Committee, the bodies of about fifty thousand ıe American dead in France will be ned to the United States, while een twenty thousand and twenty- thousand will remain permaner ly red overseas.

13.—The United States presents e Supreme Council a definite plan pening commercial relations with ia without recognition of the Soviet rnment. State Department offi- decline to give the outline of the pending.

14.—A fire sweeps Grandview, s, resulting in a two-million-dollar and rendering fifteen thousand le homeless.

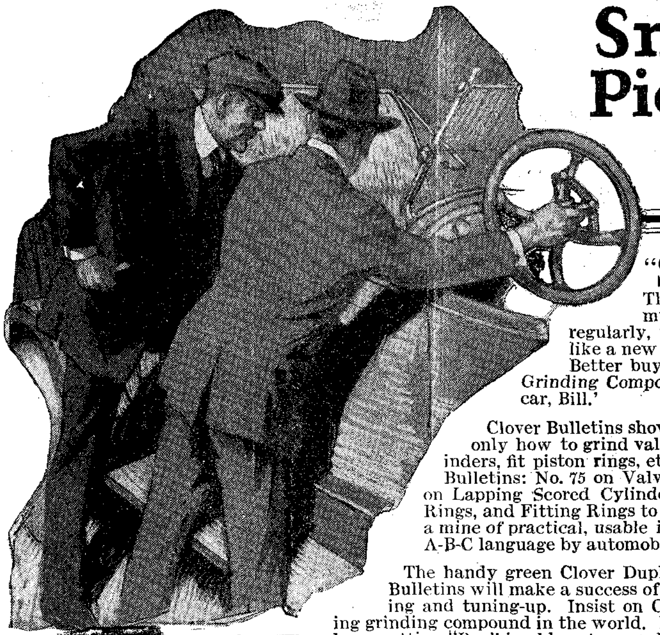
ing his announcement that under in circumstances he will consider her nomination for the Presidency, am J. Bryan announces his start whirlwind campaign through seven s from Massachusetts to California rash out political questions.

15.—The Presidential candidacy of J. Pershing is launched in Nebraska petition containing five thousand es asking that he be placed on the ıblican ballot.

16.—Rev. P. A. Baker, General rintendent of the Anti-Saloon ue, announces the League will not ort any candidate for President is not in favor of prohibition.

is introduced in the House of esentatives by T. F. Smith, of York, authorizing the extension 1,000,000,000 credits to Germany he purchase of food and raw ma- ls from American firms, on bonds d by the War Finance Corporation.

Snappy Pick-up



"SEE, she takes all the gas I give her—quick. The reason? Just ground my valves; and I do them regularly, too. The old bus runs like a new car, on level or up hill. Better buy a can of Clover Leaf Grinding Compound and tune up your car, Bill.'

Clover Bulletins show you, step-by-step, not only how to grind valves, but how to lap cylinders, fit piston rings, etc. Write for these free Bulletins: No. 75 on Valve Grinding and No. 80 on Lapping Scored Cylinders, Lapping in Piston Rings, and Fitting Rings to Pistons. They contain a mine of practical, usable information, written in A-B-C language by automobile engineers.

The handy green Clover Duplex can and these two Bulletins will make a success of your Spring overhauling and tuning-up. Insist on Clover—the largest selling grinding compound in the world. For twelve years it has been putting "Pep" in old motors, and keeping "Pep" in new motors. Most automotive equipment and hardware jobbers and dealers sell Clover—if yours doesn't, money order for 50 cents brings a 4-oz. Duplex can to you, postpaid, bulletins included.

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For machine shop and tool room use, Clover Lapping Compound is obtainable in 7 grades, fine to coarse, for the finest jig, die and gauge work or the most ponderous lapping jobs.

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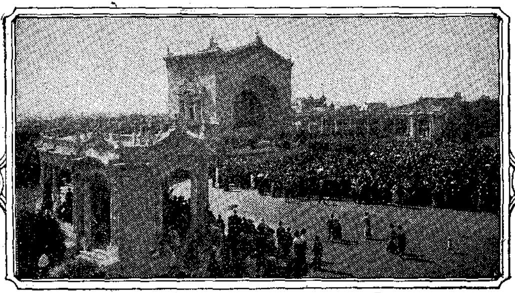

Every day a Fiesta

Where the sun shines more than 350 days of each year it's easy to be happy.

The daily out-of-door pipe organ recital among birds and flowers in the great park is an index to the multitude of enjoyments of daily life in San Diego, California.

Throughout the year there's every sport of land and sea. Bay, ocean and mountains—all are here, and all are used for infinite diversions. Roses in January as in June make lawns and gardens a delight among miles of attractive, vineclad residences—an ideal city for your permanent home.

Every day is an adventure in happiness in

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Through Pullman cars Chicago to San Diego over the new San Diego and Arizona Railway, Rock Island and Southern Pacific "Golden State Limited," through Imperial Valley, Mexico and Carriso Gorge

San Diego California

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Use it for real skin comfort after every shave. It stops the sting, heals cuts, prevents infection and fortifies against chapping. Quickly heals eruptive and extremely sore skin conditions. Keeps skin soft and healthy. A few drops with the lather makes shaving easier.

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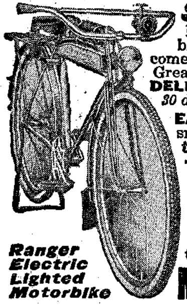

Ranger Electric Lighted Motorbike

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WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Where Styles Don't Change.—The bustle is coming into fashion again, says a ladies' journal. But not in government offices.—*London Punch.*

His Choice.—Interviewer—" What is your favorite rôle? "

Leading Man—" The one I get on salary day."—*Baltimore American.*

Coal or Car?—" What's the noise? " inquired Georgette.

" Either somebody is putting in a thousand tons of coal," responded Tricotine, " or our flivver has come."—*Judge.*

Hopeful Sign. — Husband—" You'll never get that new dog of yours to mind you."

Wife—" Oh, yes, I will.—You were just as troublesome yourself at first."—*London Opinion.*

Kind to His Relative.—" Ma, is Mr. Fulhouse very old? "

" No, dear; why do you ask? "

" I think he must be, 'cause I heard pa say last night that he raised his ante."—*Boston Transcript.*

Two Wrongs, One Right.—" An optimist is a man who cherishes vain hopes, and a pessimist a man who nurses vain regrets."

" And what is a man who does both? "

" Oh, he's just a plain ordinary human."—*Boston Transcript.*

Great Discovery.—First Professor (in high-powered motor-car)—" We've got it at last."

Second Professor—" G-got w-what? "

First Professor—" Perpetual motion—I can't stop." — *The Queenslander (Brisbane).*

The Joys of Labor.—" Who are those two men carrying that dust-bin? "

" Two professors earning an extra coin or two."

" And who is the fellow in the fur-coat? "

" Oh, that's the dustman. He employs them."—*Karikaturen (Christiania.)*

Mysterious Disappearance.—" What became of that young man who was paying so much attention to you? "

" I don't know. I let him walk to the grocery-store one afternoon with me, and after he saw how much we had to pay for things to eat, he just quit coming to see me."—*Houston Post.*

Soon Out of Sight.—" So you think you are becoming near-sighted, do you? " said the optician.

" Yes, I do," replied the tired business man.

" What makes you think so? "

" Because I can't see a dollar go near as far as I used to."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Time to Go.—He had held forth for so long on the subject of his adventures that the entire smoking-room was distinctly bored. Finally he reached India.

" It was there that I first saw a man-eating tiger," he announced, boastfully.

" Pooh! that's nothing," said a mild-looking little man, edging towards the door. " I once saw a man eating rabbit."

And he sauntered gracefully out.—*London Blighty.*

Explained.—" Waiter, why do y
me this same potato day after da
" Well, sir, you never eat it."
(London).

The Coming Upper Class.—"
play with you common childr
father is a workingman!"—*Sondal
(Stockholm).*

Quite Simple.—We hear that a L
shire hen has adopted a litter of
possible explanation of this is the
intimacy between ham and eggs.—
Blighty.

Probably.—Bix—" Who was it s
the unexpected always happens? "
Dix—" I don't know. Wasn't
body connected with the Weather B
—*Boston Transcript.*

Noiseless.—The most consolin
about going to the cinemas is s
many women in the pictures open
mouths and not saying a word
hear.—*London Opinion.*

A Difference.—" Did you tell t
bounder that a handsome face
should appear on the screen? "
" Not exactly. I told him it sh
screened."—*World (London).*

Has to Talk.—" They say money
" Well? "
" I wonder how that idea origina
" Have you never noticed the
the dollar? '—*Louisville Courier-Jo*

Sugar for a Superannuated
Maud—" Miss Oldun thinks th
clerk just lovely."
Ethel—" Why so? "
Maud—" He wrote opposite he
on the hotel register, ' Suite 1.' "
burg Post.

High and Low.—Magistrate—
understand you to say that the
used high words? "
Police Witness—" Their voic
pitched rather high, sir, but the wor
were extremely low."—*London An*

Ancient Accidents.—Prof.—"Wh
pened to Babylon? "
Fresh—" It fell."
Prof.—" What happened to Tyr
Fresh—" It was punctured."—
Cloud (Minn.) High School Mascot.

Even, After All.—A suspicious-
customer was boasting to a grocer
cheapness of ten pounds of sugar
bought at a rival shop.
" Let me weigh the package," s
grocer.
The other assented, and it was
two pounds short.
The man looked perplexed for a m
and then said: " I don't think he c
me much, for while he was getti
sugar I pocketed two tins of con
milk."—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

A Suitable Song

I can not wear the old suit
  I wore long years ago;
It's shiny at the shoulders,
  My knees and elbows show
But on investigation I
  Discover this is true:
I can not wear the old suit,
  Nor can I buy a new.

—*Pennsylvania Far*